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A TRAVELLER IN WAR-TIME

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TOWARD the end of the summer of 1917 it was very hot in New York, and hotter still aboard the transatlantic liner thrust between the piers. One glance at our cabins, at the crowded decks and dining-room, at the little writing-room above, where the ink had congealed in the ink-wells, sufficed to bring home to us that the days of luxurious sea travel, of *à la carte* restaurants, and Louis Quinze bedrooms were gone—at least for a period. The prospect of a voyage of nearly two weeks was not enticing. The ship, to be sure, was far from being the best of those still running on a line which had gained a magic reputation of immunity from submarines; three years ago she carried only second and third class passengers! But most of us were in a hurry to get to the countries where war had already become a grim and terrible reality. In one way or another we had all enlisted.

In speaking of "us" I mean the American passengers. The first welcome discovery among the crowd wandering aimlessly and somewhat disconsolately about the decks was the cheerful face of a friend whom at first I did not recognize because of his amazing disguise in uniform. Hitherto he had been associated in my mind with dinner parties and clubs. That life was past. He had laid up his yacht and joined the Red Cross and, henceforth, for an indeterminable period, he was to abide amidst the discomforts and dangers of the Western Front, with five days' leave every three months. The members of a group similarly attired whom I found gathered by the after-rail were likewise cheerful. Two well-known specialists from the Massachusetts General Hospital made significant the hegira now taking place that threatens to leave our country, like Britain, almost doctorless. When I reached France it seemed to me that I met all the celebrated medical men I ever heard of. A third in the group was a business man from the Middle West who had wound up his affairs and left a startled family in charge of a trust company. Though his physical activities had hitherto consisted of an occasional mild game of golf, he wore his khaki like an old campaigner; and he seemed undaunted by the prospect—still somewhat remotely ahead of him—of a winter journey across the Albanian Mountains from the Ægean to the Adriatic!

After a restless night, we sailed away in the hot dawn of a Wednesday. The shores of America faded behind us, and as the days went by, we had the odd sense of threading uncharted seas; we found it more and more difficult to believe that this empty, lonesome ocean was the Atlantic in the twentieth century. Once we saw a four-master; once a shy, silent steamer avoided us, westward bound; and once, in mid-ocean, tossed on a sea sun-silvered under a rack of clouds, we overtook a gallant little schooner out of New Bedford or Gloucester—a forthfarer, too.

Meanwhile, amongst the Americans, the socializing process had begun. Many elements which in a former stratified existence would never have been brought into contact were fusing by the pressure of a purpose, of a great adventure common to us all. On the upper deck, high above the waves, was a little *fumoir* which, by some odd trick of association, reminded me of the villa formerly occupied by the Kaiser in Corfu—perhaps because of the faience plaques set in the walls—although I cannot now recall whether the villa has faience plaques or

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not. The room was, of course, on the order of a French provincial café, and as such delighted the bourgeoisie monopolizing the alcove tables and joking with the fat steward. Here, in this *fumoir*, lawyers, doctors, business men of all descriptions, newspaper correspondents, movie photographers, and millionaires who had never crossed save in a *cabine de luxe*, rubbed elbows and exchanged views and played bridge together. There were Y. M. C. A. people on their way to the various camps, reconstruction workers intending to build temporary homes for the homeless French, and youngsters in the uniform of the American Field Service, going over to drive camions and ambulances; many of whom, without undue regret, had left college after a freshman year. They invaded the *fumoir*, undaunted, to practise atrocious French on the phlegmatic steward; they took possession of a protesting piano in the banal little salon and sang: "We'll not come back till it's over, over there." And in the evening, on the darkened decks, we listened and thrilled to the refrain:

> "There's a long, long trail a-winding
> Into the twilight of my dreams."

We were Argonauts—even the Red Cross ladies on their way to establish rest camps behind the lines and brave the mud and rains of a winter in eastern France. None, indeed, were more imbued with the forthfaring spirit than these women, who were leaving, without regret, sheltered, comfortable lives to face hardships and brave dangers without a question. And no sharper proof of the failure of the old social order to provide for human instincts and needs could be found than the conviction they gave of new and vitalizing forces released in them. The timidities with which their sex is supposedly encumbered had disappeared, and even the possibility of a disaster at sea held no terrors for them. When the sun fell down into the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and the cabins below were sealed—and thus become insupportable—they settled themselves for the night in their steamer-chairs and smiled at the remark of M. le Commissaire that it was a good "season" for submarines. The moonlight filtered through the chinks in the burlap shrouding the deck. About 3 A. M. the khaki-clad lawyer from Milwaukee became communicative, the Red Cross ladies produced chocolate. It was the genial hour before the final nap, from which one awoke abruptly at the sound of squeegees and brooms to find the deck a river of sea water, on whose banks a wild scramble for slippers and biscuit-boxes invariably ensued. No experience could have been more socializing.

Some were fortunate enough to have cabins by themselves.

"Well, it's a relief," one of the ladies exclaimed, "not to be travelling with half a dozen trunks and a hat-box! Oh, yes, I realize what I'm doing. I'm going to live in one of those flimsy portable houses with twenty cots and no privacy and wear the same clothes for months, but it's better than thrashing around looking for something to do and never finding it, never getting anything *real* to spend one's energy on. I've closed my country house, I've sublet my apartment, I've done with teas and bridge, and I'm happier than I've been in my life—even if I don't get enough sleep."

Another lady, who looked still young, had two sons in the army. "There was nothing for me to do but sit around the house and wait and I want to be useful. My husband has to stay at home; he can't leave his business." Be useful! There she struck the new and aggressive note of emancipation from the restricted self-sacrifice of the old order, of wider service for the unnamed and the unknown; and, above all, for the wider self-realization of which service is but a by-product. I recall particularly among these women a young widow with an eager look in clear gray eyes that gazed eastward into the unknown with hope renewed. Had she lived a quarter of a century ago she might have been doomed to slow desiccation. There are thousands of such women in France to-day, and to them the great war has brought salvation.

From what country other than America could so many thousands of pilgrims—even before our nation had entered the war—have hurried across a wide ocean to take their part? No matter what religion we profess, whether it be Calvinism or Catholicism, we are individualists, pragmatists, empiricists forever. Our faces are set toward strange worlds pres-

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ently to rise out of the sea and take on form and color and substance—worlds of new aspirations, of new ideas and new values. And on this voyage I was reminded of Josiah Royce's splendid summary of the American philosophy—of the American religion as set forth by William James: "The spirit of the frontiersman, of the gold-seeker or the home-builder transferred to the metaphysical or to the religious realm. There is a far-off home, our long-lost spiritual fortune. Experience alone can guide us to the place where these things are, hence indeed you need experience. You can only win your way on the frontier unless you are willing to live there." Through the pall of horror and tragedy the American sees a vision. For him it is not merely a material and bloody contest of arms and men, a military victory to be gained over an aggressive and wrong-minded people. It is a world calamity, indeed, but a calamity, since it has come, to be spiritualized and utilized for the benefit of the future society of mankind. It must be made to serve a purpose in helping to liberate the world from sentimentalism, ignorance, close-mindedness, and cant.

II

One night we entered the danger zone. There had been an entertainment in the little salon which, packed with passengers, had gradually achieved the temperature and humidity of a Turkish bath. For the ports had been closed as tight as gaskets could make them, the electric fans, as usual, obstinately "refused to march." After the amateur speechmaking and concert pieces an Italian violinist, who had thrown over a lucrative contract to become a soldier, played exquisitely; and one of the French sisters we had seen walking the deck with the mincing steps of the cloister sang, somewhat precariously and pathetically, the *Ave Maria*. Its pathos was of the past, and after she had finished, as we fled into the open air, we were conscious of having turned our backs irrevocably yet determinedly upon an era whose life and convictions the music of the composer so beautifully expressed. And the sister's sweet withered face was reminiscent of a missal, one bright with colour, and still shining faintly. A missal in a library of modern books!

On deck a fine rain was blowing through a gap in our burlap shroud, a phosphorescent fringe of foam hissed along the sides of the ship, giving the illusory appearance of all our deadlights being open and ablaze, exaggerating the sinister blackness of the night. We were, apparently, a beacon in that sepia waste where modern undersea monsters were lurking.

There were on board other elements which in the normal times gone by would have seemed disquieting enough. The evening after we had left New York, while we were still off the coast of Long Island, I saw on the poop a crowd of steerage passengers listening intently to harangues by speakers addressing them from the top of a pile of life rafts. Armenians, I was told, on their way to fight the Turks, all recruited in America by one frenzied woman who had seen her child cut in two by a German officer. Twilight was gathering as I joined the group, the sea was silvered by the light of an August moon floating serenely between swaying stays. The orator's passionate words and gestures evoked wild responses from his hearers, whom the drag of an ancient hatred had snatched from the peaceful asylum of the west. This smiling, happy folk, which I had known in our manufacturing towns and cities, were now transformed, atavistic—all save one, a student, who stared wistfully through his spectacles across the waters. Later, when twilight deepened, when the moon had changed from silver to gold, the orators gave place to a singer. He had been a bootblack in America. Now he had become a bard. His plaintive minor chant evoked, one knew not how, the flavor of that age-long history of oppression and wrong these were now determined to avenge. Their conventional costumes were proof that we had harbored them—almost, indeed, assimilated them. And suddenly they had reverted. They were going to slaughter the Turks.

On a bright Saturday afternoon we steamed into the wide mouth of the Gironde, a name stirring vague memories of romance and terror. The French passengers gazed wistfully at the low-lying strip of sand and forest, but our uniformed pilgrims crowded the rail and hailed it as the promised land of self-realization. A richly colored watering-place slid into

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view, as in a moving-picture show. There was, indeed, all the reality and unreality of the cinematograph about our arrival; presently the reel would end abruptly, and we should find ourselves pushing our way out of the emptying theatre into a rainy street. The impression of unreality in the face of visual evidence persisted into the night when, after an afternoon at anchor, we glided up the river, our decks and ports ablaze across the land. Silhouettes of tall poplars loomed against the blackness of the sky; occasionally a lamp revealed the milky-blue façade of a house. This was France! War-torn France—at last vividly brought home to us when a glare appeared on the sky, growing brighter and brighter until, at a turn of the river, abruptly we came abreast of vomiting furnaces, thousands of electric lights strung like beads over the crest of a hill, and below these dim rows of houses, all of a sameness, stretching along monotonous streets. A munitions town in the night! One could have tossed a biscuit on the stone wharfs where the workmen, crouching over their tasks, straightened up at sight of us and cheered. And one cried out hoarsely, "Vous venez nous sauver, vous Américains"—"You come to save us"—an exclamation I was to hear again in the days that followed.

III

All day long, as the *rapide* hurried us through the smiling wine country and past the well-remembered châteaux of the Loire, we wondered how we should find Paris—beautiful Paris, saved from violation as by a miracle! Our first discovery, after we had pushed our way out of the dim station into the obscurity of the street, was that of the absence of taxi-cabs. The horse-drawn buses ranged along the curb were reserved for the foresighted and privileged few. Men and women were rushing desperately about in search of conveyances, and in the midst of this confusion, undismayed, debonnair, I spied a rugged, slouch-hatted figure standing under a lamp—the unmistakable American soldier.

"Aren't there any cabs in Paris?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, they tell me they're here," he said. "I've given a man a dollar to chase one."

Evidently one of our millionaire privates who have aroused such burnings in the heart of the French poilu, with his five sous a day! We left him there, and staggered across the Seine with our bags. A French officer approached us. "You come from America," he said. "Let me help you." There was just enough light in the streets to prevent us getting utterly lost, and we recognized the dark mass of the Tuileries as we crossed the gardens. The hotel we sought was still in existence, and its menu, save for the war-bread and the tiny portion of sugar, as irreproachable as ever.

The next morning, as if by magic, hundreds of taxis had sprung into existence, though they were much in demand. And in spite of the soldiers thronging the sunlit streets, Paris was seemingly the same Paris one had always known, gay—insouciante, pleasure-bent. The luxury shops appeared to be thriving, the world-renowned restaurants to be doing business as usual; to judge from the prices, a little better than usual; the expensive hotels were full. It is not the real France, of course, yet it seemed none the less surprising that it should still exist. Oddly enough the presence of such overwhelming numbers of soldiers should have failed to strike the note of war, emphasized that of lavishness, of the casting off of mundane troubles for which the French capital has so long been known. But so it was. Most of these soldiers were here precisely with the object of banishing from their minds the degradations and horrors of the region from which they had come, and which was so unbelievably near; a few hours in an automobile—less than that in one of those dragon-fly machines we saw intermittently hovering in the blue above our heads!

Paris, to most Americans, means that concentrated little district de luxe of which the Place Vendôme is the centre, and we had always unconsciously thought of it as in the possession of the Anglo-Saxons. So it seems to-day. One saw hundreds of French soldiers, of course, in all sorts of uniforms, from the new gray blue and visor to the traditional cloth blouse and kepi; once in a while a smart French officer. The English and Canadians, the Australians, New Zealanders, and Americans were much in evidence.

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Set them down anywhere on the face of the globe, under any conditions conceivable, and you could not surprise them; such was the impression. The British officers and even the British Tommies were *blasé*, wearing the air of the *semaine Anglaise*, and the "five o'clock tea," as the French delight to call it. That these could have come direct from the purgatory of the trenches seemed unbelievable. The Anzacs, with looped-up hats, strolled about, enjoying themselves, halting before the shops in the Rue de la Paix to gaze at the priceless jewelry there, or stopping at a sidewalk café to enjoy a drink. Our soldiers had not seen the front; many of them, no doubt, were on leave from the training-camps, others were on duty in Paris, but all seemed in a hurry to get somewhere, bound for a definite destination. They might have been in New York or San Francisco. It was a novel sight, indeed, to observe them striding across the Place Vendôme without so much as deigning to cast a glance at the column dedicated to the great emperor who fought that other world-war a century ago; to see our square-shouldered officers hustling around corners in Ford and Packard automobiles. And the atmosphere of our communication headquarters was so essentially one of "getting things done" as to make one forget the mediæval narrowness of the Rue Sainte Anne, and the inconvenient French private-dwelling arrangements of the house. You were transported back to America. Such, too, was also the atmosphere of our Red Cross establishment in the ancient building facing the Place de la Concorde, where the unfortunate Louis lost his head.

History had been thrust into the background. I was never more aware of this than when, shortly after dawn Wednesday, the massive gray pile of the Palâce of Versailles suddenly rose before me. As the motor shot through the empty Place d'Armes I made a desperate attempt to summon again a vivid impression, when I had first stood there many years ago, of an angry Paris mob beating against that grill; of the Swiss guards dying on the stairway for their Queen. But it was no use. France has undergone some subtle change, yet I knew I was in France. I knew it when we left Paris and sped through the dim leafy tunnels of the Bois; when I beheld a touch of filtered sunlight on the dense blue thatch of the *marroniers* behind the walls of a vast estate once dedicated to the sports and pleasures of Kings; when I caught glimpses of silent châteaux mirrored in still waters.

I was on my way, with one of our naval officers, to visit an American naval base on the western coast. It was France, but the laughter had died on her lips. A few women and old men and children were to be seen in the villages, a bent figure in a field, an occasional cart that drew aside as we hurried at eighty kilometres an hour along deserted routes drawn as with a ruler across the land. Sometimes the road dipped into a canyon of poplars, and the sky between their crests was a tiny strip of mottled blue and white. The sun crept in and out, the clouds cast shadows on the hills; here and there the tower of lonely church or castle broke the line of a distant ridge. Morning-glories nodded over lodge walls where the ivy was turning crimson, and the little gardens were masses of colors—French colors like that in the beds of the Tuileries, brick-red geraniums and dahlias, yellow marigolds and purple asters.

We lunched at one of the little inns that for generations have been tucked away in the narrow streets of provincial towns; this time a *Cheval Blanc*, with an unimposing front and a blaze of sunshine in its heart. After a *déjeuner* fit for the most exacting of *bon viveurs* we sat in that courtyard and smoked, while an ancient waiter served us with coffee that dripped through silver percolators into our glasses. The tourists have fled. "If happily you should come again, monsieur," said madame, as she led me with pardonable pride through her immaculate bedrooms and salons with wavy floors. And I dwelt upon a future holiday there, on the joys of sharing with a friend that historic place. The next afternoon I lingered in another town, built on a little hill ringed about with ancient walls, from whose battlements tide-veined marshes stretched away to a gleaming sea. A figure flitting through the cobbled streets, a woman in black who sat sewing, sewing in a window only served to heighten the impression of emptiness, to give birth to the odd fancy that some alchemic quality in the honeyed

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sunlight now steeping it must have preserved the place through the ages. But in the white close surrounding the church were signs that life still persisted. A peasant was drawing water at the pump, and the handle made a noise; a priest chatted with three French ladies who had come over from a neighboring seaside resort. And then a woman in deep mourning emerged from a tiny shop and took her bicycle from against the wall and spoke to me.

"Vous êtes Américain, monsieur?"

I acknowledged it.

"Vous venez nous sauver?"—the same question I had heard on the lips of the workman in the night. "I hope so, madame," I replied, and would have added, "We come also to save ourselves." She looked at me with sad, questioning eyes, and I knew that for her—and alas for many like her—we were too late. When she had mounted her wheel and ridden away I bought a *Matin* and sat down on a doorstep to read about Kerensky and the Russian Revolution. The thing seemed incredible here—war seemed incredible, and yet its tentacles had reached out to this peaceful Old World spot and taken a heavy toll. Once more I sought the ramparts, only to be reminded by those crumbling, machicolated ruins that I was in a war-ridden land. Few generations had escaped the pestilence.

At no great distance lay the little city which had been handed over to us by the French Government for a naval base, one of the ports where our troops and supplies are landed. Those who know provincial France will visualize its narrow street and reticent shops, its gray-white and écru houses all more or less of the same design, with long French windows guarded by ornamental balconies of cast iron—a city that has never experienced such a thing as a real-estate boom. Imagine, against such a background, the bewildering effect of the dynamic presence of a few regiments of our new army! It is a curious commentary on this war that one does not think of these young men as soldiers, but as citizens engaged in a scientific undertaking of a magnitude unprecedented. You come unexpectedly upon truck-loads of tanned youngsters, whose features, despite flannel shirts and campaign hats, summon up memories of Harvard Square and the Yale Yard, of campuses at Berkeley and Ithaca. The youthful drivers of these camions are alert, intent, but a hard day's work on the docks by no means suffices to dampen the spirits of the passengers, who whistle ragtime airs as they bump over the cobbles. And the note they strike is presently sustained by a glimpse, on a siding, of an efficient-looking Baldwin, ranged alongside several of the tiny French locomotives of yesterday; sustained, too, by an acquaintance with the young colonel in command of the town. Though an officer of the regular army, he brings home to one the fact that the days of the military martinet have gone forever. He is military, indeed—erect and soldierly—but fortune has amazingly made him a mayor and an autocrat, a builder, and in some sense a railway-manager and superintendent of docks. And to these functions have been added those of police commissioner, of administrator of social welfare and hygiene. It will be a comfort to those at home to learn that their sons in our army in France are cared for as no enlisted men have ever been cared for before.

IV

By the end of September I had reached England, eager to gain a fresh impression of conditions there. The weather in London was mild and clear. The third evening after I had got settled in one of those delightfully English hotels in the heart of the city, yet removed from the traffic, with letter-boxes that still bear the initials of Victoria, I went to visit some American naval officers in their sitting-room on the ground floor. The cloth had not been removed from the dinner-table, around which we were chatting, when a certain strange sound reached our ears—a sound not to be identified with the distant roar of the motor-buses in Pall Mall, nor with the sharp bark of the taxi-horns, although not unlike them. We sat listening intently, and heard the sound again.

"The Germans have come," one of the officers remarked, as he finished his coffee. The other looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. "They must have left their lines about seven," he said.

In spite of the fact that our newspapers at home had made me familiar with these aeroplane raids, as I sat there, amidst

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those comfortable surroundings, the thing seemed absolutely incredible. To fly one hundred and fifty miles across the Channel and southern England, bomb London, and fly back again by midnight! We were going to be bombed! The anti-aircraft guns were already searching the sky for the invaders. It is sinister, and yet you are seized by an overwhelming curiosity that draws you, first to pull aside the heavy curtains of the window, and then to rush out into the dark street—both proceedings in the worst possible form! The little street was deserted, but in Pall Mall the dark forms of buses could be made out scurrying for shelter, one wondered where? Above the roar of London, the pop! pop! pop! of the defending guns could be heard now almost continuously, followed by the shrieks and moans of the shrapnel shells as they passed close overhead. They sounded like giant rockets, and even as rockets some of them broke into a cascade of sparks. Star shells they are called, bursting, it seemed, among the immutable stars themselves that burned serenely on. And there were other stars like November meteors hurrying across space—the lights of the British planes scouring the heavens for their relentless enemies. Everywhere the restless white rays of the search-lights pierced the darkness, seeking, but seeking in vain. Not a sign of the intruders was to be seen. I was induced to return to the sitting-room.

"But what are they shooting at?" I asked.

"Listen," said one of the officers. There came a lull in the firing and then a faint, droning noise like the humming of insects on a still summer day. "It's all they have to shoot at, that noise."

"But their own planes?" I objected.

"The Gotha has two engines, it has a slightly different note, when you get used to it. You'd better step out of that window. It's against the law to show light, and if a bomb falls in the street you'd be filled with glass." I overcame my fascination and obeyed. "It isn't only the bombs," my friend went on, "it's the falling shrapnel, too."

The noise made by those bombs is unmistakable, unforgetable, and quite distinct from the chorus of the guns and shrapnel—a crashing note, reverberating, sustained, like the E minor of some giant calliope.

In the face of the raids, which coincide with the coming of the moon, London is calm, but naturally indignant over such methods of warfare. The damage done is ridiculously small; the percentage of deaths and injuries insignificant. There exists, in every large city, a riffraff to get panicky: these are mostly foreigners; they seek the Tubes, and some the crypt of St. Paul's, for it is wise to get under shelter during the brief period of the raids, and most citizens obey the warnings of the police. It is odd, indeed, that more people are not hurt by the shrapnel. The Friday following the raid I have described I went out of town for a week-end, and returned on Tuesday to be informed that a shell had gone through the roof outside of the room I had vacated, and the ceiling and floor of the bedroom of one of the officers who lived below. He was covered with dust and débris, his lights went out, but he calmly stepped through the window. "You'd best have your dinner early, sir," I was told by the waiter on my return. "Last night a lady had her soup up-stairs, her chicken in the office, and her coffee in the cellar." It is worth while noting that she had all three. Another evening, when I was dining with Sir James Barrie, he showed me a handful of shrapnel fragments. "I gather it off the roof," he informed me. And a lady next to whom I sat at luncheon told me in a matter-of-fact tone that a bomb had fallen the night before in the garden of her town house. "It was quite disagreeable," she said, "and broke all our windows on that side."

During the last raids before the moon disappeared, by a new and ingenious system of barrage fire the Germans were driven off. The question of the ethics of reprisals is agitating London.

One "raid," which occurred at midday, is worth recording. I was on my way to our Embassy when, in the residential quarter through which I passed, I found all the housemaids in the areas gazing up at the sky, and I was told by a man in a grocer's cart that the Huns had come again. But the invader on this occasion turned out to be a British aviator from one of the camps who was bringing a message to London. The warmth of his re-

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ception was all that could be desired, and he alighted hastily in the first open space that presented itself.

Looking back to the time when I left America, I can recall the expectation of finding a Britain beginning to show signs of distress. I was prepared to live on a small ration. And the impression of the scarcity of food was seemingly confirmed when the table was being set for the first meal at my hotel; when the waiter, who chanced to be an old friend, pointed to a little bowl half-full of sugar and exclaimed: "I ought to warn you, sir, it's all you're to have for a week, and I'm sorry to say you're only allowed a bit of bread, too." It is human perversity to want a great deal of bread when bread becomes scarce; even war bread, which, by the way, is better than white. But the rest of the luncheon, when it came, proved that John Bull was under no necessity of stinting himself. Save for wheat and sugar, he is as well off as ever. Everywhere in London you are confronted by signs of an incomprehensible prosperity; everywhere, indeed, in Great Britain. There can be no doubt about that of the wage-earners—nothing like it has ever been seen before. One sure sign of this is the phenomenal sale of pianos to households whose occupants had never dreamed of such luxuries. And not once, but many times, have I read in the newspapers of workingmen's families of four or five which are gaining collectively more than five hundred pounds a year. Wages soar higher and higher. The economic and social significance of this tendency, the new attitude of the working classes, the ferment it is causing need not be dwelt upon here. That England will be a changed England is unquestionable.

The London theatres are full, the "movies" crowded, and you have to wait your turn for a seat at a restaurant. Bond Street and Piccadilly are doing a thriving business—never so thriving, you are told, and presently you are willing to believe it. The vender beggars, so familiar a sight a few years ago, have all but disappeared, and you may walk from Waterloo Station to the Haymarket without so much as meeting a needy soul anxious to carry your bag. Taxicabs are in great demand. And one odd result of the scarcity of what the English are pleased to call "petrol," by which they mean gasolene, is the reappearance of that respectable, but almost obsolete animal, the family carriage-horse; of that equally obsolete vehicle, the victoria. The men on the box are invariably in black. In spite of taxes to make the hair of an American turn gray, in spite of lavish charities, the wealthy classes still seem wealthy—if the expression may be allowed. That they are not so wealthy as they were goes without saying. In the country houses of the old aristocracy the most rigid economy prevails. There are some new fortunes, undoubtedly, munitions and war fortunes made before certain measures were taken to control profits; and some establishments, including a few supported by American accumulations, still exhibit the number of men servants and amount of gold plate formerly thought adequate. But in most of the houses maids have replaced the butlers and footmen, and nearly all of the mansions have been given over for hospitals; gardeners are fighting in the trenches, and courts and drives of country places are often overgrown with grass and weeds.

"Yes, we do dine in public quite often," said a very great lady. "It's cheaper than keeping servants."

Two of her three sons had been killed in France, but she did not mention this. The English do not advertise their sorrows. Still another explanation; when husbands and sons and brothers come back across the Channel for a few days' leave after long months in the trenches, nothing is too good for them. And when these days have flown, there is always the possibility that there may never be another leave. Not long ago I read a heart-rending article about the tragedies of the good-bys in the stations and the terminal hotels—tragedies hidden by silence and a smile. "Well, so long," says an officer—"Bring back a V. C." cries his sister from the group on the platform, and he waves his hand in deprecation as the train pulls out, lights his pipe, and pretends to be reading the *Sphere*.

Some evening, perchance, you happen to be in the dark street outside of Charing Cross station. An occasional hooded lamp throws a precarious gleam on a long line of men carrying—so gently—stretchers on which lie the silent forms of rich and poor alike.

[Mr. Churchill's second article in March number.]

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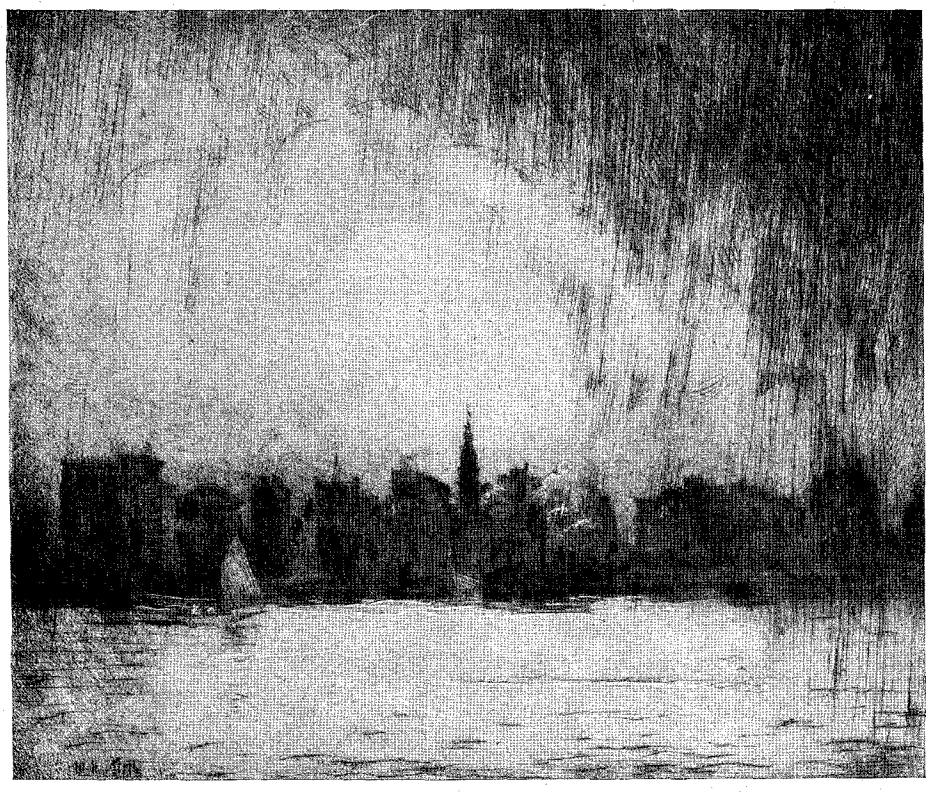

The big brother of all lesser towns.

"THE VALLEY OF DEMOCRACY"

II—CHICAGO

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Moulding her mighty fates——"
WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

CHICAGO is the industrial and financial clearing-house, the inspirational centre of the arts, and the playground for 50,000,000 people. The pilgrim who lands on the lake shore with an open mind and a fair understanding of what America is all about—the unprejudiced traveller—is immediately conscious that here, indeed, is a veritable capital of democracy.

Every night three hundred or more sleeping-cars bear approximately 4,500 persons toward this western metropolis on journeys varying from five to twelve hours in length. From innumerable points it is a night's run, and any morning one may see these pilgrims pouring out of the railway-stations, dispersing upon a thousand errands, often concluded in time for the return trip between six

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o'clock and midnight. At times one wonders whether all the citizens of the tributary provinces have not gathered here at once, so great is the pressure upon hotel space, so thronged the streets. The sleeping-car holds no terrors for the Westerner. He enjoys the friendship of the train-crews; the porters—many of them veterans of the service—call him by name and in addressing them he avoids the generic "George," which the travelling salesman applies to all knights of the whisk-broom, and greets them by their true baptismal appellations of Joshua or Obadiah. The professional or business man rises from his meagre couch refreshed and keen for adventure and, after a strenuous day, returns to it and slumbers peacefully as he is hurled homeward. The man from Sioux City or Saint Joe who spends a day here does not crawl into his berth weary and depressed, but returns inspired and cheered and determined to put more vim into his business the next morning. On the homeward trail, eating supper in company with the neighbors he finds aboard, he dilates eloquently upon the wonders of the city, upon its enterprise, upon the heartiness with which its business men meet their customers. Chicago men work longer hours than their New York brethren and take pride in their accessibility. It is easier to get a hearing in high quarters in any field of endeavor in Chicago than in New York; there is less waiting in the anteroom, and a better chance of being asked out for lunch.

The West is proud of Chicago and loves it with a passionate devotion. Nor is it the purpose of these reflections to hint that this mighty Mecca is unworthy of the adoration of the millions who turn toward it in affection and reverence. Chicago not only draws strength from a vast territory but, through myriad agencies and avenues, it sends back a mighty power from its huge dynamo. It is the big brother of all lesser towns, throwing an arm about Davenport and Indianapolis, Springfield and Columbus, and manifesting a kindly tolerance toward St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit, Minneapolis, and Cleveland, whose growth and prosperity lift them to a recognized and respected rivalry.

The intense loyalty of the Chicagoan to his city is one of his most admirable characteristics and the secret of his city's greatness. He is proud even of the Chicago climate, which offers from time to time every variety of weather known to the meteorologist and is capable of effecting combinations utterly new to this most fascinating of sciences. Chicago's coldest day of record was in 1872, when the minus registration was 23; the hottest in 1901, when the mercury rose to 103. Such excesses are followed by contrition and repentance and days of ethereal mildness. The lake serves as a funnel down which roar icy blasts direct from the hyperboreans. The wind cuts like a scythe of ice swung by a giant. In summer the hot plains pour in burning heat; or, again, when it pleases the weather god to produce a humid condition, the moisture-charged air is stifling. But a Chicagoan does not mind the winter, which he declares to be good for body and soul; and, as for the heat, he maintains—and with a degree of truth to sustain him—that the nights are always cool. The throngs that gathered in Chicago for the Republican and the Progressive conventions in June, 1916, were treated to a diversity of weather, mostly bad. It was cold; it rained hideously. There were dismal hours of waiting for reports of the negotiations between the two bodies of delegates in which the noblest oratory failed to bring warmth and cheer. Chicago did her worst that week, but without serious impairment of her prestige as the greatest convention city in the world. Every one said: "Isn't this just like Chicago!" and inquired the way to the nearest quinine.

"The Windy City" is a descriptive sobriquet. There are not only cold winds and hot winds of the greatest intensity, but there are innumerable little gusts that spring up out of nowhere for no other conceivable purpose than to deposit dust or cinders in the human eye. There is a gesture acquired by all Chicagoans—a familiar bit of calisthenics essential to the preservation of headgear. If you see a man pursuing his hat in a Chicago street you may be sure that he is an outsider; the native knows by a kind of prescience just when the fateful breeze is coming, prepares for it, and is never caught unawares.

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

Michigan Avenue from the steps of the Art Institute.

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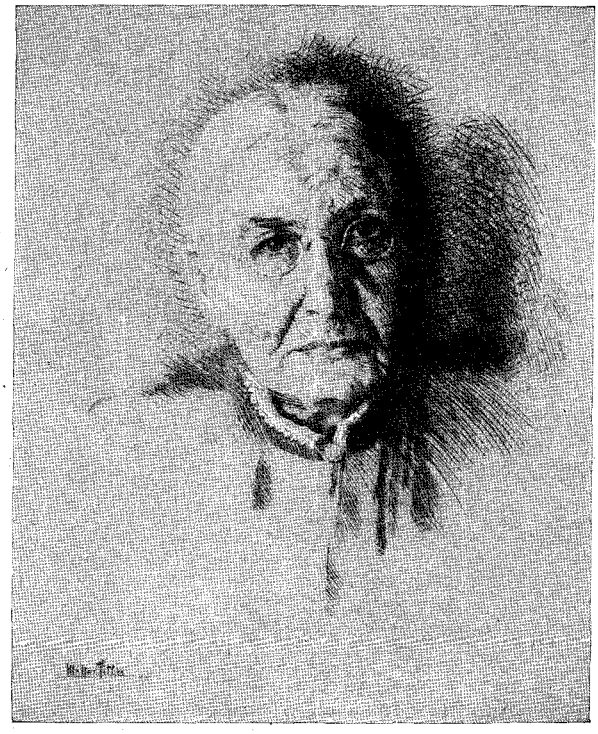
In like manner the local optic seems to be impregnable to persistent attacks of the omnipresent cinder. By what means the eyeball of a visitor becomes the haven for flying débris, while the native-born walks unscathed, is beyond my philosophy. It must be that the eye of the inhabitant is trained to resist these malevolent assaults and that the sharp-edged cinder spitefully awaits an opportunity to impinge upon the defenseless optic of passing pilgrims. The pall of smoke miraculously disappears at times and the cinder abandons its depredations. The sky may be as blue over Chicago as anywhere else on earth. The lake shimmers like silk and from brown, near shore, runs away to the horizon through every tint of blue and green and vague, elusive purples.



One is struck by the great number of foreign faces, and by faces that show a blending of races.—Page 144.

Chicago is the subject of a considerable critical literature that runs the gamut of anxious concern, dismal apprehension, dismay, and disgust. Mr. Kipling saw the city embodied as a girl arrayed in a costume of red and black, shod in red shoes sauntering jauntily down the gory aisle of a slaughter-house. Mr. Wells, however, boasts that he refrained from visiting the packing-houses owing to what he describes as his immense "repugnance to the killing of fixed and helpless animals." He reports that he saw nothing of those "ill-managed, ill-inspected establishments," though he "smelt the unwholesome reek from them over and over again," and observed with trepidation "the enormous expanse and intricacy of railroads that net this great industrial desolation." Chicago's pressing need, he philosophizes, is discipline—a panacea which he generously prescribes not only for all that displeased him in America, but for Lancashire, South and East London, and the Pas de Calais. "Each man," he ruminates, "is for himself, each enterprise; there is no order, no prevision, no common and universal plan." I have cheerfully set down this last statement to

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lighten my own burdens, for by reversing it one may very happily express the real truth about Chicago. Instead of the "shoving unintelligent proceedings of underbred and morally obtuse men," great numbers of men and women of the highest intelligence are constantly directing their talents toward the amelioration of the very conditions that grieved Mr. Wells.

Chicago may, to be sure, be dismissed in a few brilliant phrases as the black pit of perdition, the jumping-off place of the world; but to the serious-minded American the effort making here for the common uplift is too searching, too intelligent, too sincere, for sneers. I fancy that in view of events that have occurred in Europe since his visit to America Mr. Wells would be less likely to rest his case against Chicago on the need of discipline alone. All that discipline may do for a people had been achieved by the Imperial German Government when the Kaiser started for Paris in 1914; but subjection, obedience, even a highly developed efficiency are not the whole of the law and the prophets. Justice and mercy are finer things, and nothing in Chicago is more impressive or encouraging than the stubborn purpose of great numbers of people who are neither foolish nor ignorant to win and establish these twain for the Whole.

Nothing could be more unjust than an assumption that Chicago is unaware of its needs and dangers, or that from year to year no gains are made in the attempt to fuse and enlighten the heterogeneous mass. It is the greatest laboratory that democracy has known. The very fact that so much effort must go into experiment, that there are more than two and a half million distinct units to deal with, with a resulting confusion in needs and aims, adds not merely to the perplexity but to the fascination of the social and political enigma. There is, quite definitely, a thing called the Chicago spirit, a thing compounded of energy, faith, and hope—and again energy! Nor is the energy all spent upon the material and sordid, for the fine, arresting thing here is the tremendous vim this lusty young giant among the world's cities brings to the solution of its problems—problems that deserve to be printed in capitals out of respect for their immensity and far-reaching importance to the national life. Chicago does not walk around her problems, but meets them squarely and manfully. The heart of the inquirer is won by the perfect candor with which the Chicagoan replies to criticism; the critic is advised that for every evil there is a remedy; indeed, that some agency is at work on that particular thing at that particular moment. This information is conveyed with a smile that expresses Chicago's faith and hope—a smile that may be a little sad and wistful—but the faith and the hope are inescapably there.

II

Chicago still retained, in the years of my first acquaintance, something of the tang of the wild onion which in the Indian vernacular was responsible for its name. (I shudderingly take refuge in this parenthesis to avoid collision with etymological experts who have spent their lives sherlocking the word's origin. The genesis of "Chicago" is a moot question, not likely to be settled at this late day. Whether it meant leek, pole-cat, skunk-weed, or onion does not greatly matter. I choose the wild onion from the possibilities, for the highly unscientific reason that it seems to me the most appropriate and flavorsome of all accessible suggestions.)

In the early eighties one might stand by the lakeside and be very conscious of a West beyond that was still in a pioneer stage. At the department headquarters of the army might be met hardy campaigners against the Indians of mountain and plain who were still a little apprehensive that the telegraph might demand orders for the movement of troops against hostile red men along the vanishing frontiers. The Battle of Wounded Knee, in which 100 warriors and 120 women and children were found dead on the field (December 29, 1890), might almost have been observed from a parlor-car window. It may have been that on my visits I chanced to touch circles dominated by Civil War veterans, but great numbers of these diverted their energies to peaceful channels in Chicago at the end of the rebellion, and they gave color to the city life. It was a part of the upbringing of a mid-Western boy of my generation to rev-

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In Maxwell Street Market.

erence the heroes of the 60's, and it was fitting that in the land of Lincoln and in a State that gave Grant a regiment and started him toward immortality there should be frequent reunions of veterans, and political assemblages and agitations in which they figured, to encourage hero-worship in the young. Unforgetable among the more distinguished of these Civil War veterans was General John A. Logan, sometime senator in Congress, and Blaine's running mate in 1884. In life he was a gallant and winning figure, and Saint Gaudens's equestrian statue in Grant Park preserves his memory in a city that delighted to honor him.

Chicago's attractions in those days included summer engagements of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, preceding Mr. Thomas's removal to the city and the founding of the orchestra that became his memorial. Concerts were given in an exposition hall on the site now occupied by the Art Institute, with railway-trains gayly disporting on the lake side of the building. So persistent is the association of ideas that to this day I never hear the Fifth Symphony or the Tannhäuser Overture free of the rumble and jar and screech of traffic. It was in keeping with Chicago's good-humored tolerance of the incongruous and discordant in those years that the score of Beethoven and Wagner should be punctuated by locomotive whistles, and that *pianissimo* passages should be drowned in the grinding of brakes.

At this period David Swing stood every Sunday morning in Central Music Hall addressing large audiences, and he looms importantly in the Chicago of my earliest knowledge. Swing was not only a fine classical scholar—he lectured charmingly on the Greek poets—but he preached a gospel that harmonized with the hopeful and liberal Chicago spirit as it gathered

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The "Ham Fair" in Paris is richer in antiquarian loot, but Maxwell Street is enough; 'twill serve!—Page 144.

strength and sought the forms in which it has later declared itself. He was not an orator in the sense that Ingersoll and Beecher were; as I remember, he always read his sermons or addresses; but he was a strikingly individual and magnetic person, whose fine cultivation shone brilliantly in his discourses. In the retrospect it seems flattering to the Chicago of that time that it recognized and appreciated his quality in spite of an unorthodoxy that had caused his retirement from the formal ministry.

The third member of a trinity that lingers agreeably in my memory is Eugene Field. Journalism has known no more versatile genius, and his column of "Sharps and Flats" in the *Morning News* (later the *Record*) voiced the Chicago of his day. Here indubitably was the flavor of the original wild-onion beds of the Jesuit chronicles! Field became an institution quite as much as Thomas and Swing, and reached an audience that ultimately embraced the whole United States. The literary finish of his paragraphs, their wide range of subject, their tone, varying from kindly encouraging comment on a new book of verse that had won his approval to a mocking jibe at some politician, his hatred of pretense, the plausibility of the hoaxes he was constantly perpetrating, gave an infinite zest to his department. The most devoted of Chicagoans, he nevertheless laid a chastening hand upon his fellow citizens. In an ironic vein that was perhaps his best medium he would hint at the community's lack of culture, though he would be the first to defend the city from such assaults from without the walls. He prepared the way for the coming of Edmund Clarence Stedman with announcements of a series of bizarre entertainments in the poet's honor, including a street parade in which the meat-packing industry was to be elaborately represented. He gave circulation to a story, purely fanciful, that Joel Chandler Harris was born in Africa, where his parents were missionaries, thus

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accounting for "Uncle Remus's" intimate acquaintance with negro characters and folk-lore. His devotion to journalism was such that he preferred to publish his verses in his newspaper rather than in magazines, often hoarding them for weeks that he might fill a column with poems and create the impression that they were all flung off as part of the day's work, though, as a matter of fact, they were the result of the most painstaking labor. With his legs thrown across a table he wrote, on a pad held in his lap, the minute, perpendicular hand, with its monkish rubrications, that gave distinction to all his "copy." Among other accomplishments he was a capital recitationist and mimic. There was no end to the variety of ways in which he could interest and amuse a company. He was so pre-eminently a social being that it was difficult to understand how he produced so much when he yielded so readily to any suggestion to strike work for any enterprise that promised diversion. I linger upon his name not because of his talents merely but because he was in a very true sense the protagonist of the city in those years; a veritable *genius loci* who expressed a Chicago, "wilful, young," that was disposed to stick its tongue in its cheek in the presence of the most exalted gods.

My Chicago of the consulship of Plancus was illuminated also by the National League ball club, whose roster contained "names to fill a Roman line"—"Pop" Anson, Clarkson, Williamson, Ryan, Pfeffer, and "Mike" Kelley. Chicago displayed hatchments of woe on her portals when Kelley was "sold to Boston" for $10,000! In his biography of Field Mr. Slason Thompson has preserved this characteristic paragraph—only one of many in which the wit, humorist, and poet paid tribute to Kelley's genius:

"Benjamin Harrison is a good, honest, patriotic man, and we like him. But he never stole second base in all his life and he could not swat Mickey Welch's down curves over the left-field fence. Therefore, we say again, as we have said many times before, that, much as we revere Benjamin Harrison's purity and amiability, we cannot but accord the tribute of our sincerest admiration to that paragon of American manhood, Michael J. Kelley."

III

It must be said for Chicago that to the best of her ability her iniquities are kept in the open; she conceals nothing; it is all there for your observation if you are disposed to pry into the heart of the matter. The rectilinear system of streets lays the whole city open to the sun's eye. One is struck by the great number of foreign faces, and by faces that show a blending of races—a step, perhaps, toward the evolution of some new American type. On Michigan Avenue, where on fair afternoons something of the brilliant spectacle of Fifth Avenue is reproduced, women in bright turbans, men in modifications of their national garb—Syrians, Greeks, Turks, Russians and what-not—are caught up and hurried along in the crowd. In the shopping centres of Wabash Avenue and State Street the foreign element is present constantly, and even since the abatement of immigration these potential citizens are daily in evidence in the railway stations. Yet one has nowhere the sense of congestion that is so depressing in New York's East Side; the overcrowding is not so apparent even where the conditions are the worst Chicago has to offer.

My search for the picturesque had been disappointing until, quite undirected, I stumbled into Maxwell Street one winter morning and found its Jewish market to my liking. The "Ham Fair" in Paris is richer in antiquarian loot, but Maxwell Street is enough; 'twill serve! Here we have squalor, perhaps, and yet a pretty clean and a wholly orderly squalor. Innumerable booths litter the sidewalks of this thoroughfare between Halstead and Jefferson Streets, and merchandise and customers overflow into the streets until traffic is blocked. Fruits, vegetables, meats, fowls, raiment of every kind are offered. Bushel-baskets are the ordained receptacle for men's hats. A fine leisure characterizes the movements and informs the methods of the cautious purchaser. Cages of pigeons proudly surmounting coops of fowls suggested that their elevation might be attributable to some special sanctity or reservation for sacrificial rites. A cynical policeman (I saw but one guardian of the peace in the course of three visits) rudely dispelled

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this illusion with a hint that these birds, enjoying a free range of the air, had doubtless been feloniously captured for exposure to sale in the market-place—an imputation upon the bearded keepers of the bird bazaars that I reject with scorn. Negroes occasionally cross the bounds of their own quarter to shop among these children of the Ghettos—I wonder whether by some instinctive confidence in the good will of a people who like themselves do daily battle with the most deeply planted of all prejudices.

Chicago is rich in types; human nature is comprehensively represented with its best and worst. It should be possible to find here, midway of the seas, the typical American, but I am mistrustful of my powers of selection in so grave a matter. There are too many men observable in office-buildings and in clubs who might pass as typical New Yorkers if they were encountered in Fifth Avenue, to make possible any safe choice for the artist's pencil. There is no denying that the average Chicagoan is less "smart" than the New Yorker. The pressing of clothes and nice differentiations in haberdashery seem to be less important to the male here than to his New York cousin. I spent an anxious Sunday morning in quest of the silk hat, and reviewed the departing worshippers in the neighborhood of many temples in this search, but the only toppers I found were the crowning embellishments of two colored gentlemen in South State Street.

She discusses politics with sophistication, and . . . belongs to many societies.—Page 146.

Perhaps the typical Chicagoan is the commuter who, after the day's hurry and fret, ponders the city's needs calmly by the lake shore or in prairie villages. Chicago's suburbs are felicitously named —Kenilworth, Winnetka, Hubbard Woods, Ravinia, Wilmette, Oak Park, and Lake Forest. But neither the opulence of Lake Forest and Winnetka, nor polo and a famous golf-course at Wheaton can obscure the merits of Evanston. The urban Chicagoan becomes violent at the mention of Evanston, yet here we find a reservoir of the true Western folksiness, and Chicago profits by its propinquity. Evanston goes to church, Evanston reads, Evanston is shamelessly highbrow with a firm substratum of evangelicanism. Here, on spring mornings, Chopin floats through many windows across the pleasantest of hedges and Dostoyefsky is enthroned by the evening lamp. The girl who is always at the tennis-nets or on the golf-links of Evanston is the same girl one has heard at the piano, or whose profile is limned against the lamp with the green shade as she ponders the Russians. She is symbolic and evocative of Chicago *in altissimo*. Her father climbs the heights perforce that he may not be deprived of her society. Fitted by nature to adorn the

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bright halls of romance, she is the sternest of realists. She discusses politics with sophistication, and you may be sure she belongs to many societies and can wield the gavel with grace and ease.. She buries herself at times in a city settlement, for nothing is so important to this young woman as the uplift of the race; and in so far as the race's destiny is in her hands I cheerfully volunteer the opinion that its future is bright.

I hope, however, to be acquitted of ungraciousness if I say that the most delightful person I ever met in Chicago, where an exacting social taste may find amplest satisfaction, and where, in the academic shades of three universities (Northwestern, Lake Forest, and Chicago) one may find the answer to a question in any of the arts or sciences—the most refreshing and the most instructive of my encounters was with a lady who followed the vocation of a pickpocket and shoplifter. A friend of mine who is engaged in the detection of crime in another part of the universe had undertaken to introduce me to the presence of a "gunman," a species of malefactor that had previously eluded me. Meeting this detective quite unexpectedly in Chicago he made it possible for me to observe numbers of gangsters, or persons he vouched for as such—gentlemen willing to commit murder for a fee so ridiculously low that it would be immoral for me to name it.

It is enough that I beheld and even conversed with a worthy descendant of the murderers of Elizabethan tragedy—one who might confess, with the Second Murderer in Macbeth:

> "I am one, my liege,
> Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
> Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
> I do to spite the world."

But it was even more thrilling to be admitted, after a prearranged knock at the back door, into the home of a woman of years whose life has been one long battle with the social order. Assured by my friend that I was a trustworthy person, or, in the vernacular, "all right," she entered with the utmost spirit into the discussion of larceny as she had practised it. Only a week earlier she had been released from the Bridewell after serving a sentence for shoplifting, and yet her incarceration—only one of a series of imprisonments—had neither embittered her nor dampened her zest for life. She met my inquiries as to the hazards of the game with the most engaging candor. I am ashamed to confess that as she described her adventures I could understand something of the lawless joy she found in the pitting of her wits against the law. She had lived in Chicago all her life and knew its every corner. The underworld was an open book to her; she patiently translated for my benefit the thieves' argot she employed fluently. She instructed me with gusto and humor in the most approved methods of shoplifting, with warnings as to the machinery by which the big department stores protect themselves from her kind. She was equally wise as to the filching of purses, explaining that this is best done by three conspirators if a crowded street-car be the chosen scene of operations. Her own function was usually the gentle seizure of the purse, to be passed quickly back to a confederate, and he in turn was charged with the responsibility of conveying it to a third person, who was expected to drop from the rear platform and escape. Having elucidated this delicate transaction she laughed gleefully and gave this explanation: "Once on a Wabash Avenue car I nipped a purse from a woman's lap and passed it back, thinking a girl who was working with me was right there, but say—I handed it to a captain of police!" Her husband, a burglar of inferior talents, sitting listlessly in the dingy room that shook under the passing elevated trains, took a sniff of cocaine. When I professed interest in the proceeding she said she preferred the hypodermic, and thereupon mixed a potion for herself and thrust the needle into an arm much swollen from frequent injections. Only the other day, a year after this visit, I learned that she was again in durance, this time for an ingenious attempt to defraud an insurance company.

IV

In the field of social effort Chicago has long stood at the fore, and the experiments have continued until a good many debatable points as to method have been determined. Hull House and Miss Jane Addams are a part of American history.

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There are those in Chicago who are sceptical as to the value of much of the machinery employed in social betterment, but they may be silenced effectively by a question as to just what the plight of the two and a half million would be if so many high-minded people had not consecrated themselves to the task of translating America into terms of service for vestigia of welfare effort, or traces of the movements for political reform represented in the Municipal Voters' League, the Legislative League, or the City Club.

It is admitted (grudgingly in some quarters) that the strengthening of the social fabric has carried with it an appreciable elevation of political ideals, though the proof of this is less impressive

Her incarceration . . . had neither embittered her nor dampened her zest for life.—Page 146.

the guidance and encouragement of the poor and ignorant. The spirit of this endeavor is that expressed in Arnold's lines of Goethe:

"He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place
And said: Thou ailest here and here!"

And when the diagnosis has been made some one in this city of hope is ready with a remedy.

When I remarked to a Chicago alderman upon the great number of agencies at work in Chicago for social betterment he said, with manifest pride: "This town is full of idealists!" What strikes the visitor is that so many of these idealists are practical-minded men and women, who devote a prodigious amount of time, energy, and money to the promotion of social welfare. It is impossible to cut into a cross-section anywhere without finding than we should like to have it. It is unfortunately true that an individual may be subjected to all possible saving influences—transformed into a clean reputable being, yet continue to view his political obligations as through a glass darkly. Nor is the average citizen of old American stock, who is satisfied, very often, to accept any kind of local government so long as he is not personally annoyed about it, a wholly inspiring example to the foreign-born. The reformer finds it necessary to work coincidentally at both ends of the social scale. The preservation of race groups in Chicago's big wards (the vote in these political units ranges from eight to thirty-six thousand), is essential to safe manipulation. The bosses are not interested in the successful operation of the melting-pot. It is much easier for them to buy votes collectively from a padrone than to negotiate with individuals whose minds

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have been corrupted by the teachers of political honesty in settlements and neighborhood houses. However, the Chicago bosses enjoy little tranquillity; some agency is constantly on their heels with an impudent investigation that endangers their best-laid devices for "protection."

As a democratizing influence, important as a means of breaking up race affiliations that facilitate the "delivery" of votes, Chicago has developed a type of recreation park that gives promise of the best results. The first of these were opened in the South Park district in 1905. There are now thirty-five such centres, which, without paralleling or infringing upon the work of other social agencies, greatly widen the arch of the city's social service. These parks comprise a playground with baseball and tennis-courts, an outdoor swimming-pool, playgrounds for young children, and a field-house containing a large assembly-hall, club-rooms, a branch library, and shower-baths with locker-rooms for men and women. Skating is offered as a winter diversion, and the halls may be used for dances, dramatic, musical, and other neighborhood entertainments. Clubs organized for the study of civic questions meet in these houses; there are special classes for the instruction of foreigners in the mystery of citizenship; and schemes of welfare work are discussed in the neighborhood councils that are encouraged to debate municipal problems and to initiate new methods of social service. A typical centre is Dvořák Park, ninety-five per cent of whose patrons are Bohemians. Among its organizations are a Bohemian Old Settlers' Club and a Servant Girls' Chorus. Colonel H. C. Carbaugh, of the Civil Service Board of South Park Commissioners, in an instructive volume, "Human Welfare Work in Chicago," calls these park centres "public community clearing-houses." They appeal the more strongly to the neighborhoods they serve from the fact that they are provided by the municipality, and, while under careful and sympathetic supervision, are in a very true sense the property of the people. Visits are exchanged by the musical, gymnastic, or other societies of the several communities, with a view to promoting fellowship between widely separated neighborhoods.

One has but to ask in Chicago whether some particular philanthropic or welfare work has been undertaken to be borne away at once to observe that very thing in successful operation. It is a fair statement that no one need walk the streets of the city hungry. Many doors stand ajar for the despairing. A common indictment of the churches, that they have neglected the practical application of Christianity to humanity's needs, hardly lies against Chicago's churches. The Protestant Episcopal Church has long been zealous in philanthropic and welfare work. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists are conspicuously active in these fields. The Catholic Church in Chicago extends a helping hand through forty-five alert and well-managed agencies. The total disbursement of the Associated Jewish Charities for the year ending May, 1916, was $593,466, and the Jewish people of Chicago contribute generously to social-welfare efforts outside their fold. The Young Men's Christian Association conducts a great number of enterprises, including a nineteen-story hotel, built at a cost of $1,350,000, which affords temporary homes to the thousands of young men who every year seek employment in Chicago. This huge structure contains 1,821 well-ventilated rooms that are rented at from thirty to fifty cents a day. The Chicago Association has twenty-nine widely distributed branches, offering recreation, vocational instruction, and spiritual guidance. The Salvation Army addresses itself tirelessly to Chicago's human problem. Colonel Carbaugh thus summarizes the army's work for the year ending in September, 1916: "At the various institutions for poor men and women 151,501 beds and meals were worked for; besides which $38,779.98 in cash was paid to the inmates for work done. To persons who were not in a position to work or whom it was impossible to supply with work, 111,354 beds and meals, 11,330 garments and pairs of shoes, and 123 tons of coal were given without charge."

The jaunty inquirer for historical evidences—hoary ruins "out of fashion, like a rusty mail in monumental mockery"—is silenced by the multiplicity of sentry-houses that mark the line of social regeneration and security. Chicago is carving her destiny and in no small degree mould-

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ing the future of America by these laborious processes brought to bear upon humanity itself. Perhaps the seeker in quest of the spirit of Chicago better serves himself by sitting for an hour in a community centre, in a field-house, in the juvenile court, in one of the hundreds of places where the human problem is met and impressive as this. A fateful Titan, brooding over a mammoth chess-board; now cautious in his "moves," as he shifts his myriad pygmies; now daring, but always resolute, clear-eyed, steady of hand, and with no thought but victory—as such a figure Rodin might have visualized twentieth-century Chicago.

The melting-pot in intelligent operation. Bohemian children celebrating the Fourth of July with folk-dances, in the playground of Dvorák Park.

dealt with hourly than in perusing tables of statistics. At every turn one is aware that no need, no abuse, is neglected.

A vast, an immeasurable patience characterizes all this labor. One looks at Chicago's worst slum with a sense that after all it is not so bad, or that at any rate it is not hopeless. Nothing is hopeless in a city where the highest reach down so constantly to the lowest, where the will to protect, to save, to lift is everywhere so manifest. This will, this determination is well calculated to communicate a certain awe to the investigator. No other expression of the invincible Chicago spirit is so

V

Anno Urbis Conditæ may not be appended to any year in the chronicles of a city that has so repeatedly rebuilt itself and that goes cheerfully on demolishing yesterday's structures to make way for the nobler achievements of to-morrow. While the immediate effect of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892–3 was to quicken the civic impulse and arouse Chicago to a sense of her own powers, a lasting and concrete result is found in the ambition inspired by the architectural glories of the fair to evoke the same arts for the

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city's permanent beautification. The genius of Mr. David H. Burnham, who waved the magic wand that summoned "pillared arch and sculptured dome" out of flat prairie and established "the White City" to live as a happy memory for many millions in all lands, was enlisted for the greater task. Without the fair as a background the fine talents of Mr. Burnham and his collaborator, Mr. Edward H. Bennett, might never have been exercised upon the city. Chicago thinks in large terms, and being properly pleased with the demonstration of its ability to carry through an undertaking of heroic magnitude it immediately sought other fields to conquer. The fair had hardly closed its doors before Mr. Burnham and Mr. Bennett were engaged by the Commercial Club to prepare comprehensive plans for the perpetuation of something of the charm and beauty of the fairy city as a permanent and predominating feature of Chicago. Clearly what served so well as a temporary matter might fill the needs of all time. The architects boldly attacked the problem of establishing as the outer line, the façade of the city, something distinctive, a combination of landscape and architecture such as no other American city has ever created out of sheer pride, determination, and sound taste. Like the æsthetic problems, the practical difficulties imposed by topography, commercial pre-emptions, and legal embarrassments were intrusted only to competent and sympathetic hands. The whole plan, elaborated in a handsome volume published in 1909, with the effects contemplated happily anticipated in the colored drawings of Mr. Jules Guérin, fixed definitely an ideal and goal.

This programme was much described and discussed at the time of its inception, and I had ignorantly assumed that it had been neglected in the pressure of matters better calculated to resound in bank clearings, but I had grossly misjudged the firmness of the Chicago fibre. The death of Mr. Burnham left the architectural responsibilities of the work in the very capable hands of Mr. Bennett. The Commercial Club, an organization of highest intelligence and influence, steadfastly supported the plan until it was reinforced by a strong public demand for its fulfilment. The movement has been greatly assisted by Mr. Charles H. Wacker, president of the plan commission and the author of a primer on the subject that is used in the public schools. Mr. Wacker's vigorous propaganda, through the press and by means of illustrated lectures in school and neighborhood houses, has tended to the democratizing of what might have passed as a fanciful scheme of no interest to the great body of the people.

With singular perversity nature vouchsafed the fewest possible hints to the artist for the embellishment of a city that had grown to prodigious size before it became conscious of its artistic deficiencies. The lake washes a flat beach, unbroken by any islanded bay to rest the eye, and the back door is level with limitless prairie. There is no hill on which to plant an acropolis, and the Chicago River (transformed into a canal by clever engineering) offered little to the landscape architect at any stage of its history. However, the distribution of parks is excellent, and they are among the handsomest in the world. These, looped together by more than eighty miles of splendid boulevards, afford four thousand acres of open space. The early pre-emption of the lake front by railroad-tracks added to the embarrassments of the artist, but the plan devised by Messrs. Burnham and Bennett conceals them by a broadening of Grant Park that cannot fail to produce an effect of distinction and charm. Chicago has a playful habit of driving the lake back at will, and the saltless sea is now destined for a further recession. When the prodigious labors involved in the plan are completed it may be contemplated across green esplanades, broken by lagoons; peristyles and statuary will be a feature of the transformed landscape. The Field Museum now building is architecturally consonant with the general plan; a new art museum and other buildings are promised that will add to the variety and picturesqueness of the whole. With Michigan Avenue widened and brought into harmony with Grant Park, thus extended and beautified and carried across the river northward to a point defined at present by the old water-tower (one of Chicago's few antiquities), landscape architecture will have set a new mark in America. The congestion of north and south bound traffic on Michi-

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Drawn by Walter Tittle.

Banquet given for the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

The citizens spread for the members, who came largely from the East, a royal banquet in the Sculpture Hall of the Institute.
—Page 162.

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gan Avenue will be relieved by a double-decked bridge, making possible the classification of traffic and the exclusion of heavy vehicles from the main thoroughfare. All this is promised very soon, now that necessary legislation and legal decisions are clearing the way. The establishment of a civic centre, with a grouping of public buildings that would make possible further combinations in keeping with those that are to lure the eye at the lakeside, is contemplated, but may be left for another generation to accomplish.

Chicago's absorption in social service and well-planned devices for taking away the reproach of its ugliness is not at the expense of the grave problems presented by its politics. Here again the inquirer is confronted by a formidable array of citizens, effectively organized, who are bent upon making Chicago a safe place for democracy. That Chicago shall be the best-governed city in America is the aspiration of great numbers of men and women, and one is struck once more not merely by the energy expended in these matters but by the thoroughness and far-sightedness of the efforts for political betterment. Illinois wields so great an influence in national affairs that strictly municipal questions suffer in Chicago as in every other American city where the necessities of partisan politics constantly obscure local issues. The politics of Chicago is bewilderingly complicated by the complexity of its governmental machinery.

It is staggering to find that the city has not one but, in effect, twenty-two distinct governing agencies, all intrusted with the taxing power! These include the city of Chicago, a board of education, a library board, the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, the county government of Cook County, the sanitary district of Chicago, and sixteen separate boards of park commissioners. The interests represented in these organizations are, of course, identical in so far as the tax-paying citizen is concerned. An exhaustive report of the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency published in January, 1917, reaches the conclusion that "this community is poorly served by its hodgepodge of irresponsible governing agencies, not only independent of one another but often pulling and hauling at cross-purposes. A single governing agency, in which should be centred all the local administrative and legislative functions of the community, but directly responsible to the voters, would be able to render services which existing agencies could not perform nearly so well, if at all, even if directed by officials of exceptional ability. The present system, however, instead of attracting to public employment men of exceptional ability, tends to keep them out, with the result that the places are left at the disposal of partisan-spoils political leaders."

The waste entailed by this multiplication of agencies and resulting diffusion of power and responsibility is illustrated by the number of occasions on which the citizen is called upon to register and vote. The election expenses of Chicago and Cook County for 1916 were more than two million dollars, an increase of one hundred per cent in four years. This does not, of course, take account of the great sums expended by candidates and party organizations, or the waste caused by the frequent interruptions to normal business. Chicago's calendar of election events for 1918 includes opportunities for registration in February, March, August, and October; city primaries in February; general primaries in September; a city election in April; and a general election in November.

Under the plan of unified government proposed by the Bureau of Efficiency there would be but three regular elections in each four-year period, two biennial elections for national and State officials, and one combined municipal and judicial election. A consolidation and reform of the judicial machinery of Cook County and Chicago is urged by the bureau, which complains that the five county courts and the municipal court of Chicago, whose functions are largely concurrent, cost annually two and a quarter million. There are six separate clerks' offices and a small army of deputy sheriffs and bailiffs to serve these courts, with an evident paralleling of labor. While the city and county expend nearly a million dollars annually for legal services, this is not the whole item, for the library board, the board of education, and committees of the city council may, on occasion, employ special counsel.

The policing of so large a city, whose very geographical position makes it a con-

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Steamer *Roosevelt* passing through State Street Bridge.

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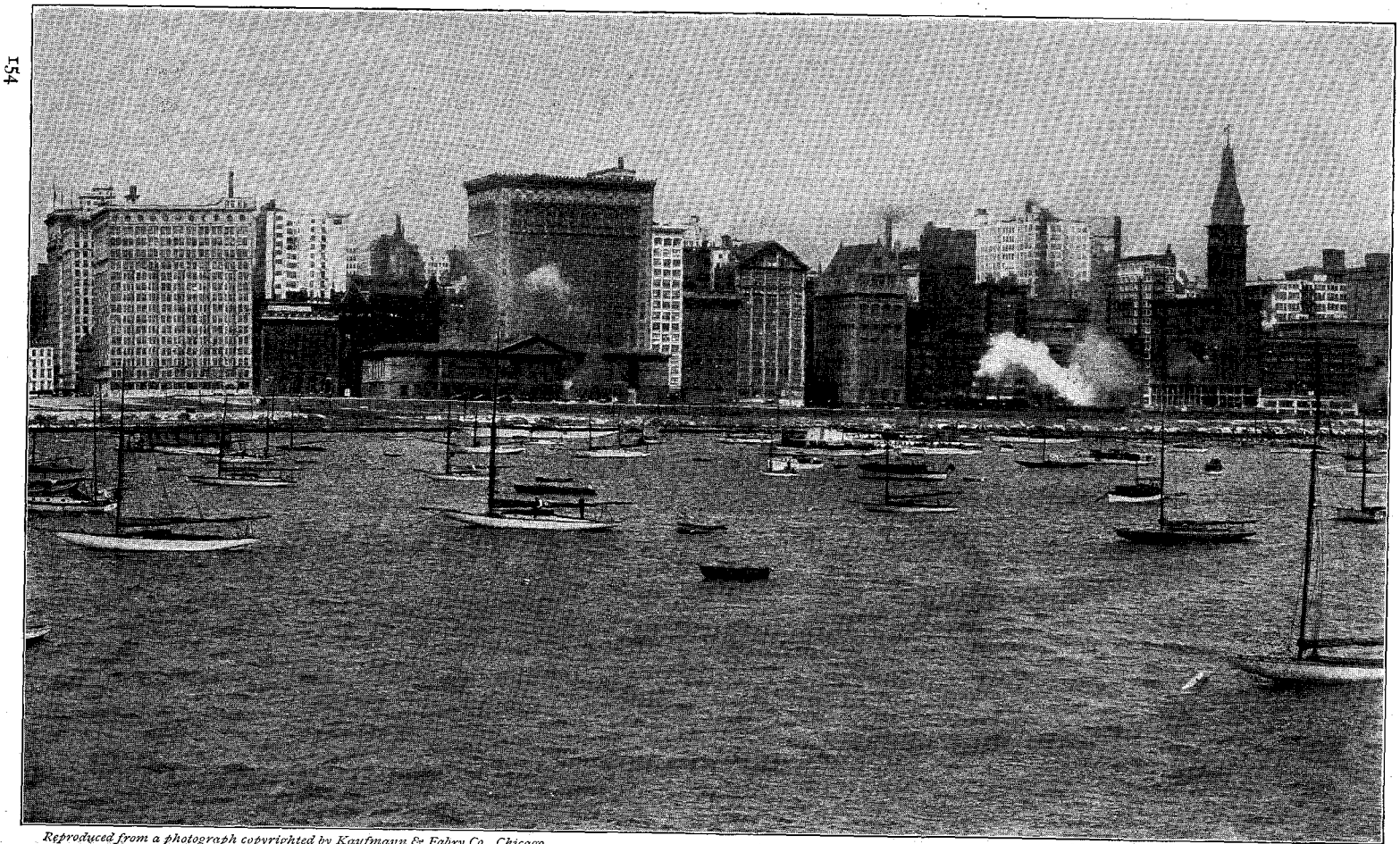

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The Chicago water-front.

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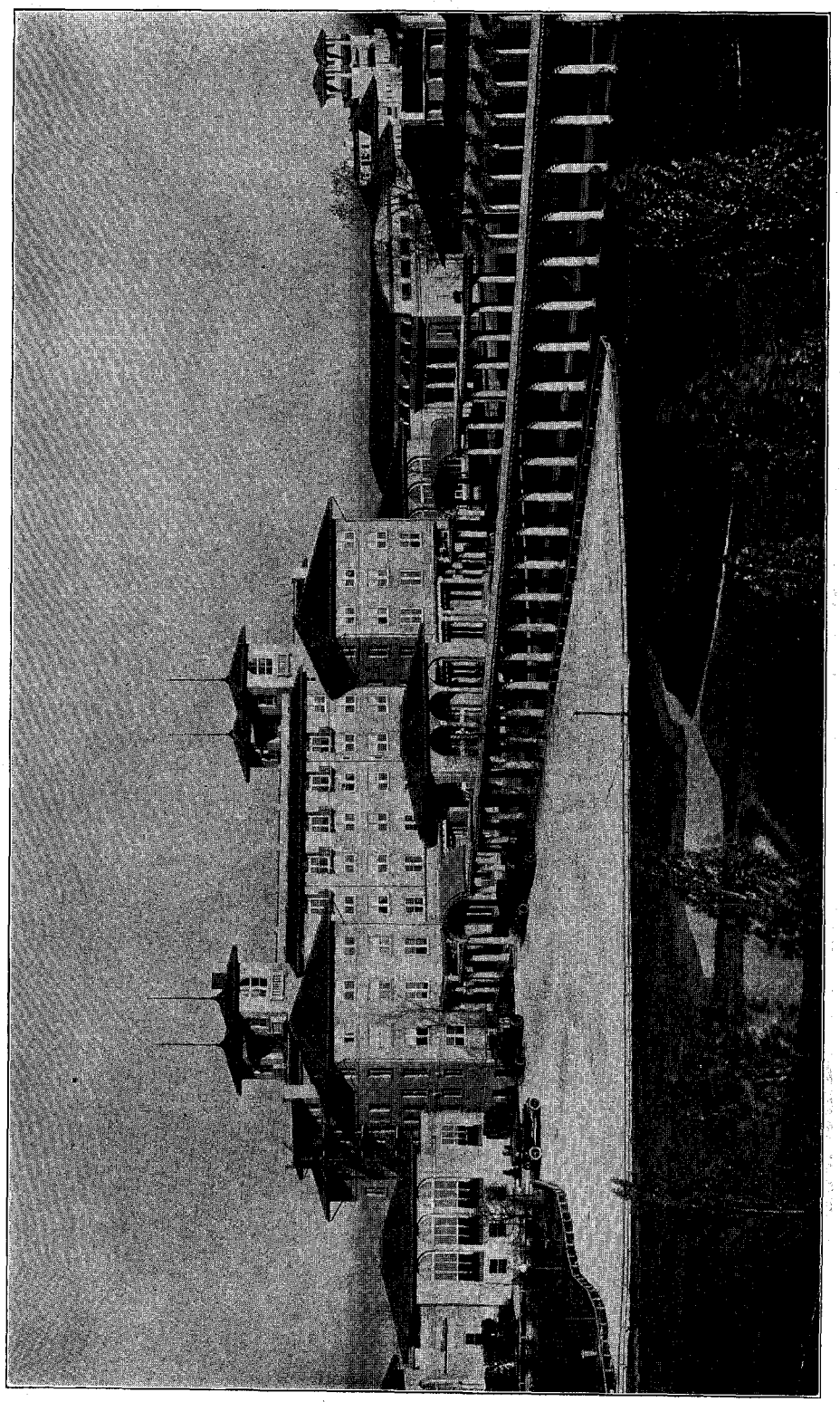

The South Shore Country Club.

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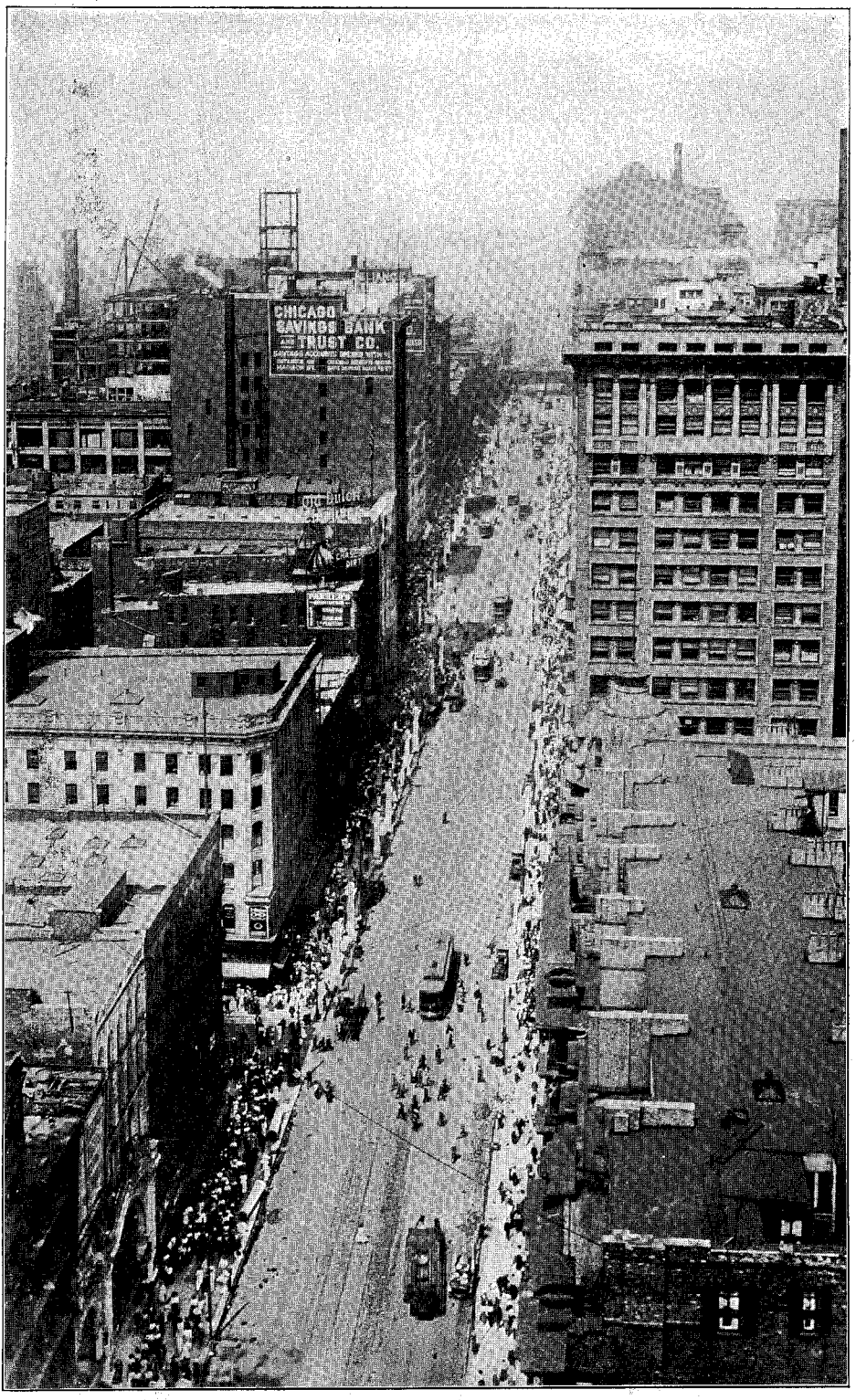

Looking north on State Street.

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The financial centre.

La Salle Street looking north from Jackson Boulevard.

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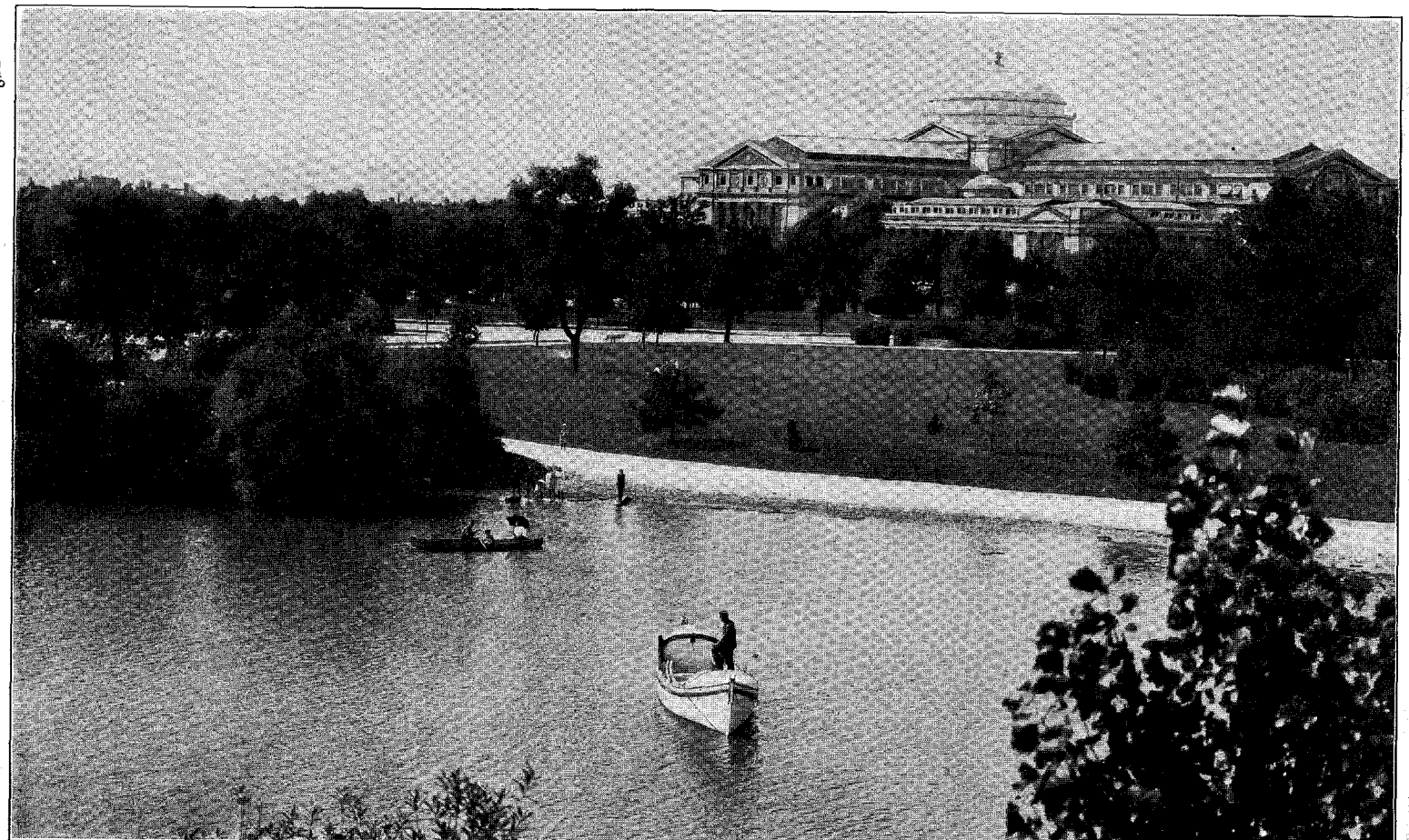

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The Field Museum from tower of the Life Saving Station.

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The Art Institute, Michigan Boulevard.

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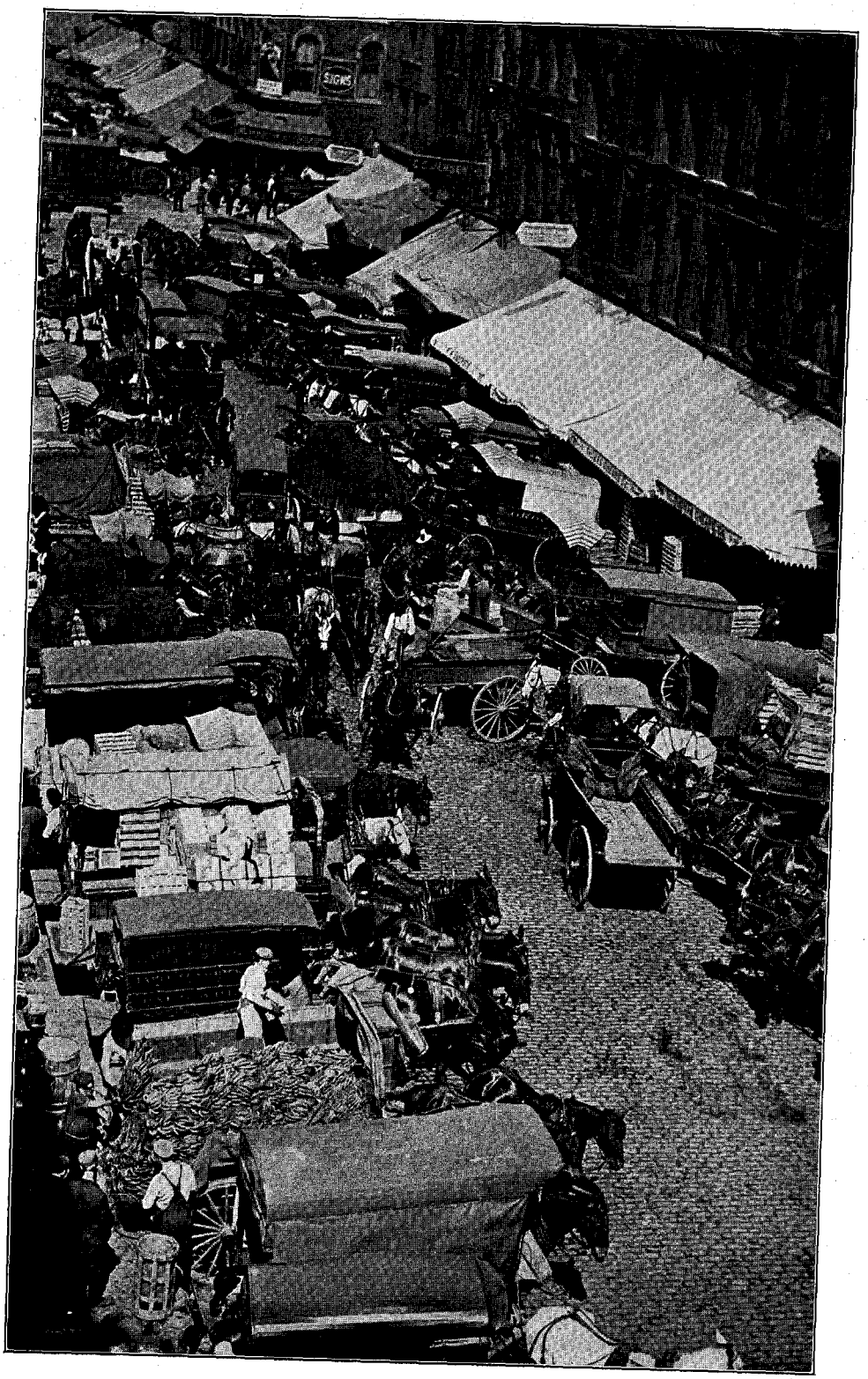

Busiest wholesale market in the world, South Water Street.

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venient way station for criminals of every sort, where so many races are to be dealt with, and where the existing form of municipal government keeps politics constantly to the fore, is beset with well-nigh insuperable obstacles. Last year the police department passed through a fierce storm with what seems to be a resulting improvement in conditions. An investigator of the Committee of Fifteen, a citizens' organization, declared in May, 1917, that ten per cent of the men on the police force are "inherently crooked and ought to be driven from the department." To which a police official retorted that for every crooked policeman there are 500 crooked citizens, an ill-tempered aspersion too shocking for acceptance. The *Chicago Daily News Almanac* records 114,625 arrests in 1915. Half of the total are set down as Americans; there were 9,508 negroes, 4,739 Germans, 2,144 Greeks, 7,644 Polanders, 5,577 Russians, 2,981 Italians, and 2,565 Irish. In that year there were 194 murders—35 fewer than in 1914. Comparisons in such matters are not profitable but it may be interesting to note that in 1915 there were 222 murders in New York; 244 in 1914; 265 in 1913. Over 3,000 keepers and inmates of Chicago gaming-houses were arrested in 1915. The cost of the police department is in excess of $7,000,000—an amount just about balanced by the license fee paid by the city's seven thousand saloons. Until recently the State law closing saloons on Sunday was ignored, but last year the city police department undertook to enforce it, with (to the casual eye) a considerable degree of success.

The report of the Bureau of Efficiency recommends the consolidation of the existing governing agencies into a single government headed by an executive of the city-manager type. Instead of a political mayor elected by popular vote the office would be filled by the city council for an indefinite tenure. The incumbent would be the executive officer of the council and he might be given a seat in that body without a vote. The council would be free to go outside the city if necessary in its search for a competent mayor under this council-manager plan. One has but to read the Chicago newspapers to be satisfied that some such change as here indicated is essential to the wise and economical government of the city. Battles between the mayor and the council, upheavals in one city department or another occur constantly with a serious loss of municipal dignity. Last year the shaking up in the police department had hardly faded from the head-lines than the city's school system, a frequent storm-centre, caught the limelight. The schools are managed by a board of trustees appointed by the mayor. On a day last spring (1917) the board met and discharged the superintendent of schools (though retaining him temporarily), and, if we may believe the news columns of the Chicago *Tribune*, "Chicago's mayor was roped, thrown, and tied so rapidly that the crowd gasped, laughed, and broke into a cheer almost in one moment." I mention this episode, which was followed in a few weeks by the reinstatement of the superintendent with an increase of salary, as justifying the demand for a form of government that will perform its functions decently and in order and without constant disturbances of the public service that result only in the encouragement of incompetence.

The politicians will not relinquish so big a prize without a struggle; but one turns from the dark side of the picture to admire the many hopeful, persistent agencies that are addressing themselves to the correction of these evils. The best talents of the city are devoted to just these things. The trustees of the Bureau of Public Efficiency are Julius Rosenwald, Alfred L. Baker, Onward Bates, George G. Tunnell, Walter L. Fisher, Victor Elting, Allen B. Pond, and Frank I. Moulton, whose names are worthy of all honor as typical of Chicago's most successful and public-spirited citizens. The City Club, with a membership of 2,400 is a wide-awake organization whose 27 civic committees, enlisting the services of 500 members, are constantly studying municipal questions, instituting inquiries, and initiating "movements" well calculated to annoy and alarm the powers that prey.

Space that I had reserved for some note of Chicago's industries, the vastness of the stock-yards, the great totals in beasts and dollars represented in the meat-packing business, the lake and railroad tonnage, and like matters, shrinks under

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pressure of what seem, on the whole, to be things of greater interest and significance. That the total receipts of live stock for one year exceeded 14,000,000 with a cash value of $370,938,156 strikes me as less impressive than the fact that a few miles distant exists an art institute, visited in 1916 by 922,310 persons, and an art school that affords capable instruction to approximately 3,000 students annually. Every encouragement is extended to these pupils, nor is the artist, once launched upon his career, neglected by the community. The city provides, through a Commission for the Encouragement of Local Art, for the purchase of paintings by Chicago artists. There are a variety of private organizations that extend a helping hand to the tyro, and lectures and concerts are abundantly provided. A few years ago the National Institute of Arts and Letters met for the first time in Chicago. It must have been with a certain humor that the citizens spread for the members, who came largely from the East, a royal banquet in the Sculpture Hall of the Institute, as though to present Donatello and Verrocchio as the real hosts of the occasion. It is by such manifestations that Chicago is prone to stifle the charge of philistinism.

With a noteworthy absence of self-consciousness, Chicago assimilates a great deal of music. The symphony orchestra, founded by Theodore Thomas and conducted since his death by Frederic Stock, offers a series of twenty-eight concerts a year. Eight thousand contributors made possible the building of Symphony Hall, the orchestra's home. Boston is not more addicted to symphonies than Chicago. Indeed, on afternoons when concerts are scheduled the agitations of the musically minded in popular refectories, the presence in Michigan Avenue of suburban young women, whom one identifies at sight as devotees of Bach and Brahms, suggest similar scenes that are a part of the life of Boston. The luxury of grand opera is offered for ten weeks every winter by singers of first distinction. Literature too is much to the fore in Chicago, but I shall escape from the task of enumerating its many practitioners by pleading that only a volume would do justice to the subject. The contributors to Mr. Bert Leston Taylor's "Line o' Type" column in the *Tribune* testify daily to the prevalence of the poetic impulse within the city and of an alert, mustang, critical spirit. *Poetry*, a magazine devoted solely to verse, is the encouraging friend of all who notch the sacred reed. Chicago is the home of *The Dial*, a critical journal devoted to the best interests of literature. Reverence for the arts is manifested also in Chicago's newspapers, and the criticism of the drama, music, and art in the Chicago press is notably sound and discriminating.

Every weakness and every element of strength in democracy, as we are experimenting with it, has definite and concrete presentment in Chicago. In the trying months preceding and following the declaration of war with Germany the city repeatedly asserted its intense patriotism. The predominating foreign-born population is German, yet once the die was cast these citizens were found, except in negligible instances, supporting the American cause as loyally as their neighbors. The city's patriotic ardor was expressed repeatedly in popular demonstrations—beginning with a preparedness parade in June, 1916, in which 150,000 persons participated; in public gatherings designed to unify sentiment, not least noteworthy of these being the meeting in the stockyards pavilion last May, when 12,000 people greeted Colonel Roosevelt. The visit of M. Viviani and Field Marshal Joffre gave the city another opportunity to manifest its support of the Allies' cause. Every responsibility entailed by America's entrance into the war was met with an enthusiasm so hearty that the Chicago press was to be pardoned for indulging in ironic flings at the East, which had been gloomily apprehensive as to the attitude of the Middle West.

The flag flies no more blithely or securely anywhere in America than in the great city that lies at the northern edge of the prairies that gave Lincoln to be the savior of the nation. Those continuing experiments and that struggle for perfection that are the task of democracy have here their fullest manifestation, and the knowledge that these processes and undertakings are nobly guided must be a stimulus and an inspiration to all who have at heart the best that may be sought and won for America.

[Mr. Nicholson's third article, "Types and Diversions," will appear in the March number.]

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THE RETURN

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE room was on the attic floor, a bare, cold little room wedged into the angle formed by the mansard roof. The one window that it boasted was round—*œil-de-bœuf*, the French call it—and stared, like an unwinking Cyclops, across the rue Clotilde at the Panthéon. At present it was securely shut, lest some gust of wind from the February night should steal in to flicker the candles. There were two candles—one at the head of the bed, the other at the foot.

Near the window was a wash-stand on which stood a tin pitcher and basin and a cracked glass decanter yellowed by long service. Against the wall opposite the bed was a spindle-legged table covered with a red-checked cloth and littered with cheap toilet articles—a brush, a comb, a button-hook, a tray of hairpins, powder, a half-used rouge-stick. On the same wall, from a row of hooks, hung a blue-serge skirt and jacket, a stained, rose-colored chiffon dress, a plaid petticoat, and a black cloak with some shabby fur at the collar. Then there was a chest of drawers, unpainted, lacking one caster, and two of the glass knobs that should have served as handles. No other furniture except the bed and the two chairs by the bed.

On the chairs sat two nuns, calm, motionless, in their black robes. It would have been difficult to guess their ages: one was old, the other not so old; but both had ruddy cheeks and serene eyes. The elder, Sœur Cécile, was praying over her rosary; the younger—perhaps because she *was* the younger—was gazing compassionately at the figure on the bed; and on the bed, her arms folded across her breast, a crucifix of ebony and ivory in her fingers, peaceful in death as she had not been in life, lay Colette. . . . That was all—only Colette.

"*La pauvre petite*," sighed the younger sister; "she has suffered much."

Sœur Cécile completed her prayer before she replied. "*Et lux perpetua luceat ea. Requiescat in pace. Amen.*"

Then—"She suffers no more," she said.

"It seems always bitter when death comes to one so young," whispered Sœur Marie-Madeleine.

"It is not death," answered Sœur Cécile—"it is the beginning of eternal life."

"Of course," said the other quickly. . . . "But look, see how beautiful she is—even like that, with her tired eyes closed and the color all gone from her lips and cheeks. It is only her hair that lives."

"And her soul," added Sœur Cécile reprovingly.

"Yes, and her soul," agreed Sœur Marie-Madeleine.

"Let us pray that she walks with God," said the elder sister.

"Ah, surely she walks with God! Do we not know that she loved much, and therefore shall not much be forgiven her?"

"We know that she loved much, but we do not know that she loved wisely," replied Sœur Cécile with a trace of severity.

"Wisely!" began Sœur Marie-Madeleine, and stopped, abashed. She was silent for a moment, fingering the crucifix at her breast. Then she said: "You will write the letter, Sœur Cécile—or I?"

"It makes no difference. Either of us."

"You have the address?"

"Yes," answered Sœur Cécile, and she drew from her robe a folded sheet of paper. "Paul Androuet," she read, "sergeant 17—th regiment, 8th battalion, 3d company, postal sector 92."

"That," interrupted the other, "is at Verdun. I know, because at the hospital

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I attended a *blessé* who had but recently returned from there. It is a post of great danger. Oh, Sœur Cécile, I fear for her Paul! Do you suppose she watches him now—from where she is?"

She bent over and smoothed back the dark hair from Colette's forehead.

"Poor little Colette," she whispered; "how much you know now of all the things of which we know nothing! Your eyes are closed, Colette, and yet you see far more than we. . . . Had you not better begin the letter, Sœur Cécile? You remember how urgent she was about it."

Sœur Cécile nodded, rose from her chair, and commenced to search in the drawer of the dressing-table.

"Here is paper and pencil," she said at length. "It will do. . . . What shall I say—how shall I begin?"

Sœur Marie-Madeleine hesitated.

"I think," she said finally, "that it is well to be quite simple. Tell him that she is dead, and tell him how she died—calling his name. And tell him that strange thing that she said just before she died. You remember? 'Write to him,' she said, 'and say that I will be with him when he needs me the most.'"

"But," objected Sœur Cécile, "when she said that she was delirious from the fever."

"Nevertheless it was her request—her last request. Surely we may not ignore it."

Sœur Cécile shook her head dubiously but complied.

"There," she said; "and now it is finished. I am glad, for such a letter is not cheerful to write."

"Nor to read," murmured Sœur Marie-Madeleine.

"I will put it in the post on my way back to the hospital. You will be all right here alone to-night?"

"Yes," answered Sœur Marie-Madeleine.

"The candles are low, but there are more in the drawer when it becomes time to renew them. And the woman downstairs—the concierge's wife—promised to bring you up some supper. It is now six o'clock, so she should come shortly. You will not be afraid?"

"What is there to fear?" answered Sœur Marie-Madeleine. "It is not the first time I have watched over the dead."

"Then, good night, my sister."

"Good night. Do not forget the letter."

"Assuredly not. I have it here in my robe."

Sœur Cécile knelt for an instant by the bed, crossed herself, rose to her feet, and, treading quietly lest she disturb the dead, left Sœur Marie-Madeleine alone in the room. The flames of the two candles flickered violently with the opening and closing of the door, and a fold of the sheet flapped in the draft. Then all was quiet once more.

II

Sœur Cécile posted the letter, but it was destined never to reach Sergeant Paul Androuet; for at six o'clock Paul, with a white bandage around his head, was on a train for Paris. That afternoon there had been an attack against a German trench in which the 17—th infantry played a prominent and heroic rôle. The trench had been captured, but it had been a red victory and many of the 17—th did not live to be decorated. Sergeant Androuet, more fortunate, was promised a citation in the reports, for "indomitable courage and conspicuous gallantry in action." But, as if to counterbalance the stroke of fortune, a stray piece of shrapnel had hit him on the side of the head long after the trench had been won.

Protesting, he had been led to the dressing-station in the rear, the bit of shrapnel had been extracted and his head bound up. It chanced that his colonel was in the station at the time.

"It is a nasty cut that you have, my friend," said the colonel.

"I do not worry," answered Paul. "They have not got me yet."

"You did well to-day," continued the colonel. "How long have you been at the front?"

"Eighteen months, I think," said Paul.

"Ah! Since the beginning of the war, then?"

"Yes, my colonel."

"And does the prospect of the hospital delight you?"

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Paul shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a question, I suppose, of but a day or two," he said.

"What is your opinion on that?" demanded the colonel, turning to the surgeon who had performed the operation.

"A week—two weeks. It is difficult to prophesy concerning a wound in the head."

"Precisely," agreed the colonel. "Now, Sergeant Androuet, where do you live—where is your home?"

"In Paris," answered Paul.

"Good. You are granted, then, two weeks' leave to return to Paris. I shall attend to the formalities. One rests better and recovers more rapidly at home than in the hospital. It is I who know it. *Au revoir*, my friend."

"*Au revoir, mon colonel, et merci,*" said Sergeant Androuet, and, the bandaging being completed, he stood up and saluted.

He said to himself: "I must be calm. I must control myself. Otherwise I shall be a baby and cry." But he found that

"How shall I begin?" Sœur Marie-Madeleine hesitated —Page 164.

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he was strangely weak, and in spite of himself the ignominious tears came into his eyes. The colonel, seeing what was amiss, turned abruptly on his heel and left the room. The surgeon, with a sympathetic pat on the shoulder, said:

"There, my boy, run along. That train to Paris will seem to travel slowly, *hein?* Journeys are long when there is some one waiting for one at the end."

Paul smiled vaguely. "Yes," he faltered—"yes, you are right. . . ." Then he added in a whisper: "Colette, she will be waiting—yes, assuredly she will be waiting."

He staggered dizzily from the dressing-station. His head pained him—a dull, rhythmical, pounding pain that kept time to the beat of the pulses in his temples. The ground seemed not quite steady under his feet.

"I must appear to be perfectly well," he reflected; "otherwise they will not let me go. They will send me to the hospital and then I shall not see Colette. Of course, there is really nothing the matter with me—only a touch of fever, perhaps, from the wound. It will pass in the air."

Ahead of him was a two-mile walk to the railway station—a walk at first across shell-pitted country and then along a road which the German artillery did not neglect. Fortunately a passing ambulance caught him up on this road and offered him a lift. He sat hunched up on the floor of the driver's seat, glad of the opportunity to rest his head in his hands.

"You go to the base hospital?" queried the driver.

"No," answered Sergeant Androuet—"No. I go home. I go home—to Colette."

"*Veinard!*" said the driver enviously. "How long leave of absence did they give you?"

"Two weeks."

"H'm. Two weeks? Well, my friend, in case you can during those two weeks spare a minute from your Colette, will you render me a service?"

"But yes."

"In the rue Taitbout there lives a little woman called Blanche—Blanche Dorain. Will you go to her some day and merely say that Henri is well and—ah, *zut,* you know what to say! What you would have me say to your Colette were I in your place. Will you do that?"

"Yes—certainly—I understand."

"*Merci, mon vieux.* That will give me great pleasure—and her too, perhaps. *Sapristi,* one is not always certain. . . . Here we are at the station. Good God, how content I should be to be going to Paris with you! A little dinner at the Taverne Tourtel, *hein,* and two good seats in the balcony of the Olympia! Like that one lives. Ah, well, when this sacred war is over . . . *Au revoir, mon vieux. Bonne chance!*"

The train for Paris was already made up and was on the point of leaving; but Sergeant Androuet managed to find himself a seat in a compartment of the third class, between a priest and a *poilu,* who, like Paul himself, was returning home on a furlough. God knows, had it been necessary, Paul would have lain uncomplainingly on the floor. Paris and Colette and two weeks of blessed rest! He closed his eyes that he might the better conjure up her face. He had the feeling that if he thought of nothing but her the pain in his head would be soothed and the everlasting throbbing cease, as, of course, it was going to cease when actually she should lay her cool hands across his brow. Her cool hands—her cool, gentle, caressing hands! And her eyes that, when he was with her, followed him anxiously, as if eager to anticipate his every desire. No one had ever cared for him like that before; no one, he thought, had ever been loved as he was loved by Colette. The knowledge of it had given him confidence, had caused him to hold his head high, had made a man out of him who was yet a boy.

The train stopped with a cruel jerk and he lifted his head and opened his eyes. He found that, for some reason or other his vision was blurred, as if he were looking through field-glasses that were not in focus.

"It is the fever," he reflected, and passed a surreptitious hand across his eyes in a vain attempt to clear them. Then, for he was still fearful to appear ill, he turned and addressed the priest as cheerfully as possible.

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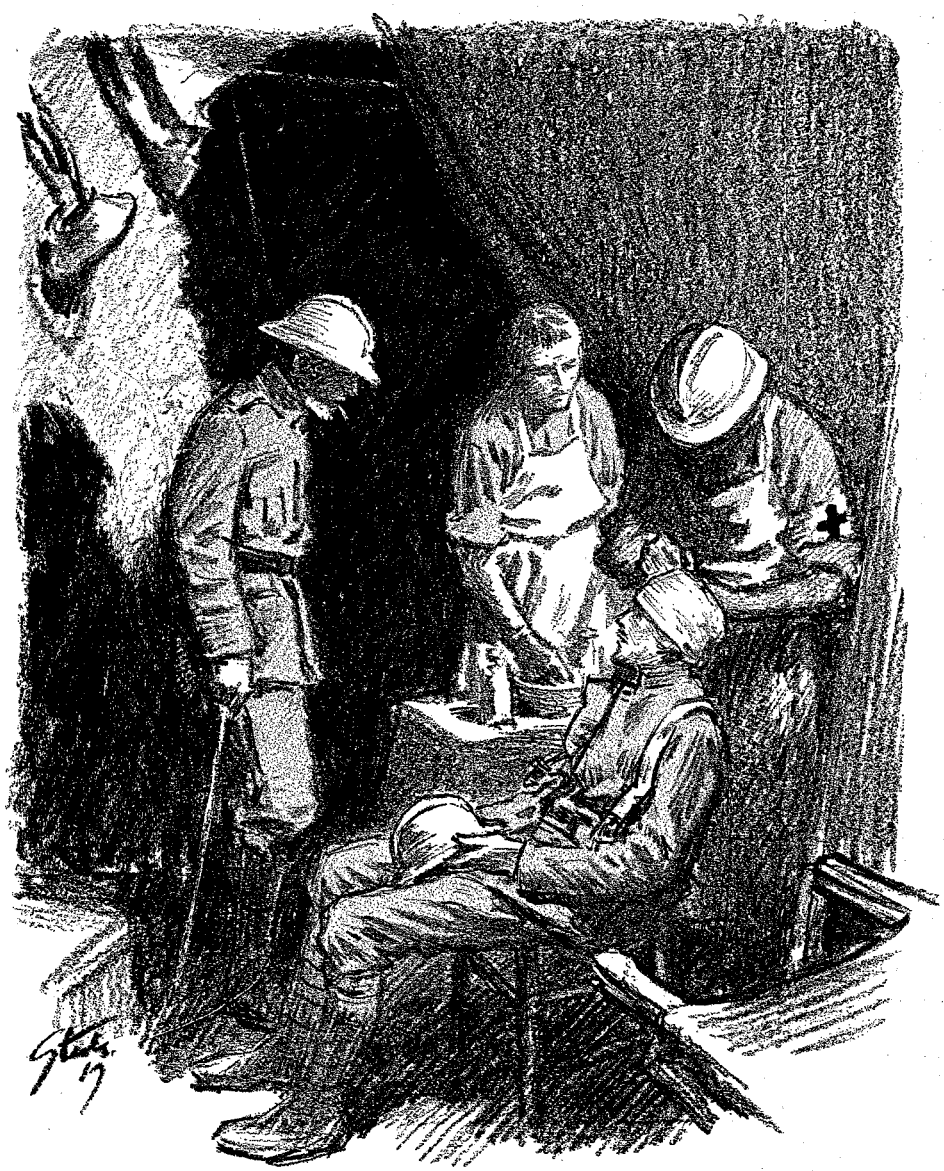
"Do you know when we may expect to arrive at Paris?" he asked.

The priest smiled slightly.

"Yes," answered Paul, "I have not been home in eighteen months—and there is Colette."



"It is a nasty cut that you have, my friend," said the colonel.—Page 164.

"That," he said, "is in the hands of God. Also it depends on how often we have to stop to allow troop trains to pass on their way to the front. You are impatient?"

"Your wife?" inquired the priest sympathetically.

Paul flushed. How senseless of him to have blurted out her name to strangers! What business, after all, was it of theirs?

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"She is to be my wife," he answered very proudly.

"Excellent! Permit me to felicitate you, my son. She will be rejoiced to see you; and I am certain that that head of yours will heal more rapidly when it is she who does the bandaging. We French need God and a woman. When we believe in both we become heroic."

The train started again, and Paul, making himself as comfortable as he could, closed his eyes and slept. Sheer physical fatigue had conquered the feverish wakefulness of his mind. But from time to time his lips moved in his sleep and the priest and the *poilu* heard him whisper: "Colette!" And the priest and the *poilu* looked at each other and, understanding, smiled in sympathy.

III

THE train came clicking over the switches into the Gare de l'Est at about half past eleven that night. Neither the cessation of motion nor the unwonted clamor that poured in at the opening of the compartment-door, sufficed to rouse Sergeant Androuet from his heavy sleep. So the priest finally shook him gently by the arm.

"We are in Paris, my son," said he.

Paul opened vague, bewildered eyes.

"Is it already the hour of the attack?" he muttered.

"No, no," the priest reassured him. "Do you not know where you are? You are in Paris, where there is no more fighting. You have only to rest."

"Oh," said Paul. "I ask pardon. I forgot."

Then, as memory came back to him, he started eagerly to his feet, the glow of anticipation in his face.

"To be sure," he said happily, "to be sure! I remember now. We are in Paris! Ah, *mon père*, that is wonderful, is it not?"

But his very eagerness served to delay his departure, for, as he stood erect, a great wave of dizziness swept over him and he was forced to clutch at the priest for support.

"*Doucement, doucement*," said the latter, and eased him into the seat. "You must not be in too great haste. Remember, you have two weeks."

"I am better now," said Paul after an interval. "It is my head that plays me queer tricks."

"Take my arm, then, down the platform, and we shall see how you are when you reach the street. Are you expecting any one to meet you? No?"

"No. I did not have time to inform Colette. It was so unexpected, my departure. . . . But she will be at home, waiting for me. Come, *mon père*, let us walk faster. She will be waiting."

They came out of the station to the Place de Strasbourg, unlighted save by a thin moon and a dozen stars. The air was cold and heavy, and filled with that indefinable scent of the city.

"The good Paris air," said Paul, breathing deep. "Already I am well. You have been very kind, *mon père*, but now, you see, I am quite myself again. I go to the Panthéon district. Do you come my way?"

The priest shook his head.

"No," he replied dubiously, "I go toward Les Batignolles. But you are sure you need no further help?"

Paul laughed—overexcitedly, perhaps a little wildly—and raised his arms in triumph.

"Help?" he echoed. "Do you not see that I am strong! And in a while I shall be twice as strong—for I go to see Colette."

"Then," said the priest, "adieu. And may God bless you both."

"He will," answered Paul.

They parted, Paul following the Boulevard de Strasbourg and the priest striking off at the Boulevard de Magenta.

The streets were almost deserted—the desolate, hushed streets of a sleeping city. But an occasional search-light flashed a strip of gold across the sky to prove that there were some who did not sleep. In a near-by courtyard a cat screamed horribly, like a child crying in pain. At the sound Paul stopped, his knees shaking, all his vaunted strength gone from him.

"Nerves," he murmured—"nerves. I must not let that happen again. I am foolish. I, who have slept while the Boches turned loose all their artillery, I start and tremble because a cat howls in the night. . . . Ah, now when my heart starts to beat again the pain comes back

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When he reached the Seine he was exhausted. He paused on the Quai . . . —Page 170.

in my head. That is annoying; I had thought myself rid of it."

He was not rid of it. His head burned as if some devil had bandaged it with a fillet of hot steel. With an effort he resumed his march, now on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. In the Place des Arts et Métiers an *agent de police* eyed him suspiciously and then demanded his name and regiment and a look at his furlough.

"You are out late, my friend," he said,

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when these formalities had been completed.

"Yes," answered Paul, "I am late. You will pardon me if I hurry along."

When he reached the Seine he was exhausted. He paused on the Quai and, leaning his elbows on the stone balustrade, put his face in his hands. His hands were very cold; or was it his face that was very hot?

Looking across at the Ile de la Cité, he saw lights glowing dimly through the stained-glass windows of Notre-Dame.

"I will go in and rest awhile," he said. "Otherwise I shall never be able to reach the rue Clotilde and Colette." And then he remembered the day on which he had been called to the colors, when he and Colette had knelt in the cathedral, he enthusiastic and confident and heroic in scarlet and blue, and she—well, she had, in spite of herself, not been able to share all his confidence, and he had caught her crying, silently and secretly. . . .

It happened that midnight mass was being celebrated in Notre-Dame—a quiet, solemn mass, attended mostly by soldiers in uniform and by women in black. Sergeant Androuet, with a stained bandage around his head, and his olive-green uniform caked with mud, did not find himself out of place in that congregation. He fell into a seat at the back of the church, near the Porte de la Vierge. Gradually the heavy odor of the incense and the monotonous chanting of the priests exerted their soothing effects; a great drowsiness came upon him, the lights grew dim through his half-closed eyes, his head sank forward, his arms relaxed and drooped to his sides, and he fell into a deep sleep—a sleep so profound and so deep that it was akin to death. . . .

He did not know how long it was before he was aroused by a hand on his shoulder. He looked up, rubbing his blurred eyes. The cathedral was in darkness, save for the lights on the altar, and empty, save for a few women who had remained in the dim corners to pray.

Once more the hand pressed his shoulder, and he got painfully to his feet. Then he realized that it was a woman who had aroused him; then, peering more eagerly into her face, he knew that it was Colette.

"Come, Paul," she said, "the mass is over and we will go home."

"Colette!" he whispered—"Colette!"

"Yes," she said, "it is I—it is Colette, come to fetch you home." And she drew his arm through hers and led him, tottering and dazed, to the door. At the font she halted, dipped her hand in the holy water and offered it to him. He touched his fingers to it and crossed himself.

"There," she said, "that is well done."

Unconsciously he paused, that she might perform the act for herself; but she shook her head at him, smiling a little.

"No," she said quietly—"for me it is too late."

They went out and down the steps.

The night had cleared, the wind had subsided, and as Paul looked up he saw the stars reeling in the sky.

"I am very tired," he said plaintively, like a child. "I have been a little wounded, Colette, and I am very tired. I want so much to rest."

"It is not far, now," she reassured him, "and when we arrive you shall rest."

"It will be good to rest," he sighed. . . .

Slowly, with great difficulty, they proceeded, he leaning heavily on her, she supporting him with what seemed superhuman strength.

They crossed the Boulevard Saint Germain at the Place Maubert. They met no living thing. They were so alone that they might have been crossing a desert—a desert flanked by grim, gray walls.

"It is not gay, your Paris," said Sergeant Androuet. And he repeated: "It is not gay. Is it that every one is dead?"

"Not every one," she answered.

"You are still in the rue Clotilde?"

She hesitated, but he did not notice her hesitation. Then she said: "Yes, you will find me in the rue Clotilde."

"Alone?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"There is a sister with me—Sœur Marie-Madeleine."

"You have missed me, Colette—much?—a little?"

"Much. But I shall be alone no more. . . ."

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Drawn by Frederick Dorr Steele.

"Come, Paul," she said, "the mass is over and we will go home."—Page 170.

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IV

At half past twelve that night Sœur Marie-Madeleine rose from Colette's bedside to renew the candles which had for the second time burned down to their sockets. She was weary from the long watch, and more than once her eyes had drooped over the missal, and for a space she had thought pityingly of the dead girl over whom she was watching. She felt *le bon Dieu* would be very kind to Colette.

When she had substituted the long candles for those that had burned low and had resumed her chair, she heard the concierge's bell ring through the quiet house. Presently, she heard the click of the opening door—then a short silence. Then laboring footsteps on the stairs. She wondered a little that any lodger should be returning so late at night, for at that hour the authorities did not encourage people to be abroad who had no business to be.

The footsteps continued to ascend, gropingly, unsteadily—the footsteps, perhaps, of a drunken man. Sœur Marie-Madeleine opened her missal with a sigh. Then hastily she put the book aside. The lodger had lurched to the door and was fumbling with the knob. She must prevent his entrance at any cost—it would be sacrilege in this room of the dead. . . .

Before she could intervene the door opened and a man reeled in—a man in uniform, with a bandage about his head; a young man, not unhandsome; a young man with glazed eyes and burning cheeks.

"You must not enter—" she began, and pointed to the bed.

Those dim eyes of his followed the direction of her hand. The man halted, drew himself up with his back against the wall, stood there an instant, erect, staring.

Then he held out his arms toward the dead girl.

"Colette!" he cried—"Colette! I am going home to see you!"

He fell to his knees, his arms sprawled across the coverlet. His body shook with the pain of breathing. Then, quietly, he slipped to the floor and the pain of breathing ceased.

RECOMPENSE

By Grace Noll Crowell

I never have had a look at the sea,
I who would love it so.
I never have watched from the surf-drenched shore
The brave ships come and go.
I do not know how the silent tides
Unfailingly ebb and flow.

But God who is wise to His children's needs
Gives me the wide, low plain,
He gives me the wondrous, whispering grass,
The kildee's sweet refrain,
And my reed-fringed pools are myriad seas
After the last long rain.

I never have been where the mountains stand
Majestic,—aloof,—apart,
But nightly the infinite star-crowned heights
Speak to my waiting heart,
And mine are the winds that are mountain-born,
And of seas they are a part.

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A RUNAWAY WOMAN

BY LOUIS DODGE

Author of "Bonnie May," "Children of the Desert," etc.

IV

AN UNWELCOME GUEST

ON the road the next morning Susan stopped abruptly and winked rapidly, angrily. There were tears in her eyes again. Moreover, she was in an abnormal state which she could only vaguely comprehend. She wondered more definitely than at any previous time where she was trying to go—what she was trying to do. And, of course, this sort of speculation was disquieting.

Something had vanished from her mind, from her purpose. She had been content—almost happy—stolidly to forge ahead during the first days of her flight. Now she suddenly realized that she had had no really definite intention from the beginning, and the discovery amazed her.

She had the disquieting sense of being partly awakened to sounds she had never heard before, to activities which lay entirely outside her previous experiences. For example, her singing last night! It seemed incredible that she should have tried, yet she had enjoyed it—and the others had too. She must continue to sing. It was really nice to sing. She must learn more songs, and when she was asked again she must not hesitate.

But there were other things in her experiences last night which disturbed her. She was coming face to face with the fact that the domestic instinct, especially in women, is stronger than anything else, and that though restless souls may journey far, buoyed up by love of adventure, or mischief, or ease, they must always in the end long for a hearth, a doorsill, the dear monotony of one fixed place.

There was much to ponder in that new picture of the married state she had seen at the Stovers'. Theirs was a wonderful relationship, gentle and solicitous and enduring. How had it been brought about? She blamed herself for not remaining with the Stovers as long as they were willing to keep her. After the guests had all gone the night before she had felt that she was in the way in that house where long years of joyous mated existence had been celebrated. The old people would rather be alone, of course.

And so in the morning she had declared that she meant to start on her way as soon as the house was put to rights; and she had set forth with a package of lunch prepared for her by Mrs. Stover, and with a sealed envelope which she had been instructed not to open until she was well on her way. She had eaten part of the lunch toward midday. She had opened the envelope, too, and had found that it contained a bank-note and a letter of thanks for the services she had rendered and the gifts she had bestowed.

She had been deeply touched by that letter. She had never won such honest, hearty affection before. It was while she dwelt upon this fact that she found her eyes brimming with tears.

"What I felt there I'll always feel," she mused. "Nobody wants a strange woman on their hands." It dawned upon her then that she must thereafter represent herself not as a footloose creature tramping aimlessly, but as a woman alone in the world and in need of employment.

She thought of dressmaking, and it seemed to her that many of the country women might be willing to give her employment as a seamstress for a day or two, or perhaps a week. Then she reflected resentfully that she might have done sewing back in Pleasant Lane but for the fact that she had not cared for that kind of work, beyond making her own garments. No, she had not come into the country to sew. If she had meant

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "A Runaway Woman" appears on page 4 of the Advertising pages.

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to do that she might as well have remained with Herkimer.

And having arrived at Herkimer in her reflections she continued to think of him aimlessly throughout the afternoon. When the day began to wane she could scarcely get him out of her mind, though she tried rather impatiently to do so. This was the time of day he would be coming home, she realized. He would have very little to say to her, because he would be tired. Susan felt a wave of remorse pass over her as she thought of his being tired. She had never made that excuse for him as long as she had lived with him. And he would be going out for a pitcher of beer while she put the steak in the pan. He would offer her a glass. He had always done that. She wondered why life had seemed so unbearable, after all.

Susan did not admit that she had done wrong in running away. She did not believe that she had done wrong. But she regretted that the life she had led had seemed so dreary, when in fact, now that she looked back at it, it might have been acceptable enough if she and Herkimer had only known how to make it so. And whatever its drawbacks had been there had been somebody who belonged to her —in part or in theory. And there had been comforts. Besides, there were the noises. Susan felt that she could rejoice now at the sound of a stake-wagon rumbling over cobblestones, and street-cars with flat wheels, and children screaming in ecstacy or anger. And the sound of Herkimer's step on the stairs! . . .

Ah, that last thought brought her to her senses. It helped her. She recalled the wretchedness of listening for that step hours and hours before it sounded, while other feet awoke the echoes of the empty street. Nothing in her present loneliness, in the present stillness, matched the dreariness of those hours of waiting, which had also been hours of humiliation. Now she relied upon no one, suffering doubts and fears—because now there was no one to rely upon.

"I'm going on," she concluded. "I must get used to going on, forever. I must even refuse to look back."

She followed the yellow road until she came to a little eminence, and here she was aware of a picture, or of pictures, which stretched before her. Not at all the picture of her dreams, yet quite an arresting scene. On one hand the remains of a rail fence lay slowly decaying and inviting the encroachments of vegetation which grew but sparsely in the vast worn-out field beyond. At the outer bounds of this field ran another rail fence—this one being in better repair; and beyond it there were farm lands and a farmhouse with outhouses. Far beyond, the blue haze clinging to distant mountains was visible.

It was an eye-filling scene, taken all in all, but Susan was depressed rather than elated, because she received the impression that nature, like the people she had always known, was sometimes sad and impoverished. The countless acres before here were unfruitful, save for sassafras and persimmon bushes, which seemed to cling to life the more stubbornly because nobody noted their presence or desired them.

In the opposite direction from that in which she had been gazing she beheld what promised to be a slightly less depressing view. Blackberry-bushes, with their crown of snowy bloom, hung heavily over a rail fence which was quite old but still serviceable. Beyond this fence the land declined through an abandoned farm of large dimensions. At a distance ancient apple and peach trees leaned in a common direction as if they had been trying for half a century to lie down and be done with the burdens which the seasons brought to them. Still farther away an unkempt plum thicket stood. Beyond this a narrow path, like a faded ribbon, stretched away to the back door of a cabin. A great chimney stood at one end of the cabin, and presently Susan noticed that from the top of this, in odd contradistinction from all the other aspects of the scene, a faint blue column of smoke ascending to the sky proclaimed the presence of life.

And over all this pensively eloquent landscape the golden afternoon light hung tremulously, dreamily.

Susan wished there hadn't been any smoke. She could scarcely picture the manner of life of the people who lived in the cabin, away over there off the high-

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way; but at least they were human beings who had to combat hunger and cold and poverty, and bear the wounds which one inflicted upon another; and so they could not be quite different from her after all. And to live in such a place always, alone! The sight of the thin column of smoke, which betokened the presence of others, made her feel doubly forlorn.

The sun was setting beyond that distant cabin; it had got beyond the branches of a group of sheltering oaks which held out gaunt hands in solemn benediction above the humble roof-tree. And near to Susan, in the blackberry hedge, birds of a species quite unknown to her began to chirp soft, descending notes which were partly muffled in their throats. They were actually getting ready to go to sleep at this hour! And Susan wished she might hear the militant, intemperate noise of sparrows, who never thought of sleeping until it was almost too dark to find their way home and who seemed to protest violently against nature for requiring them to go to bed at all.

Susan felt really contemptuous toward these country birds, that sang in muffled voices in the evening, as if they had the greatest respect for nightfall—as if they were too prudish to be caught out after dark!

She hurried on her way. She had paused and dreamed too long. She was in a fair way of becoming hopelessly disgusted, and her legs ached. She reflected that she should have acted more wisely than she had done in stopping and making comparisons. Permitting her thoughts to travel backward was a mistake, if for no other reason than that it was now clearly too late to permit her feet to travel backward. The city was lost to her now. Herkimer would be sure to laugh at her if she were to ask to resume her old position in his house—or in his room. Perhaps he had moved. At any rate he would have become used to having the landlady make his bed and tidy the room for him, and perhaps he would have acquired the habit of taking his meals in the restaurant around in the next block. Perhaps he was much pleased with the change!

. . . She became alarmed at the length of time it took her to reach the next house. She had really been very indiscreet in tarrying so long. Suppose she should be refused accommodations in the first house she reached? It might be miles to the next one beyond. Why had she not allowed herself time to go farther on in the event of a refusal?

It was almost dark when she turned a bend in the road and came upon a flock of geese which set up a great cry at sight of her; and there was a house—a fairly pretentious-appearing dwelling.

She opened the gate and trudged wearily up the walk. Before her there was a porch, half overrun by climbing vines; and on either side of the porch there were windows, lending to the house the appearance of a grotesque creature, regarding her with cold, unfriendly eyes.

Her sigh, as she stepped up to the porch, was a kind of prayer. She knocked at the open door.

There was no one in sight, and while she waited she looked into the narrow hall and farther into the room on the left, which she recognized as the sitting-room. She could see, dimly, a centre-table cover of green plush, embellished with heavy pink roses in silk. Beyond the table the end of a bed was visible—an immaculate bed, the chief purpose of which was doubtless to serve as an ornament.

Then she heard movements in a back room—the kitchen, more than likely. A woman leaned out into the hall, presenting only the upper part of her body to the visitor's view. She was wiping a dish. She emerged, as though reluctantly, and came forward.

"Good evening," was Susan's greeting. There was a note of perfectly factitious cheerfulness in her voice.

The woman kept her place stolidly, and then came forward the better to see who the intruder was. "Oh!" she exclaimed finally, "it's Mrs. Herkimer!" The words were spoken with a degree of misgiving which increased with every syllable.

Susan recognized her then as one of the women who had attended Mrs. Stover's party the night before. Shorn of company raiment and manner she was a decidedly forbidding-looking person.

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"Yes," admitted Susan. "I can't call your name. I hope you'll excuse me. There were so many . . ."

"That's all right. Edmonson. Will you come in?" She asked this, quite plainly, as a mere formality.

"Thank you. You see, I wanted to ask you if I could get accommodations for the night."

As Susan had come to the point directly she forced the other woman to do so.

"Why, I don't know. What made you leave Mrs. Stover's?"

Susan was pained by this putting up of barriers. She believed she had made a very good impression at Mrs. Stover's. She had an idea that this woman, recognizing her, would be very glad to have her stay. "I only stopped there one night, too," she said. "I mean, I only want to stop here one night. You see, I'm travelling."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Edmonson, as if she were bringing charges against Susan. For herself she chose a substantial rocking-chair from the back of which a "tidy" was precariously suspended. She began to rock with a degree of industry which somehow boded warfare. The sitting-room into which she had led Susan became a kind of inquisition chamber. "Travelling?" she repeated, in a tone implying doubt.

"Why, yes," said Susan.

"Where to?" Mrs. Edmonson's downright manner was most disconcerting.

Susan tried very hard to think coherently. She had an inspiration. "Clear across the State," she said.

"Where from?" The high-pitched voice accented each syllable.

Susan gasped a little, yet she answered this question promptly and simply. Then she tried to take the conversation away from Mrs. Edmonson, that it might be made less rude and disconcerting. "I'm acting as an agent," she said pleasantly and with as much persuasion as she could put into her tone. "As you know, of course, women are being employed more and more as agents." She paused to decide just what kind of an agent it would be best for her to be. After all, there didn't seem to be any other plausible representation she could have made. She wished Mrs. Edmonson would quit rocking so violently. With each backward and forward movement of her chair her hostess was advancing, and her features seemed more menacing, as if she were inching herself forward with the design of hurling herself at her visitor when she had attained a position from which she could spring to advantage.

"My firm," continued Susan, thanking her stars that her tongue was becoming reasonably loose, "wants me to get acquainted with the people throughout this section; that is, just to study their ways of living. They—they mean to introduce their goods on a big scale later when I make my report." She finished gladly, as if she had taken the last of a series of hurdles.

Mrs. Edmonson stopped rocking. "There was a woman," she said, "that came along here when I was a little girl. She said she was walking on a wager. I don't believe in betting, myself."

"No, indeed!" agreed Susan cheerfully, as if the other woman's remark had been wholly or even singularly pertinent. "No, I'm walking because it's part of my work."

"What I don't understand," continued Mrs. Edmonson, "is why your people don't send out a man in a carriage."

"That *was* the old way," admitted Susan. "They think they have a better way now. You know there are so many things men don't see."

"My idea is that they see all there's any call for them to see, and that women mostly see a good deal more."

From Susan's perplexed face you might have drawn the conclusion that she suddenly had doubts as to her fitness to be an agent; but she declared with doggedness: "Anyway, they've decided to try me." She was becoming more uncomfortable every minute.

Mrs. Edmonson shook her head dubiously. "I don't know that I see any sense in that," she said. "Still, you'll have to stay here now. I don't see that you've left me any choice. It's three miles to Quitman, and over a mile to Henderson's place, even if they could take care of you any better than I can. It's nearly dark now."

"I mean to pay—of course," ventured

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Susan, prompted by the ungraciousness of the other's tone.

"I'm not thinking about that. But I usually know who's going to spend the night in my own house. I guess you'll have to take this room we're in."

V

WITHOUT KNOCKING

MRS. EDMONSON lighted the lamp—a hideously ornate thing with maximum dimensions and a minimum capacity for illumination. "I suppose I needn't ask you to make yourself at home," she said, inspecting the burnt match intently. Then in a tone which implied that she disapproved of all idlers she added: "I've got to see about getting supper ready." There was unmistakable resentment in her manner as she went away.

Susan's cheeks burnt and she had half a mind to take to the road again and go farther, no matter how far it might be to the next stopping-place. Still, she had greatly handicapped herself by loitering a good part of the afternoon and she shrank from the lonely road at night. She had come into a region where but little of the land was tilled and where fences appeared along the way only at long intervals. Gnarled, somewhat dwarf forests, made dense by undergrowth, constituted the predominating feature of the landscape on every hand along much of the road in this section, and these uninviting surroundings were bad enough even when the sun shone.

"Besides," mused Susan, "her bark is maybe a good deal worse than her bite. And I'm not asking for anything so unreasonable. She'll be paid for whatever trouble I put her to. I can't see why she's so disagreeable."

It seemed to her that country people ought to welcome the diversion of harboring a stranger occasionally—a wholly unobjectionable stranger, at least. "I guess she's just ignorant," was her final conclusion; and after she had set up this hypothesis she found that many of her misgivings had vanished.

Indeed, the clouds seemed to have thinned considerably when supper was announced. Susan was almost cheerfully summoned, after she had spent half an hour examining the family photograph-album. So occupied, she had been mindful from time to time of the cheerful noises of feet stamping on the back porch and of savory odors which drifted to her from the kitchen.

The Edmonson family proved to consist of husband and wife and a grown son. There was also a hired hand who was treated much like one of the family. At the table Susan was given a place between Mrs. Edmonson and the hired hand. The son sat opposite her; Mr. Edmonson sat opposite his wife.

"I suppose," remarked Mrs. Edmonson, as she made a preparatory clatter with knives and forks, "you have a lot of interesting experiences, going foot-loose about the country. I don't know but what I'd like it myself, though I think I'd stay a little nearer the towns, for fear I might get sick or something, and so there'd be more to see."

"You wouldn't find it very pleasant, I'm afraid," ventured Susan, unconscious that her words were a confession of defeat. "As for the towns—" She caught herself. She was going to say that her whole aim was to get away from the towns; but this, she realized, would require explanations which she would not like to give. "You see," she continued, "the firm I'm working for thought I ought to get quite out into the country." She reflected a moment. She realized that she had no idea how far she might be from a town of any consequence. She thought it would be interesting to know. "How far are you here from—from town?" she asked.

"It's thirty miles either way—that is, to Smith City or Higginsville. They've always been the nearest railroad towns. But we're expecting Horseshoe to boom now, since they've got a railroad there."

Susan was quite at sea, but she tried to seem interested. "That will be nice, I should think," she said. "I suppose Horseshoe is nearer?"

Mrs. Edmonson regarded her with lifted brows. "Don't you know that the road from Stover's place by here leads direct to Horseshoe, and that it's only a few miles farther on?"

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"I don't believe I did."

"Haven't you got a map, or anything? How do you know where you're going?"

"I suppose I must have known about Horseshoe and forgotten," was Susan's evasive answer.

At this juncture Mr. Edmonson thought of something to say. He and his son and the hired hand had been stolidly bending over their plates up to this moment. The presence of the strange woman had embarrassed them, but it had not interfered with their ravenous appetites. Susan had scarcely seen them, since they sat in almost crouching attitudes. Besides, the light was very bad.

"I allow," remarked the man of the house, "you wouldn't care to spend much time around towns where they have railroads, anyhow. It probably wouldn't be safe, carrying jewelry around near such towns, where all the tramps are."

Susan looked perplexed by that allusion to the jewelry.

"Mrs. Stover told us," explained Mrs. Edmonson.

"Oh, yes. Well, I don't carry anything really valuable. And I never gave much thought to tramps. I've never seen any since I left—since I've been on my trip. I thought they stayed around the cities mostly." In her mind she revolved this new idea which had to do with tramps. "Where do they go?" she asked presently.

Mrs. Edmonson replied to this: "Just now they're going north. Next fall you'll find them going south, like you're going."

For a brief interval Susan swallowed with difficulty. Why had she never thought of tramps? She might have known that they too grew weary of the city sometimes.

Mrs. Edmonson noted her uneasiness. As a woman representing orderliness and the domestic virtues it seemed to her that it might be a very good thing to contribute to her guest's misgivings. "I don't know that it's much better along this way," she said. "You'll find tramps everywhere." Then in a deeply impressive voice she added: "You never heard about the Wells murder, did you?" She spoke as if she were referring to a classic event.

"I think not," admitted Susan.

"Well, I think I'd better tell you about that, for your own good maybe. Old man Wells lived in a cabin all by himself on the Horseshoe road—between Horseshoe and here. His house stood in a little patch of woods. One day when the door was left shut all day somebody driving by went in to see what was the matter. They couldn't find him. They searched everywhere. Finally they found a fresh mound of earth in a woods-patch behind the house. He was buried there."

When Susan looked at her, waiting for the rest of it, Mrs. Edmonson leaned toward her tragically. "*Tramps!*" she said.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Susan.

"I don't know if that's the kind of thing to talk about at the table," commented the son of the house, after an interval of silence. With an effort he lifted his eyes to Susan's, as if in quest of approval.

"Ain't it?" was Mrs. Edmonson's resentful response. "Well, if my talk ever checked your appetite to any great extent, I hadn't noticed it yet."

At this the hired man recognized his opportunity and laughed somewhat boisterously, though he became suddenly quiet when nobody followed his lead. Evidently the Edmonsons were people who never laughed, and as for Susan she did not forget that she was a stranger. Besides, she did not feel like laughing. A combination of things tended strongly to weigh her spirits down. Mrs. Edmonson's tragic little tale had not been without its effect; but more potent than the story of murder was the realization that life could be horribly sordid and mean, even in the country. She had never realized that people could live such ugly lives as the Edmonsons lived. Existence with Herkimer in a single room was a gay and elegant thing compared to this. It was not alone that these people were almost bestial in appearance and manner; but outdoor influences seemed to be entering the house and making the very atmosphere oppressive and evil.

The night of the country had set in and an almost sinister silence was merely accentuated by the scattered, spiritless sounds: the voices of insects and other creatures wholly unknown to the woman of the city. Somewhere within the room a cricket chirped intermittently, receiv-

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ing faint answers from another of its kind under the floor or outside the walls. Somewhere, seemingly at a great distance, a dog howled. Through the open window the black wall of the night arose unrelieved.

The lamp on the table was failing slowly, as if from want of oil; and the table began to present the depressing aspects of a desire that has been violently gratified. The Edmonsons, with the exception of the mistress of the house, seemed to be yielding to a condition verging upon torpor.

Mrs. Edmonson's stolid vitality seemed unabated. She caught Susan's eye through the gloom and found new inspiration. "And there wasn't anything so terrible in the Wells murder," she continued, "as there was in the death of old man Darden."

She leaned forward and turned the wick of the lamp far down, and then only partly raised it. The fading flame grew stronger for a moment and then began to decline again.

"Creek, creek!" shrilled the insect near by. It seemed to be coming nearer.

"Old man Darden," resumed Mrs. Edmonson, "was the blacksmith's helper over in Quitman. He used to have a jug of whiskey brought over from Smith City nearly every day. As often as he could, anyway. A lot of Quitman men used to get a jug once in a while, mostly around Christmas. But old man Darden never waited for anything special. Well, at last he went whiskey-crazy. One night he went running through the street, yelling that something was after him. People rushed out of the houses and saw him disappear up the hill, in the direction of the blacksmith-shop. They followed after—men, women, and children. Dogs, too. The blacksmith himself was along. They thought the old man would go to the blacksmith-shop; but when they got there he wasn't to be seen, and everything was quiet. 'The door's locked, just as I left it,' said the blacksmith. 'He couldn't get in there.' There was a padlock which you had to open from the outside. Well, they hunted way into the night for the old man, because they knew he was in distress. People liked him when he was sober. But they couldn't find him. The next morning the blacksmith went to work. He unlocked the padlock and opened the door. Not a thing had been disturbed, not a board moved. But there by the forge lay old man Darden—dead. There wasn't any other door to the place nor a window. To this day nobody knows how he got into the shop."

Susan's logical mind had been anticipating the pointing of a moral. Now she frowned in perplexity. She did not understand. "Was it tramps again?" she asked.

Mrs. Edmonson did not deign to answer this, and a heavy silence ensued. "Creek, creek!" shrilled the cricket, almost under Susan's chair. Out of the lifeless night the long, faint wail of the dog arose. The flame of the lamp was leaping at intervals, near to death.

Susan felt chilled. She glanced from one face to another, expecting to find fear or mystery stamped on all of them. Mr. Edmonson was slightly nodding, and Susan noted that his hair thinned to complete baldness at his crown. The son of the house merely looked weary, perhaps discouraged. But in the eyes of the hired hand Susan surprised a look which frightened her. The man was regarding her evilly, she thought. He looked away guiltily when Susan's eyes met his.

"Well, 'early to bed'—" sighed Mrs. Edmonson, pushing her chair back from the table. The others followed her example.

"Couldn't I help you?" inquired Susan. She tried very hard to speak cheerfully.

"Oh, no. The light doesn't seem very good. I can clean up just by going through the motions. And I expect you're tired."

In her room, a few minutes later, Susan thought with sudden, appalling homesickness of the city. There the hours of labor would be over now; but hundreds of thousands of men and women would be on the streets, and there would be a million lights. People would be coming and going in every direction, on every thoroughfare. The children would be playing under the street-lamps in Pleasant Lane. Everywhere street-cars would be passing almost in a procession and each would be packed with human beings.

She had no definite regrets; but she

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longed for the familiar turmoil, for just a little while at least. The country, typified by the spot which she inhabited for the moment, seemed terrible in its lonesomeness and silence. Her mind dwelt upon those legends of men who had mysteriously died. She felt very unhappy.

Even after she had extinguished the light and pulled the clammy bedclothes up about her shoulders, and after the somewhat reassuring sounds in the rooms near her had all died, she continued to think of the city and of Pleasant Lane—and of Herkimer.

When she no longer thought of them she dreamed of them; and in her dreams the city was a circular realm of light, with chaos and shadows and lost souls outside the shining circle. Then even her dreams abandoned her and she slept the sleep of those who are physically overtaxed.

She did not know how long she had lain in heavy slumber; but late in the night (as she felt certain it must be) she became partly conscious, and realized that something was happening in her room. She heard stealthy noises—or perhaps it would be quite as accurate to say that she sensed a presence near by.

Her eyes had become used to the extreme darkness in the room; therefore she could perceive that her door was partly ajar. She was quite sure that she had closed it before going to bed. She remembered, because she had noted at the time that it had neither lock nor bolt.

Was the door really partly open and being gradually pushed farther open, or were her eyes deceiving her?

Uncertainty was put to flight. Outlines of a man's head and shoulders appeared. Then the full figure, dimly discerned, as though it were seen through a cloud of smoke, stood revealed.

Susan's impulse was to scream. She would have done so, but her will was paralyzed. When the tension about her throat was lessened a little and she might have summoned help she had changed her mind; or rather she had made up her mind. She was still greatly terrified, but her curiosity was aroused. The man who had entered the room did not turn toward her. He went to the window overlooking the porch. And as he moved she could hear the faint creaking of the floor; and this was oddly reassuring. At first the unbroken stillness had appalled her—as though supernatural events were transpiring.

The man touched the window, the upper sash of which had been lowered a foot or two; and by a firm yet cautious movement he lifted and secured the lower sash. Then he paused, his attitude suggesting cogitation. Susan could not distinguish his features, but his attitude was dimly revealed to her.

After a brief interval the intruder began to move toward her bed.

Now Susan would undoubtedly have cried out; but again she was silenced—because something else of a wholly extraordinary character happened.

The intruder had cautiously closed the door behind him when he had entered the room; and now it was being slowly opened again, just as it had been the first time—slowly, almost imperceptibly. Then again a head and shoulders appeared; but this time they were those of a woman.

The man, half-way between the bed and the window, became as motionless as a statue. The woman entered the room and closed the door. Then, with extraordinary stealth and swiftness, the man moved—as a shadow might move—and vanished through the open window. Nevertheless, swiftly and silently as he had gone, the manner of his going was not more amazing than that of the woman. As if both figures were propelled in opposite directions by a common mechanical device, the woman had passed out of the door just as the man had slipped through the window.

Again unbroken silence reigned. There was the low plaint of the wind outside, up in the eaves and along the rough walls of the house and through the trees. That was all.

Susan thought of turning over and putting the coverlet over her head. But this, she found, she was afraid to do. No matter what happened in her room, she could not turn her back. She lay a long time in the darkness, softly and swiftly breathing.

She could not remotely conjecture what had been the meaning of the strange drama which had been enacted before her eyes. Mice playing in a garret might have behaved in just such a fashion. It

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seemed clear, however, that both the man and the woman had been frightened. But by what? By her? Could the intruders, looking at her against her white background, have seen that her eyes were open? Scarcely. Had she stirred, or caught her breath noisily? She did not think so.

After she had lain a long time, perhaps an hour or more, her mind and body both tense, she became easier, and finally she dozed lightly, but only to become wide-awake again. She recalled the mysterious events of the night and was inclined to believe that she had merely dreamed of persons entering her room. Surely it must all have been a dream! Still, it seemed to her that she was breathing the fresh night air—that a soft wind touched her face. An idea occurred to her. She got out of the bed and crossed the room. Yes, the window was open from below. The lower sash had been closed when she went to bed. No, she had not been dreaming.

She closed the window softly and went back to bed.

It did not seem to her likely that she could go to sleep again. Nevertheless, in a few minutes she was breathing deeply, tranquilly. Mystery and menace were alike forgotten. She slept profoundly.

VI

A BAD NAME

WHEN she awoke it was with the unwelcome sensation of being thrust rudely into a strange and unlovely world. She had slept heavily, deeply. It was with difficulty that she set her mental machinery to work just at the point where it had left off when she fell asleep. She did not immediately recall the mysterious events of the night, much as they had disturbed her. There was a flood of sunshine in the room. Both window and door were closed. Nothing hinted at intrusion.

Then she became aware of voices. A man and a woman were talking in covered tones out on the front porch. Now that she was made aware of these voices it seemed to her that she had been hearing them for hours. Perhaps the fact was that it was those voices which had awakened her. She listened attentively and recognized Mrs. Edmonson as one of the speakers. She concluded that the other voice was not that of one of the men of the household. A visitor, doubtless; yet a strangely leisurely visitor.

She felt a vague uneasiness because those two on the porch spoke together with such unmistakable caution. She was not familiar with the ways of the country, but she felt sure it must be unusual for a farm woman to take her leisure in this manner in the morning. Was that almost whispered conference a result of the mysterious drama that had occurred in her room during the night?

She arose and poured water from a large ewer, ornamented with yellow rings, into a basin which matched it. She dressed eagerly yet carefully. Not illogically, perhaps, she wished to look her best in this house where she had found only mystery and inhospitality.

When she emerged from her room she stood in the hall a moment in indecision. The front door was open and she could see the two persons whose monotonous colloquy had disturbed her. She had been right in her surmise that Mrs. Edmonson was one of the two. The man was a stranger to her: a rustic of a familiar type, with somewhat malicious eyes and a shallow air of cunning.

She tried to assume a cheerful demeanor as she took her place in the front doorway. The man glanced at her furtively yet keenly. Then with a significant look at Mrs. Edmonson he took his departure.

Susan watched him as he went down the walk and opened and closed the gate. He untied a horse which was partly hidden by a clump of lilac bushes, and mounted and rode away without a backward look.

She was resentful of this lack of courtesy toward her—resentful and puzzled. She turned to Mrs. Edmonson, only to receive a new shock. That unlovely creature was ignoring her utterly.

"Something is wrong?" ventured Susan.

The other woman stood apart a moment longer, obviously struggling with herself. Then she appeared to have made up her mind what to do. She turned toward Susan resolutely.

"I want you," she said, "to get your belongings together without stopping to

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waste words; and then I want you to leave my house and never enter it again."

"Well, yes," responded Susan rather vaguely, "but—but why?"

"You know *why* well enough. I want you to do as I say."

"But I don't know why!"

Mrs. Edmonson's face darkened. "Do you think I haven't got ears?" she demanded, "—and eyes? Didn't I hear what took place in your room last night? And didn't I see?"

"Then tell me about it," said Susan. "I've been wondering what happened in there."

"Then," declared Mrs. Edmonson triumphantly, "you'd better ask the man who's your partner—the man you let into the house last night to rob people who had been kind to you."

Susan gasped. "Were you robbed?" she asked faintly.

"If I wasn't it's not because you didn't do your part well enough. I ought to have you arrested and locked up, even if you are a woman. I want you to go about your business now. I don't want to talk to you any more."

Susan still hoped to understand better—to help Mrs. Edmonson to a more correct understanding. She was greatly perplexed. She cast about for some means of reaching the truth. "Who was that man you were talking to when I came out?" she asked.

"That was the marshal of Quitman."

"How did he happen to be here?"

"Because I sent for him."

"Because robbers broke into your house?"

Mrs. Edmonson refused to answer this question. "And you'd better steer clear of Quitman," she said instead. "They'll be on the lookout for you down there."

Susan felt it was useless to struggle against appearances, and against such a wrong-headed attitude. "I didn't steal anything," she said. "I didn't try to. You can come in and look through my things, if you want to." She went back into her room, followed by Mrs. Edmonson. "I'm glad enough to go," she added. "I'm sorry I had to ask you to keep me over night." She produced a coin and held it forth in the palm of her hand.

"I don't want it," declared Mrs. Edmonson.

"But I shouldn't want to be in debt to you," said Susan. She placed the coin on the table. Her hands trembled as she made ready for her journey. She went out of the house without speaking again.

"And mind what I tell you," the other woman flung after her. "You'd better steer clear of Quitman."

Susan turned to remonstrate against this. Her eyes were dark with pain and her lips trembled, but she could not bear to remain silent, as if she were indeed guilty. Yet as she turned something beside Mrs. Edmonson's stolid, bitter face met her glance. There was a face at the window—a face which disappeared the instant she turned. It was that of the Edmonsons' hired hand; and Susan recalled the covert, evil look she had detected in his eyes the night before.

She became quite calm—because suddenly she understood. He was the thief! or at least, it was he who would have been a thief.

She regarded Mrs. Edmonson again. "I shall go to Quitman if I want to," she said with dignity. "I shall go anywhere I please."

At the last word her voice broke, and she had difficulty with the fastening on the gate, because there were tears in her eyes.

And so she began another day under what was to prove a new and serious handicap.

She had no intention of passing through Quitman, certainly; but such was the perversity of circumstances that in her excitement she did not differentiate between the main road and a prominent offshoot from it, after she had left the Edmonsons' half a mile behind her, and it came to pass before long that she was walking, almost rapidly, toward that little village which she had been cautioned to avoid.

She had been on the road an hour, perhaps—long enough to forget her wounds and her rebellion; and she was coming back to a rational spirit of inquiry touching her future and the extraordinary quest she was pursuing. She had not realized that the road before her had been ascending a gentle hill until she felt a warning pain in her side. She had been exerting herself too greatly. And she realized now that there was no occasion for hurry.

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She proceeded more deliberately, and unbidden there entered her mind a memory of that inspiring picture she had seen back in Pleasant Lane—the picture showing a field and a patch of woods and a silvery stream, and a church steeple in the distance.

The man who made that picture must have been a foreigner, Susan thought. She had seen a weary lot of country, and she had not yet seen anything resembling in the least that calm and restful scene.

Then she realized that she had reached the top of the hill, and in another instant she was standing quite still, her hands clasped before her, her lips parted in admiration.

A valley lay before her—a valley and a village; and the entire prospect was arrestingly calm and beautiful. She did not know that there lay Quitman. She only knew that many little houses caught the sunlight from where they rested under the trees; that roads and clearings and cultivated spaces gave the landscape a diversity which suggested at once the ingenious industries of men and the opulent provisions of God. She was close enough to feel the influence of the color in the picture: the red of chimneys, the green of trees and shutters and lattices, the white and yellow of painted houses, the blue sky and tinted clouds that hung high over all. The clouds were wonderful, up there in the vast spaces—enormous rolls of fleecy white, bordered with a gray that darkened almost to black, and here and there a silver glint that reflected the sunlight like metal. Indeed, if Susan had been weather-wise, she would have known that there were summer showers in that cloud.

Then she began a deliberate and almost ecstatic descent of the long hill.

She came among trees, and the village was blotted out. But the impression of it was in her mind—the impression of a thing lovely and demure and kind.

She passed a dwelling after a time; but this, she thought, was not of the village. It was a mean affair, perched upon a ragged rock foundation, and surrounded by a yard which was filled with huge boulders. A dog dashed toward the gate and barked at her and then ran excitedly up to the porch and turned and barked again.

Then there was another house—and another; and Susan realized that in some indefinable way they were different from the houses quite out in the country. Their aspects did not spell loneliness in such plain letters—though perhaps this was because each one derived a kind of grace from the proximity of the others, as different-colored fabrics will do on a draper's counter. But as yet she did not feel that she was really within the precincts of the village.

She came to the foot of the long hill, and here a tiny stream crossed the road through a bed of clean, bright-hued pebbles. Little fish in the sheltered pools exposed their sides in changing their direction and reflected the bright sunlight from their crystal depths.

She could have crossed the stream on a line of flat stones; but it pleased her to turn aside and climb to a narrow bridge, which vibrated beneath her slight weight, and afforded a vantage-point from which one could look down upon the busy, miniature flood that hurried on its way with a whispered song. Near the bridge stood a weather-beaten mill of quite vast proportions, which was now silent and deserted. And now she was quite within the village.

She was passing beneath trees which possessed the seemliness and the curtailed aspects of cultivation. Here there was a sidewalk of boards, which she took. Over across the road, in the middle of an open space, a spring-house stood, and from this presently emerged a robust young girl, with yellow braids down her back, carrying a wooden bucket filled with water, a little of which she spilled as she walked. There was also, Susan perceived, a house with a steeple on a promontory at the farther verge of the town.

Susan only vaguely realized that the orderliness and placidity of this scene were lifting her to a spiritual height which she had never known before. She was like one who comes out of a house which is badly ventilated into a garden which is fragrant and cool. She faintly grasped the thought of new avenues opening out upon life, inviting her to choose her own way. The world was a better place than she had thought it—a wider place. There was good in it, and it might be hers for the seeking.

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Then something quite dismaying occurred—something which tended strongly to thrust her back into her old self again. Women and children—and even men—appeared at doors and windows and looked at her curiously and coldly.

In one doorway a woman appeared hastily and called to a child that played just outside the gate: "Tiny, you come here!" And the child ran into the house as if she were terrified. She had seen Susan approaching.

In other yards children left their play and assembled on porches and stared at her. Their features seemed almost rigid.

Then a man sauntered out of his yard and stood at his gate and waited. Susan recognized him, with a choking sensation, as the man who had visited Mrs. Edmonson that morning.

When she came opposite to him he spoke. "The judge wants to see you," he said.

"The judge? What judge?"

"There's only one—Judge Ligon. I'm Marshal Barrett. He said he wanted to speak to you if you came this way."

Susan was frightened. "I don't care if he does," she said. "I haven't done anything to anybody."

The man emerged from his gate and stood in her way. "His office is just around the corner. He's in now." He sauntered along in front of her, and she found herself following, resentful yet helpless.

They turned a corner and walked a hundred yards or so under spreading maples; and at the sight of a strange woman walking behind the marshal there was a more frankly manifested excitement among the people of Quitman. People hurried to doorways and porches without trying to conceal their curiosity—without making any pretenses at all.

Susan and the officer arrived presently before a little box of an office standing flush with the street. Between a door and a window, both of which were open, a plate was fixed on the wall and Susan read the inscription: "Marcellus Ligon, Attorney-at-Law." Two very large feet, crossed and stretched forth so that they could be seen from the street, testified that the judge was within.

"Just go on in," said Marshal Barrett; and he took up his station outside like a sentinel, and motioned Susan to enter the temple of justice.

When Susan stepped across the threshold the judge drew his feet back out of the way and looked up at her over the steel rims of his glasses. Then he glanced at Marshal Barrett. "So she came, did she?" he asked. And when the marshal nodded he continued, addressing Susan: "I just wanted to caution you to keep on going. The marshal brought word of you this morning. We haven't got much real evidence against you, but appearances justify us in regarding you as a suspicious character. Quitman don't need you. You'll do well to keep right on your way."

Relief and fury struggled for ascendency in Susan's mind. "I'm not going to stop," she said. "I didn't have any idea of stopping. You might have waited until I offered to before you—" She hesitated. She felt as if she would suffocate. The world had seemed so beautiful a little while ago; and now . . .

Judge Ligon took a briefed document from the table beside him. He cleared his throat with a long, prodigious noise. "Well, you better keep right on going," he said.

Marshal Barrett looked after her triumphantly as she turned away and resumed her progress through Quitman. She looked neither to left nor right; yet she felt that unfriendly eyes followed her. Her face burned; her bosom seemed near to bursting.

One may be sure that here and there along the way a heart beat more strongly with pity for her, but this she could not know.

She was climbing a hill presently—the town lay in a basin—and happily a few minutes' walk carried her beyond the reach of the last pair of searching eyes.

Then suddenly she was arrested and in a sense relieved by a musical sound which came from a point just ahead, hidden by a turn in the road and by a clump of trees.

It was the sound of a sledge falling upon an anvil; and then even that outstanding noise was suddenly lost in a more ancient, elemental din. A peal of thunder shook the very hillside.

(To be continued.)

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BUILDING THE NATIONAL ARMY

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. B. STEWART
Chief of Staff, 76th Division, National Army

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. DRESSER

THE machinery of the draft did its work. Communities bestirred themselves to give their selected men a rousing send-off and the little groups disappeared from the home life of the nation to be swallowed up in cantonments scattered here and there over the country. A little later flights of post-cards began to find their way back home, bearing new addresses couched in terms of companies, regiments, and divisions. Almost over night the military machinery had gone through the first operation in grinding the new grist, and the country, unused to its workings, began to wonder how, and what, and so forth.

To understand the process by which some six hundred thousand selected men have been assembled, sorted, distributed, and organized into a potential fighting force of sixteen infantry divisions, it is necessary to go back to the month following the declaration of war and review briefly the measures which the war department initiated in preparation for this emergency.

At that time the selective-draft law had not been enacted, but the necessity for preparing the machinery with which a large army of one kind or another could be trained was obvious. So, early in May, as a first step, training-camps for officers were established in sixteen sections of the country, and to these camps went some forty thousand men who had volunteered to take the training necessary to fit them for commissions.

The enactment of the selective-draft law followed on the heels of the establishing of the training-camps and, while the volunteers were laboring from ten to fourteen hours a day preparing themselves for the work of training, the local boards throughout the country were engaged in the task of selecting their quotas of men for training.

At the same time sixteen small armies of men—carpenters, masons, electricians, plumbers, and all of the other skilled men required in the building of a city—were working against time, day and night, to construct sixteen cantonments, each capable of housing in comfort from thirty-five to forty thousand men.*

In the War Department, committees of the General Staff labored with the task of combing the scant officer force of the Regular Army in search of a nucleus of trained officers for each of the prospective divisions.

During June, July, and August these four agencies spared no effort to meet the emergency—the training-camps to train new officers; the local boards to select their quotas of drafted men; the Quartermaster Corps to make ready the cantonments; and the General Staff to secure trained leaders. By the last week in August, the successful outcome of these preparations was in sight. The training-camps had graduated more than twenty-seven thousand officers; local boards had their drafted men in readiness; the Quartermaster Corps was well toward the completion of most of the cantonments; the General Staff had selected leaders for the regiments, brigades, and divisions.

The last few days in August and the first few in September were filled with finishing touches. Construction crews swarmed through the cantonments, leaving a wake of completed buildings behind them. Local boards were rounding up their men in readiness for the call to camp. In response to telegraphic orders, officers by the thousands were hurrying across the country to the cantonments to plunge into the myriad details of organization for

* See "Our Soldier Towns," by Nelson Lloyd, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1917.

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the reception of the drafted armies. By the 5th of September the stage had been set for the first act of the memorable drama of building the National Army.

It will be remembered that each of the sixteen cantonments had been designed by the War Department as the rendezvous of a division of infantry, and to each cantonment approximately forty thousand men were ordered.

An infantry division consists in the main of three brigades, two of infantry and one of field artillery. The infantry brigades are composed of two regiments each, and the field artillery brigade of three. In addition to these organizations, each division has one regiment of engineers, a field signal battalion, three machine-gun battalions, a division train, composed of headquarters, supply, ammunition, and sanitary trains, and a depot brigade.

As we have seen, the officers for these divisions had been supplied in small part from among the officers of the Regular Army and in much greater part from the graduates of the training-camps.* The enlisted men were supplied by thousands of local boards acting under the provost marshal general as prescribed by the selective-draft act. Each State had been divided into a number of districts according to its population and in each district a local board operated. The number of men selected from the districts varied within small limits but averaged about one hundred to the district. The quotas selected from each district were sent to the cantonments in instalments, at intervals of about ten days each. The first instalment was composed of five per cent of the quota; the second, of forty per cent; the third, of forty per cent; and the final, of fifteen per cent. Thus, to each cantonment came first an instalment of, roughly, two thousand men, followed about ten days later by another of about sixteen thousand men, this followed in turn at the same interval by another of the same strength and, finally, by one of about six thousand men.

We have now arrived at the point where it is appropriate to begin answering the question How?—How did they go about it?

Theoretically, the handling of a division was nothing new in the experience of the average officer of the Regular Army. They were accustomed to the solution of any and all problems connected with divisions. Times almost without number they had organized, equipped, trained, and even fought divisions—theoretically, in staff studies and war games, in which the many details of organization and supply were mere matters of pencil computations, and in which men were represented collectively by varicolored pins or strips of cardboard, or by little strings of beads. But forty thousand typical young Americans, filled with enthusiasm, curiosity, and man-sized appetites bear little resemblance to pins or strips of cardboard or to little strings of beads, and in the same proportion, their organizing varies from academic theory. In the latter, events move with orderly precision; in the former, they are pressing, immediate, and more or less bunched.

At first glance, the problem which confronted division commanders and their staffs does not appear to be difficult. As we have seen, the division is composed of a certain number of units, each unit in turn composed of a certain number of men. Thus it might be likened to a row of receptacles of varying sizes waiting to be filled from the liberal supply furnished by the draft boards, all of which is entirely correct. They have merely to be filled, but it is the manner of filling that gives rise to a series of troublesome problems.

As a preliminary to this filling process, it was necessary to create the division in skeleton by assigning officers to the companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and other units, and this completed, the first problem to be encountered was one which introduced a new term into the military vocabulary, namely, Allocation.

Under the plan of organization prescribed by the War Department, it was required that men of each locality be segregated in organizations. Thus the scheme was such that the one hundred or more men from, let us say, Oldtown, found themselves, when finally assigned, in the same company; further, that the men from the adjoining village of Newtown found themselves in the same company, if there was room or, if not, in the

* See "The First Half-Million Army," by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, July, 1917.

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adjoining company of the same battalion. Briefly, this resulted in a form of localized organization which necessitated subdividing the whole territory from which the men were drawn into a series of organizational areas, each capable of supplying the men required by the unit to which assigned. It will be seen that this condition at once fixed the manner in which the receptacles, or units of the division, had to be filled. Since the entire quota from each section had to be allocated to a certain unit, and since the quotas arrived in successive instalments, the process of filling the units, or of organizing them, had to follow a corresponding instalment plan.

Nor was this an end to the complications introduced by allocation. The engineers, signal troops, divisions trains, and numerous other units connected with the division require men of special qualifications and attainments, such as surveyors, mechanics of all kinds, telegraphers, telephone operators, chauffeurs, blacksmiths, and many others too numerous to mention. Obviously, the peculiar requirements of the organizations did not dovetail with the conditions imposed by allocation, and their organization therefore became what was unofficially known as piebald, that is, their men were selected at random from the division, with the result that, as finally organized, these units represented no particular locality.

Even with this, allocation had not done with its part in the scheme of organization. It further served to determine in a way the manner in which the drafted men were received. These latter arrived by trainloads, each load composed of little groups, each group under the leadership of a drafted man selected by the local board to conduct the group and bear its credentials. Detachments of officers met all trains, separated the crowds into their original groups, and escorted the latter to a line of booths near the entrance to camp. Each booth bore the name of one of the States in the area from which the drafted men were drawn, and each group was led to the booth representing its State. There the members of the group were checked with the list from the board and the group was assigned from a prearranged schedule to one of the units of the division.

From the booth the group passed to a line of waiting surgeons, who gave each man a hasty preliminary examination in search of obvious or contagious disease.

From the medical-examination point the group was then conducted to its organization, where another and similar process of sorting and distributing finally landed each group in the company or battery in which it was destined to serve.

Thus far the problem of organization, though complicated, consisted of little more than that of finding the proper place for each man and of putting each man in his proper place. It seems simple enough, but wait. Enter, arm in arm, two new factors, known respectively as medical examination and personnel classification, each a sufficiently vexing problem in itself.

Before certifying their men to the cantonment, each local board had caused each man to be examined by civil physicians and surgeons. But the standards of civil practitioners and those of the army examiners are not always in accord, and the latter made inroads of as much as ten per cent into the draft quotas. These were rejected and discharged and the carefully balanced tables of equalization prepared by the staff were shot to pieces almost before they had been checked up. Each man discharged for physical disability was charged against the credit of his local board, which was required to replace him with an able-bodied man, the debit-and-credit account proving a never-ending source of correspondence—and sometimes differences of opinion—between personnel officers and the local boards, not to mention the intricacies of readjusting assignment tables.

The balance once restored was promptly upset again by the operation of the personnel classification process, which was the next to which the quotas were subjected. This classification has for its object the sorting of the drafted men into classes according to their occupations in civil life, to the end that they may be so placed as to utilize their knowledge and experience to the best advantage in the military service. Thus telegraphers, telephone men, and linemen go to the field artillery and the signal troops; surveyors, mechanics, and bridge builders to the en-

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gineers; blacksmiths, farriers, and chauffeurs to the trains; chemists, pharmacists, and nurses to the medical corps; and so on, down through a list of vocations numbering about fifty in all, each of which is necessary in some branch of the military establishment.

Roughly, these specialists, as they came to be called, numbered from ten to fifteen per cent of the quotas, and they were classified and withdrawn from their original organizations to fill places in the special, piebald units or to the depot brigade, where they were held to await the call from other departments for such men.

Thus each organization of the division became for the time being a little depot to receive the quotas, discharge the physically defective, classify those who remained, and transfer the specialists. Incidentally this system brought about one of the special trials imposed upon the unfortunate staff officers charged with the details of organization. Apparently love at first sight for the men of the quotas temporarily under their charge was epidemic among regimental and company officers. The quotas were no sooner landed in an organization than discerning officers began to pick and choose and, in their mind's eye, to tuck away each and every draftee for their respective organizations, with the result that each order for the transfer of a man brought forth a wail to some harassed staff officer.

"You took the best man I had in the company. How do you expect me to do anything if you're going to act this way?" or, "I need those men just as much as So-and-So—why don't you consider me once in a while?" was an almost hourly plaint during the trying hours of transfers. All of which is characteristic of a splendid spirit, a spirit that will go a long way toward making the National Army an efficient fighting machine, and is therefore to be commended, but which, at the same time, brought visions of a lonely and friendless future to the staff officers concerned. So the work of organization proceeded, with sorting and picking and transferring following the receipt of each instalment, until in the end the division was complete, every man in his place and eager to be about his new job.

The details of organizing were not alone in their demands upon those in command. Hand in hand with them were many others. For example: there was the matter of messing. About the middle of August there came to each cantonment a little detachment of trained army cooks and bakers. Shortly afterward they were joined by a hundred or more hotel and restaurant cooks recruited from near-by cities and towns for a couple of months of service. These men at once entered upon a short course of instruction under the trained army cooks and bakers. They were taught principally how to handle the army ration, how to provide three square meals each day within the limit of the ration allowance, making both ends meet at the end of the month. When the first quota of five per cent of the selected men arrived, they found these men in the kitchens all over the cantonments ready to serve a hot meal. Almost immediately likely men from the first quota were placed under the instruction of the civilian cooks, with the result that when the next quota arrived they found men of the first quota presiding at the big army ranges.

In the same way men from the first quota replaced civilian clerks, teamsters, chauffeurs, and many other assistants in the supply departments and were shortly ready to assist in caring for the succeeding quotas.

The problem of supply was another which grew its share of gray hairs on the heads of division commanders and their staff officers. At first the matter of uniform was the all-important question. Psychological reasons, if nothing more, render it very desirable to clothe the new man in uniform at the earliest possible moment after his acceptance into military service. The man who has been interrupted in his civil pursuits by the gentle tap of the draft board will respond with fairly good grace—in most cases with something that closely approaches enthusiasm. However, with characteristic Americanism, he wants to get the first plunge over with as soon as possible, to jump straight from the old job into the new. The uniform is the visible symbol of the transformation from one to the other—the distinguishing mark. Without it, the novice lacks the "feel" of the

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Waiting at the booths.

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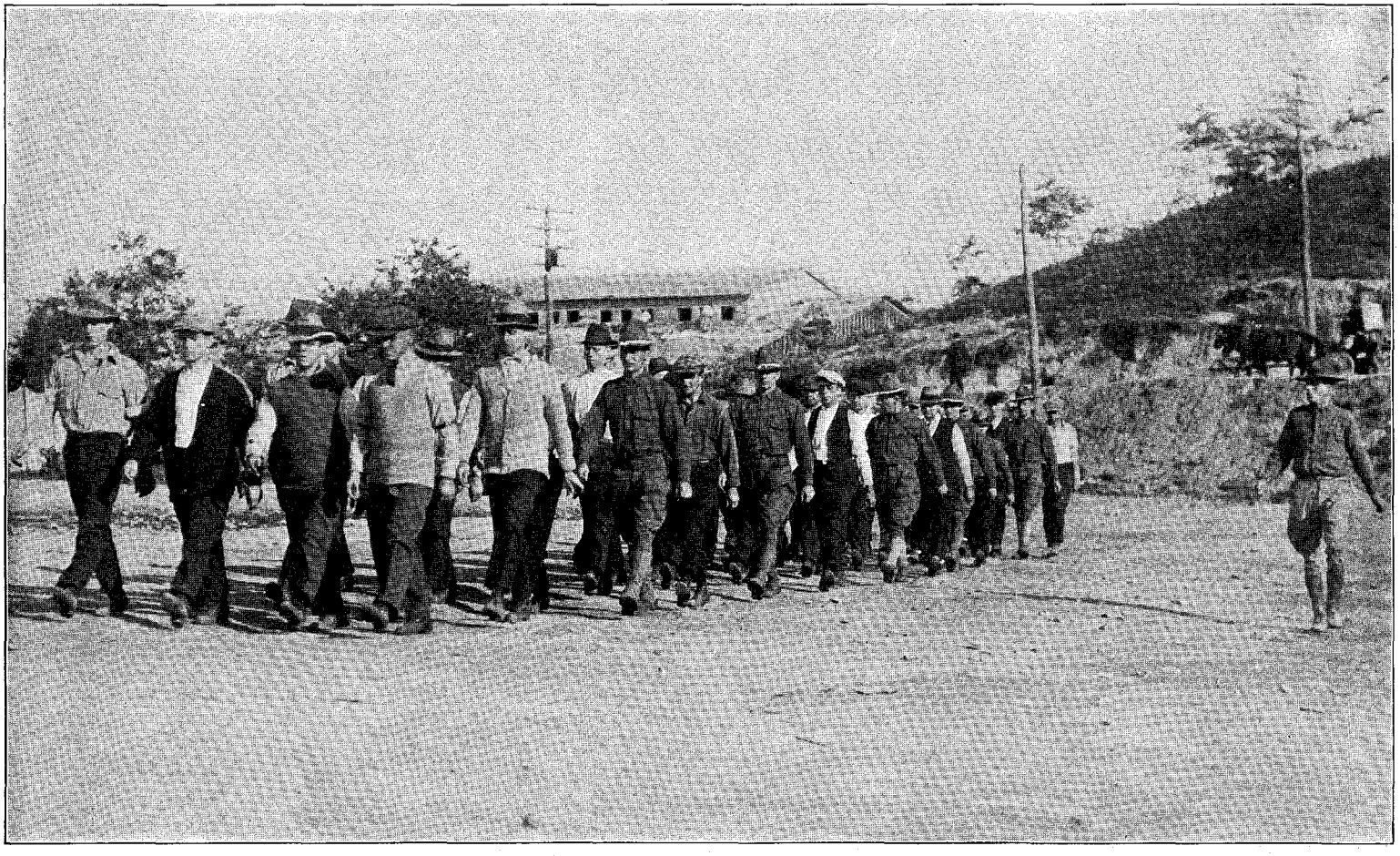

A veritable citizen army.

After one week's training.

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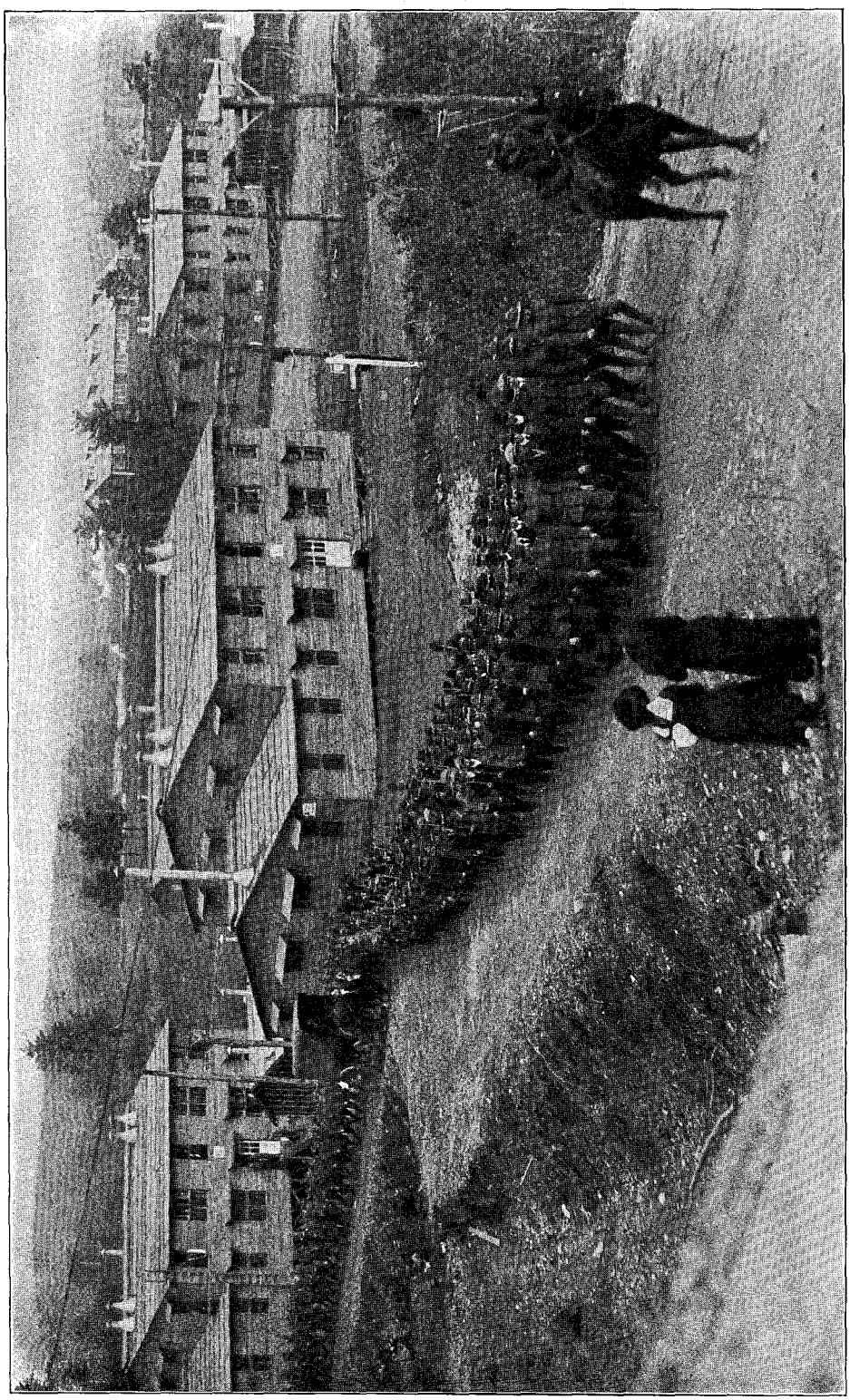

Marching out to dine.
301st Infantry, Major Waldo's brigade, after two weeks' training.

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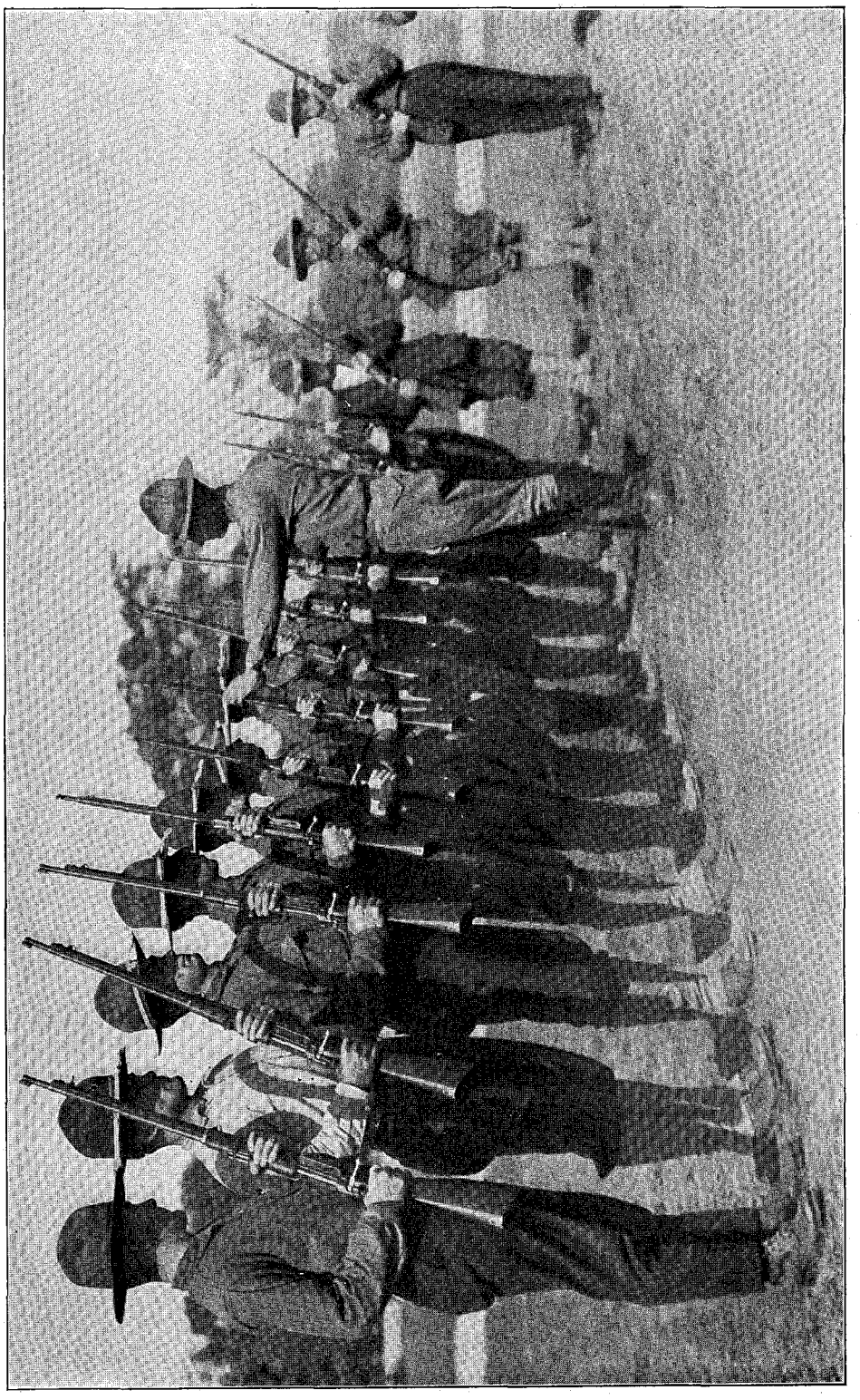

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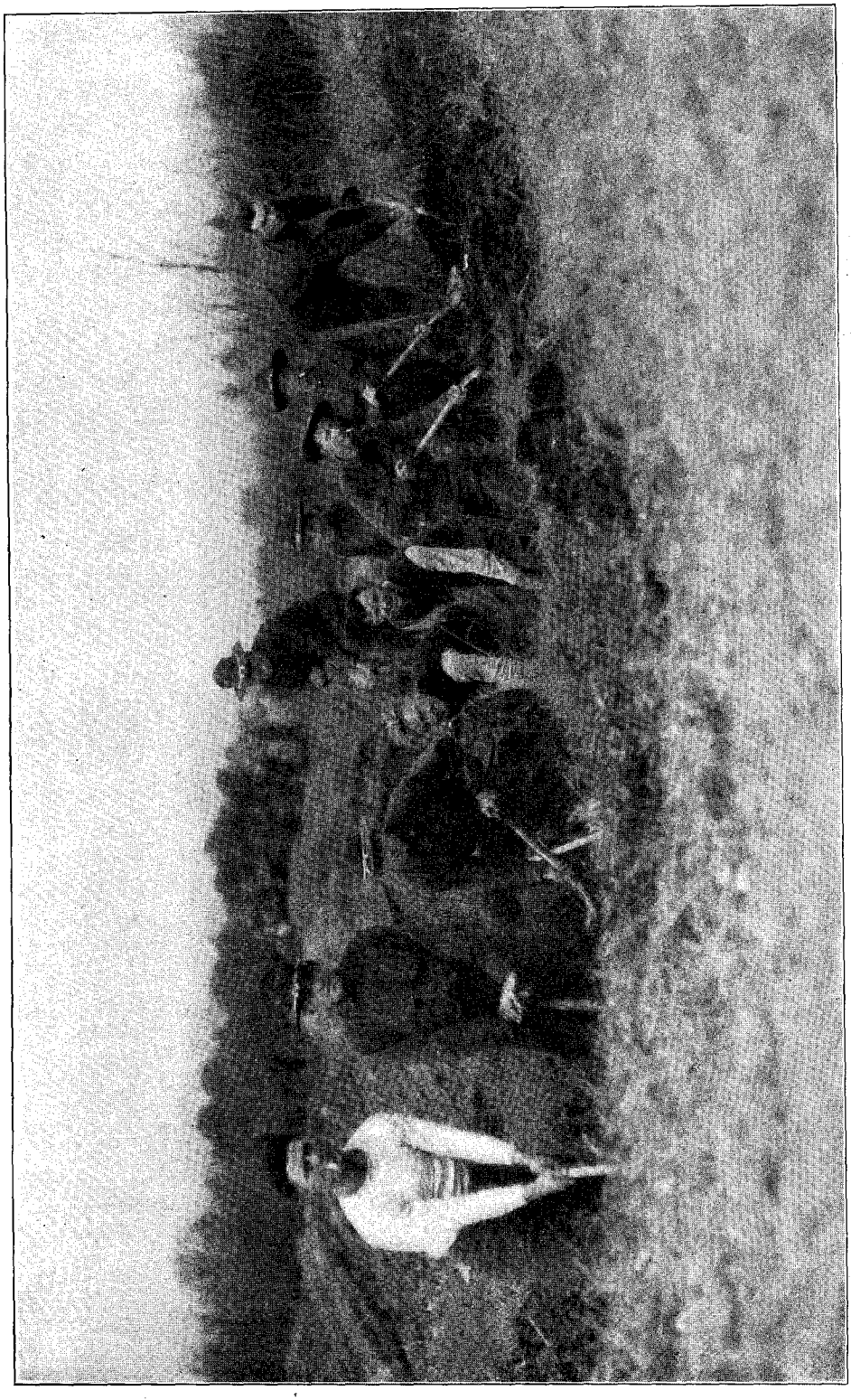

301st Regiment digging a trench at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

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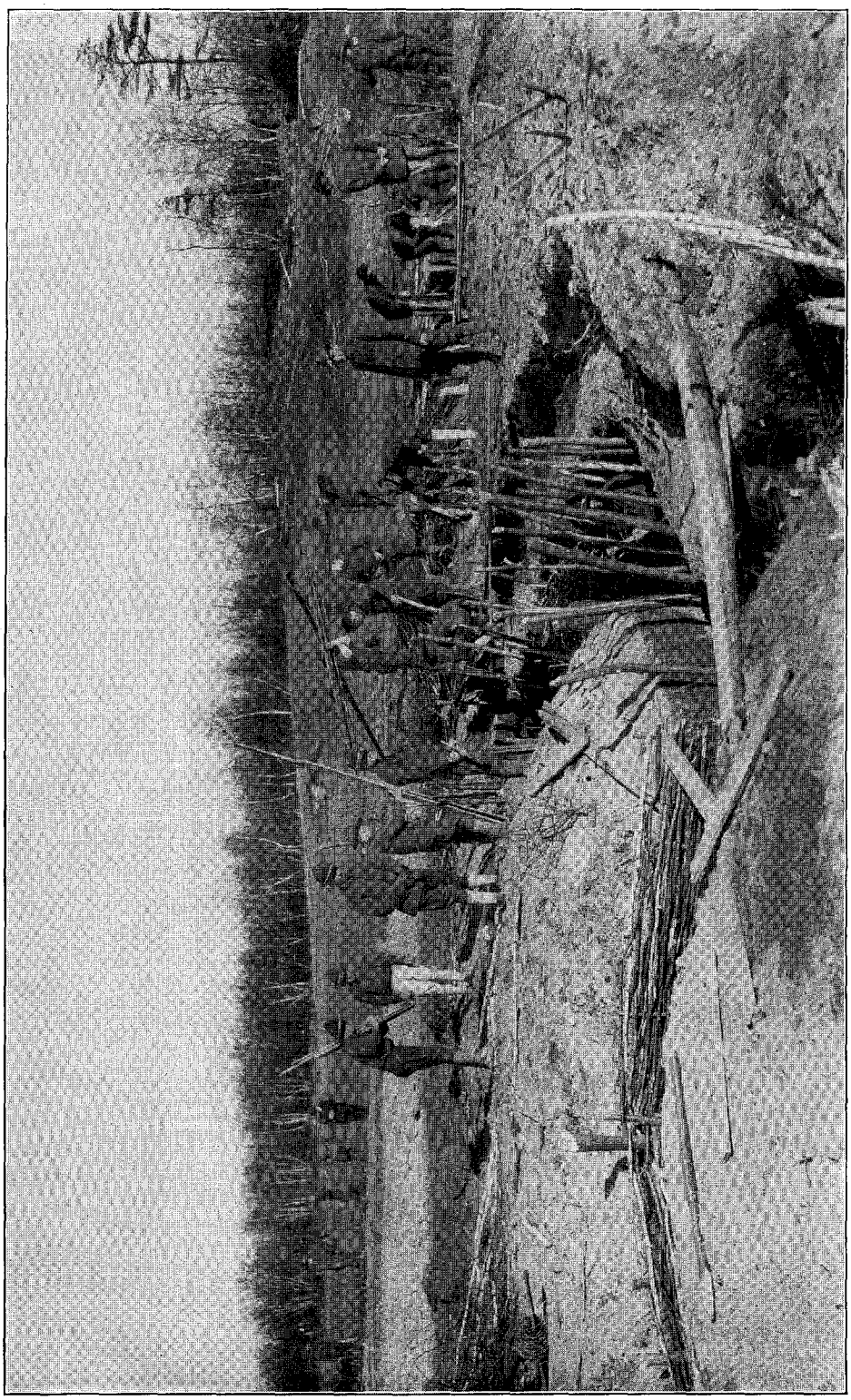

Boston's Own, working on trenches.

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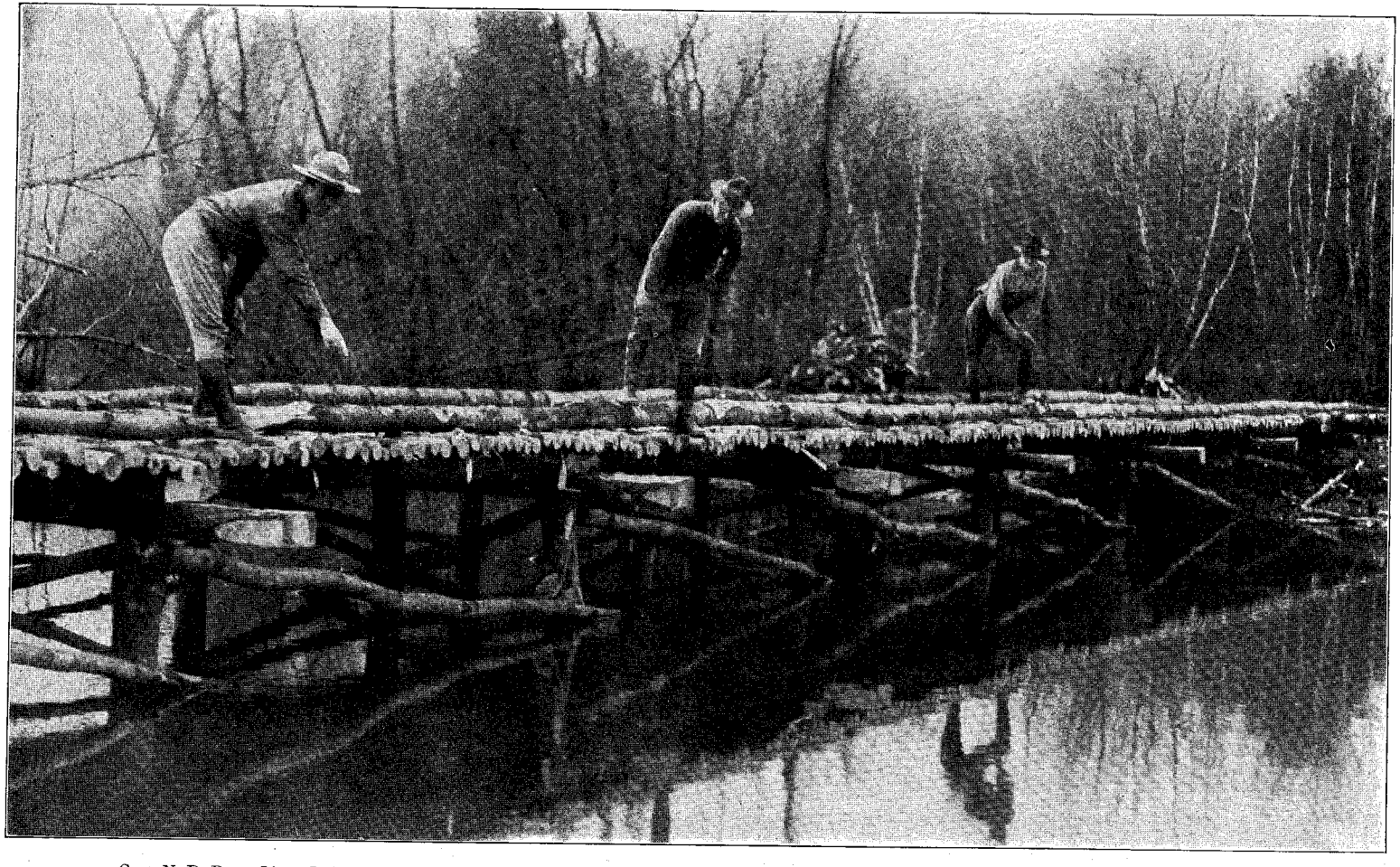

Capt. N. D. Dean, Lieut. J. J. Devlin, Lieut. A. E. McDonald inspecting a bridge over Nashua River which was constructed by E Company, 301st Engineers, at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

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Trench practice of E Company, 303d Machine Gun Battalion, at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.

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soldier and, without the feel it takes a long time to make him into a soldier.

To shift some six hundred thousand men from civilian attire to the modest olive drab of the fighting man is a monumental task, one that creates a demand which reaches out into every part of the country and into practically every activity. Some conception of what is required to meet this demand may be gained by considering a few of the figures in which it is expressed: Six hundred thousand pairs of breeches, as many overcoats, coats, hats, belts, and pairs of leggins, twice that number of flannel shirts and pairs of shoes, three times that number of suits of underwear and pairs of socks—for a first issue, the barest necessities—in all, about twenty-six million dollars' worth of clothing. Add to this a million, eight hundred thousand blankets and a list of things like barrack bags, gloves, hat cords, and the like, and the sum total furnishes a fair idea of the strain which such a shift places upon the markets of the country.

Factories all over the country changed machinery to meet these wartime needs. Military clothiers sprang up on all sides. An army of men and women worked day and night to make the needed supplies. Another army was employed in shipping it here and there to depots and cantonments, but during the months of September and October—the dog-days of organization—the supply never quite caught up with the demand. Carloads of clothing rolled in daily and were distributed to waiting supply officers, often without passing through the storehouses. With it all, each day found officers clamoring for more. A demand supplied on one hand gave place to two on the other. One organization commander satisfied meant two or three others loud in their demands for attention.

"Look at my outfit, will you? Still in cits! When do *we* get something?" was a constant inquiry.

Prorating of the supply brought forth a wail equally persistent and entirely unanimous.

"Look at us now!" they implored; "half and half. You ought to be ashamed."

And so it went. Regimental supply officers haunted the storehouses. Camp supply officers bombarded distant depots with telegrams. Each incoming quota was gradually clothed in its new livery and went about its work of training. About the time that wearied supply officers were taking stock of themselves and beginning to breathe freely, another menace stared them in the face. Under the strain of intensive training, shirts, breeches, and shoes began to give way and the problem of replacing tripped lightly into the scene.

Other problems of supply followed much the same course as the days grew into weeks and the weeks into months. In one way or another each has been solved—not as we might have wished, but in some practical way.

Coincident with the problems of organizing and equipping the division came that of training it. With the urge for speed constantly at hand, no time was lost in beginning the instruction of the new men. The day following their arrival in the cantonment found them hard at work with the ABC's of their new profession, and before they had been uniformed they were marching about the cantonment in creditable columns, a veritable citizen army, awkward, it is true, but with a seriousness of purpose that robbed the sight of any savor of humor.

Again it became a question of beginning almost from the ground. During their three months of training in the camps of instruction, the new officers had mastered little more than the fundamentals of their trade, but backed by their splendid enthusiasm and energy, they were able to carry their men successfully through the first stages of their training. To aid them in carrying on the later work of instruction, a system of fetch-and-carry schools was established under the few trained instructors. To these schools the new officers went for instruction which they, in turn, took back to their men. Schools for non-commissioned officers, for cooks and bakers, blacksmiths, farriers, saddlers, cobblers, buglers, and other men requiring special training, were also established, so that in the end the division became one great school in which each played the rôle either of teacher or student or both.

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Building in this way possesses its disadvantages. The progress is slower, initiative here and there is handicapped. On the other hand, it is not without its advantages. Instruction is uniform, proceeding from a common source. Men do the same things in the same way throughout the division, and the foundation of teamwork, so essential to military success, is established.

The foregoing is little more than a bare outline of the travail attending the birth of a division of the National Army. Each succeeding day brought its grist of troublous detail; each night saw them cleared away. Gradually the division took shape and its character and personality—for a division has both—began to crystallize under the eyes and hands who are building the National Army. Not one of them but sees each day how the building might have been bettered or hastened; not one who wastes a moment in idle regret; not one who does not hurdle every obstacle cheerfully on the way to his goal—a trained fighting division.

EXHIBIT C-470

By Vincent O'Sullivan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

THE museum of art in the city of M. has perhaps the pleasantest seat of any large building in the United States. Standing on a knoll which overlooks the city, admirable lawns roll away from it on every side, only broken by flower-beds, statues, and some great trees. Benches are placed on the gravelled paths for those who wish to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene, or to study the architecture of the building, which is said to be the late J. F. Corporal's masterpiece. These benches, as a rule, are empty: the place is perfectly still and deserted, save for a few hours in the late afternoon, unless it be some public holiday.

At about half past five on an evening in May, in the year 1897, Judson Pond came into the garden. This was the stirring time of the afternoon: some children were playing; their mothers or nurses were sewing or reading on the benches; and not far off a stream of carriages and motor-cars passed to and fro. Judson walked with the lounging, uncertain step of those whom nobody expects and who have no destination. He was, besides, rather tired. He had been carrying his chalk drawings and water-color sketches through streets and streets all day; he had gone up and down in many elevators; he had sat in waiting-rooms hungry and footsore; but he had not been able to sell anything. He was a slim young man, not above middle height. His face was extremely pale, no doubt from privation. He had just sixteen cents in his pocket; but he was still neatly dressed.

He sat down on a bench, thrust his hands in his pockets, jingled the sixteen cents, and tried in a desultory way to think things over. His main debate was whether he should go to a lunch-counter and eat to the full extent of sixteen cents, or whether it would be wiser to spend only ten cents at a soda-fountain. He was hungry; but, on the other hand, the soda-fountain would leave a margin of six cents for a newspaper and a few cigarettes. He was not in any hurry to decide, because, once he had decided, the interest of the night would be over for him. He had no friends in the city. Such people as he knew looked askance at this unlucky devil who seemed to get more miserable day by day; and when they saw that he was *determined* to be a failure, notwithstanding all the opportunities of our great country and our numberless magazines, art-journals, and so on, always so receptive to genuine

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talent, they made it quite plain that if he had any tact he should discontinue his visits. One or two counselled him aridly to become a writing-master, or to get employed in one of the large stores, if he was capable of doing so.

The nurse-maids and children were preparing to leave the garden. Judson stretched out his legs, enjoying the soft air. He need not hurry. He had nowhere to go, and while he sat there he had sixteen cents. Soda-fountains and lunch-counters kept open late. Which was it to be? He felt rather drowsy.

Another man came along the path, and after giving Judson a casual look, sat down at the other end of the bench. He was a stocky man, perhaps twenty-five years old, with fair hair and blue eyes, built like a professional boxer. After he had been sitting there about five minutes, he suddenly turned and spoke.

"Yes, it's about as pleasant a way to pass the time as there is—going about from office to office and trying to scrape a dollar or two to pay the rent that's due to-morrow."

Judson started out of his doze and looked at the man in great bewilderment.

"How do you know about me?" he asked.

This set the other laughing. "I don't know anything about you. I've only got to look at you, you poor guy. You haven't had enough to eat for some time. Your face has got the cast-down look that comes from getting things said to you that make you feel small all over—the kind of things you brood on and lie awake at night thinking about. I've been through that myself, but I don't believe I mind as much as you. I don't mind at all—if I did I'd be dead. Say, if you tell me your name, I'll tell you mine."

There was really no valid reason why Judson should not give his name. He had nothing to lose. But, no matter how broken-down and obscure a man is, he cherishes his name. It is part of himself; he would recognize it if shouted in a noisy crowd. When he gives his name, he is no longer a passer in the desert: he is a man located.

"My name is Poole," said Judson Pond.

"Well, that's a good enough name," returned the other. "Mine's McGraw—John Peter McGraw. I guess there's not much more to it than that. My mother used to be a scrub-woman sometimes. I'm not sure what my father worked at—I think he kept a paper-stand. I never saw either of them after I was twelve years old. I went to sea then. I've been working on a ranch near Cheyenne, Wyoming. I kept bar for a while in Saint Louis. Some guys there took hold of me to put me in the champion class for my weight. If you want money to grow good, that's the business—its better than baseball. I tried my darnedest. My arms were all right, but my legs weren't good enough. You come and sit here pretty often?"

"Yes," said Judson. "It's a nice, quiet place."

"It sure is. If you bring her here there ain't nobody to tell outside. Ever been in there?" asked McGraw, nodding toward the museum.

"I should think I have."

"Well, now, that's funny. I kind of thought I seen you in there. Painting a picture, weren't you?"

"Copying."

"Hey?" McGraw was a little puzzled by the distinction. "Anyhow, I guess you know all about the goods in that house. Say, do you remember some things standing near that big window there—second from the end? They ain't much to look at—I wouldn't give a whoop for them—but I guess they're pretty swell things."

"What are they called?" Judson asked, rather amused.

McGraw hesitated. "Well, there you have me. Blessed if I can remember what they are called. What I do remember is the ticket—Exhibit C-470."

Judson was going over the interior of the museum in his mind, and suddenly it dawned on him. "Oh, I know. Yes, indeed. You mean the Chinese statuette of Fo and the two vases of the Ming period."

"Pretty swell things?" said McGraw tentatively.

"Swell? They're priceless. They're unique. They're the one thing they have got here that no other museum has or can

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have. Not the Louvre, or the British Museum, or anywhere."

McGraw looked as if he were trying to live up to this erudition. "That's what I kind of thought myself," he said gravely. "Yes, sir, pretty swell junk. Just near the window there. Listen! Do you sit here pretty late evenings?"

"I've sat here till eleven—perhaps later."

"And have you ever seen that transom up there closed?"

"I think the night-guardian closes it when it rains. He can get into the main building from his office."

"Say, look here—" said McGraw confidentially.

A nurse-maid who still lingered with her charges in the garden saw McGraw draw up close to Judson and begin talking earnestly to him, emphasizing what he had to say by banging his fist into his other hand. She saw that Judson listened with his eyes fixed on the ground; now and then he looked embarrassed and seemed to protest. When she and her children left the garden, the two men were still there.

II

"WELL, will you come in?" said McGraw. He spoke amiably. Lurking in his eyes was a menace.

There was sweat on Judson's face as if he had been running. "I don't know," he said weakly. He twisted and untwisted his long artist's fingers.

"You're just the man, Poole," went on McGraw. "I picked you out a few weeks ago. You're slim, you're active, you know how to handle such things, and you know the inside of that house. You're not likely to make a mistake——"

The poverty-stricken man who keeps an ideal of conduct and a high ethical standard untarnished, amid all the difficulty and squalor and humiliation which poverty involves in modern civilization, is a hero who far exceeds in heroism the soldier on the battle-field. Judson Pond was not a hero of this kind.

"Why not?" he thought. "I'm up against it. I'll be taking somebody's pocket-book in a few days. This is bigger—and nobler." Then he said aloud: "All right; I'll go in. But what a risk—my God, what a risk!"

"Well, it's not very safe," conceded McGraw. "A little accident, and there would be nothing for us but the special editions and prison reform. But when a man has come down so bad as you have—what's the use of talking?—he's got to take some risk. Am I right?"

"Yes," said Judson.

"The best thing we can do," resumed McGraw, "is to get a good dinner. I have no money in my clothes. Can you lend me ten cents?"

The thought came to Judson that the whole thing was a humbug to get ten cents, and, oddly enough, he felt relieved. Nevertheless, he handed the money to McGraw. "You'll give it back to me? I'm pretty low down——"

"Oh, I'll give it back to you all right," said McGraw carelessly. "I wish everything was as sure as that. I want it to telephone. Come along."

They left the garden, and walked rapidly for about half a mile. Then, to Judson's astonishment, he found himself following McGraw into a most expensive hotel. McGraw went straight up to the telephone girl, got his number, and remained in the telephone-box perhaps a minute.

"That's all right," he said when he came back to Judson. "Now let's have something good." And with that they went into the restaurant.

While they were in the middle of dinner a page-boy came calling: "Mr. Outlate, Mr. Outlate."

"That's a good name," said McGraw, winking at Judson. "I got it out of a funny paper. Here, boy!"

"There's a messenger for you," said the boy.

Thereupon a messenger appeared and handed McGraw a letter and a receipt. Judson saw that McGraw drew from the envelope what looked like a thick roll of money-notes, and that he read the letter very carefully.

He paid for the dinner, and called a cab at the door of the hotel.

"I was near forgetting," he said to Judson. "Here's your ten cents." He handed him ten dollars.

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III

THE cab rolled along for several streets. Judson himself felt exhilarated by the money in his pocket and the good food he had eaten; but after a while he could not help noticing that McGraw was decidedly nervous. He lit a cigarette, drew a few puffs, and tossed it out of the window. He twisted about in his seat, and drummed impatiently on the window-glass.

"Gee! I hope it'll be to-night," he said. "I can't bear it much longer."

"What?" asked Judson.

"What?" repeated McGraw. But, instead of saying anything clearer, he put his head out of the window and stopped the cab.

"This is where we walk," he said.

They went on for several blocks along a broad street filled with shops. Then they turned into a side street, and some yards down McGraw halted before a brick house with white stone facings. The house was not large, but neat and respectable-looking, and a dim light was in a few of the windows and behind the glass panes of the hall door. McGraw went into the area and pulled the basement bell, and the door there was at once opened. Judson could not see who had opened this door; it looked to him as if it had been opened by a spring worked in some other part of the house. They groped their way through a dark passage; then a shaft of light shot down the stairway, and a man's voice called out.

"Is that you, McGraw? Come up-stairs here."

"Yes, sir, it's me," McGraw answered very respectfully and in a very low voice. It seemed to Judson that his companion's trepidation was increasing, and he began to feel a little shaky himself.

They went up-stairs and entered a room which smelt of camphor. It was lit by gas turned very low. Straw matting was on the floor instead of carpet, and the furniture was covered, as if the house were being closed for the summer. The man who received them was an Englishman, tall and spare, with perfectly white hair, a white mustache, and grey eyes which seemed to Judson the hardest and most ruthless he had ever encountered. He was dressed in light-colored clothes, very well made. A woman, the only other person in the room, lay back in one of the canvas-covered chairs. She was stout, rather handsome, with dark hair and a face tanned like sunburn. She took no notice whatever of the newcomers, and nobody could tell from the veiled look in her half-closed eyes whether she even saw them distinctly. Her sensual and rather scornful face she kept turned upward, gazing at the ceiling, and watched the smoke of a cigarette curl through her fat fingers gleaming with rings. Judson, who had the artist's eye, was impressed by her repose, the excess of her indolence; recognizing her too as a type of woman somehow not in keeping with a quiet family house.

"It is not going to rain, Mr. Syderstone," blurted McGraw as soon as he was in the room, with all the marks of disquiet strong upon him. "I've got everything settled for to-night. The less delay the better."

Mr. Syderstone had put an eye-glass in his eye, and was scanning Judson from head to foot with an effrontery which made the young man, used to humiliations as he was, redden in anger. "I am quite aware of that," Syderstone said contemptuously, turning to McGraw. He struck Judson as the insolent, self-satisfied kind of Englishman who always has an irritating effect on people of other nationalities, and who conceals great cunning and ruse under a bluff demeanor. "I am also perfectly alive to the fact that you want to get the thing over as quickly as possible, because you don't like Lizzie to be up there every night keeping the guardian employed. I quite believe that you are going through torments, McGraw. Still, we can't take unnecessary risks merely to spare you the pangs of jealousy. But, as a matter of fact, I have decided you should go ahead to-night. Lizzie is up there to-night, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, she's been up there every night for a week." McGraw was nervously conciliating. "She's doing fine."

"You are an artist, are you not, Mr. Pond?" said Syderstone, rather more civilly, to Judson. "Just come this way. I have some things it might interest you to see."

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Judson felt a tightening of the breast and he became very pale. He looked at Syderstone uneasily. How did this man know his name? His profession might have been told by McGraw over the telephone. But Judson had given a false name to McGraw. Had he been marked for this business by some daring and unscrupulous men with endless resources? He wished in his heart that he had never spoken to McGraw.

Meanwhile Mr. Syderstone had lit a candle-branch with four candles and took it in his hand. Then he opened a door which apparently made part of the wall.

"You are with us, Mr. Pond," he said pleasantly enough, holding the door open and looking at Judson, "for better, for worse, I am afraid. It is too late to change your mind now." And for a second a terrible look darted out from the hard grey eyes which made the young man quail.

Then Syderstone advanced along the passage, followed by Judson, while McGraw brought up the rear. It seemed to Judson that they were passing through at least two houses, and of this he became certain when, after descending some steps, they came out into a small gallery overlooking a shop filled with antiques of every description. And all at once Judson found an association for the name —Syderstone. This was the celebrated Syderstone curiosity-shop, known all over the world; and before its windows he had often lingered to admire the treasures displayed therein.

These windows were heavily curtained now, and Mr. Syderstone was lighting the gas. Judson felt much less dread; all artists have their vanity, and it occurred to Judson that a man such as Mr. Syderstone, whose business must often bring him in contact with the art-world, might know him by sight.

The dealer held up a marvellously worked ivory coffer. "Just look at this, Mr. Pond." With a certain cordiality in his manner, engendered, no doubt, by Judson's spontaneous and enthusiastic appreciation, he led the young artist through the shop, showing him treasure after treasure. He handed Judson an ebony box curiously mounted in chased gold. "A mere toy," he said indifferently. Judson opened the box, and a little red bird came out and sang a pretty tune. Although he was very much amused and interested, some magnetism compelled him at this moment to glance into the back of the shop. There stood McGraw, looking worried and crestfallen; but beyond him Judson's gaze met a pair of drowsy eyes just showing behind a cabinet, and he made out that the woman too had come into the shop. After a moment she stood up and leaned against the cabinet, smoking, never saying a word.

"You know who I am, Mr. Pond," said the dealer, his manner still more pleasant, "and you know we are to work together. But McGraw here will tell you how utterly futile any attempt at blackmail would be. Is it not so, McGraw?"

McGraw was very nervous. He cleared his throat. "Yes, I've told him," he said in a low voice.

Mr. Syderstone turned to Judson again. "If this—ah—coup does succeed, Mr. Pond, I hope to find other work for you of a pleasanter and less dangerous nature. And now I must bid you good-night and good luck."

Quite without concealment, he unlocked and threw wide open the street door of the shop. "Good night, gentlemen," he said in a carrying voice. McGraw passed out. As Judson followed, the woman, crossing the shop, brushed by him, and with a deft movement slipped a ring of considerable value into his pocket. Then the door closed upon them, and Mr. Syderstone proceeded to put on the bolts and arrange the electric alarms.

"Did you manage it?" he asked the woman casually.

"Yes," she said.

"It is just as well," pursued Mr. Syderstone thoughtfully. "It seems to me that if anything untoward happens, he will have the sense to keep quiet for his own sake; but he does not give me the impression of being very courageous, and fear has strange effects. If they fail to-night, I shall at once announce the loss of that ring, and it will be found on his person. As for the other fellow, McGraw, I hold him like that."

He held out his hand, loosely open. Then he closed it.

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IV

In the street McGraw gradually regained his self-possession.

"What was the matter with you?" asked Judson.

But McGraw answered evasively. "He always makes me feel like that."

They were walking rapidly through street after street toward the poorer quarters of the city. Eventually McGraw stopped before a very shabby house, with an unswept "stoop," in a neighborhood of cheap flats and little basement shops. Children were still playing in the street, and their parents and others lounged in the doorways gossiping.

"This is where I live," said McGraw, and he opened the door with a key.

The passage was dark and smelt of stale cooking-fumes and escaping gas. McGraw led the way up the stairs, and on the second landing he opened a door and lit the gas. Judson was a little surprised to find himself in such a bright, wide bedroom—rather meagrely furnished, it is true, but yet quite comfortable and very clean. He thought of the dismal cupboard under a staircase, with a hole in the floor stuffed with rags and papers to keep out the draught, in which he himself passed his uneasy nights, and McGraw seemed to him fortunate.

"Here's the outfit," said McGraw.

He was hurriedly taking some things out of a closet and spreading them on the bed. He took out in turn two pairs of grey flannel trousers, two pairs of rubber-soled shoes, a couple of lawn-tennis bats, and a kind of sports-bag much more long than deep.

"Get into these," said McGraw, holding out a pair of trousers. "We have to look like two young men who have an engagement to play tennis early to-morrow morning. If those shoes aren't comfortable for you, I have another pair here."

"The shoes," answered Judson, "are all right. But I should have thought white trousers instead of grey——"

"They offer a better mark," returned the other grimly.

As soon as they were dressed, McGraw drew some ropes, stained black and neatly coiled, from a part of the closet where he had hidden them, and opened the bag.

"Help me to get these in," he said.

Then Judson saw that the bag was lined throughout with lambs' wool. Even a piece of fine glass lying inside it would hardly have broken if that bag had been thrown from a third-floor window. He helped to close the bag, and in doing so pinched his finger. He thrust his hand into his pocket for his handkerchief, felt something hard, and drew out the ring.

"What on earth is this?" he exclaimed. He held it up; the jewels gleamed in the gaslight.

McGraw looked genuinely alarmed. "You must have got it over there," he said in a very low voice.

"But how did I get it?"

"I don't know. It's the boss's."

"Yes, it may be," protested Judson; "but I don't want it. I'll leave it here and you can return it." And he placed the ring on the table.

McGraw stared at him aghast. "For God's sake don't leave it here," he said. "If it was found here— Put it back in your pocket."

"Then I'll throw it away," returned Judson.

"You can't do that either. You have it now and you've got to keep it. There are reasons why throwing it away might be worse than leaving it here. Put it back in your pocket."

The sense that he was entangled in a net from which he could not escape—the same feeling he had an hour ago when he found that Mr. Syderstone knew his name—again came upon Judson, and this time overwhelmingly. His long months of black misery, his loneliness, and then this evening—the meeting with McGraw, the good dinner, the excitement and tension, had shaken his nerves. He dropped into a chair and sat there sobbing, in his new flannel trousers and new shoes.

"How glad I'd have been to have these if I had come by them honestly," he said in a broken voice, while his tears dropped on his new trousers and he kept brushing them away awkwardly with his hand.

McGraw moved about the room uneasily. "Don't give way," he repeated.

"Oh, God, I wish I had never come into this!" Judson said, wiping his face with his handkerchief.

"You're not the only one," replied

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McGraw sympathetically. "I feel like that myself sometimes. But there's no body of use in giving way now. If you only keep your nerve, we may pull it off all right. The chances are in our favor."

By degrees the artist got control of himself. "I was a fool to let myself go like that," he said. "But I'm all right now. Let us start."

Out in the street they really did look like two well-to-do young men just returned to the city after a day spent at lawn-tennis. A street-car landed them near the art-museum garden about half past ten.

"We may as well sit down," said McGraw; and they seated themselves on the same bench where Judson had been sitting in the afternoon. It was very dark and still; as there were so few passengers in this part of the garden at night, the electric lamps were generally unlit except on Sundays. Fire-flies flashed in the night like signals. A gentle wind rustled through the trees. The clang of street-car bells reached them now and then, softened by distance. The art-museum lay, a black mass, before them. And now they heard a woman's stifled laughter: it seemed to come from the far side of the building. McGraw started as if he had been stung.

"That's Lizzie," he said. "She's there to keep the guardian thoughtless."

"Do you know her?" asked Judson.

"Know her?" McGraw gave him a haggard stare. "Man, it's for her I'm doing this!"

They became silent, waiting till the guardian had gone his half-hourly round. He was late; it was after half past ten. Judson sat leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his face in his hands. The business appeared so desperate, so full of sombre risks, that his heart almost failed him. They were bound to be caught. . . .

"Hist! Here he comes," whispered McGraw. "Get under the bench."

Between them and the museum lay a rather steep bank of grass, ending in a flagged walk which ran round the museum under the windows. It was this path which the guardian followed. From there he could see a person seated on the benches up above; but any one under a bench, or just lying on the path, was out of his line of vision.

Within a few minutes they heard the woman's laugh again, and they knew that the guardian had finished his round and got back to his box and congenial company.

"Now we must begin," said McGraw. "Come on! He'll be round again at eleven o'clock."

They hurried down the bank and made for the part of the building underneath that window they had marked in the afternoon, of which the top transom was always left open. McGraw drew from the bag a rope with loops in it to assist a climber.

"Now stand steady against the wall," he said to Judson. "I'm going to get up on your shoulders."

But Judson under McGraw's weight collapsed, and narrowly escaped having his face crushed as McGraw came down.

"Try again," whispered McGraw.

This time Judson was more prepared; he stood firm, and McGraw was able to get a good take-off from his shoulders. By the ease with which McGraw, holding the rope in his teeth, clambered up the ornamental stonework around the window, and the precision with which he placed his feet and hands, his training as a sailor was apparent, and also that he had studied the design worked in the stone long and carefully. When he had mounted a certain distance, he flung the rope dexterously, and it caught in the joint between the transom and the wall. Then he scrambled down and took a long leap to the ground, landing on his rubber soles.

"You'll have to do it," he said to Judson. "I'm too big to go through the transom. Up with you—quick!"

Judson was lithe and active; he had always been used to the exercises of the gymnasium—a fact McGraw had ascertained before he brought him into the business. He handed his coat and straw hat to McGraw, and prepared to go up the rope. This, he thought, was the easy part; the dangerous part would be when he had to slide in through the transom.

But hardly was he half-way up the rope than they heard footsteps on the

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path above. Yes, somebody was coming along there. McGraw stood as if petrified by the rope, and Judson remained suspended in mid-air. Now they could make out the walker. He was strolling along smoking a cigar, and, from the white patch which showed in the darkness, they inferred that he was in dress-clothes. Some idle passer, apparently, returning from a party, and in need of solitude and the cool of the night. He, in his turn, spied the two men by the museum wall, and he stood a little, looking down on them while he smoked. But it was evident he took them for employees, and after a little he moved onward, his thoughts elsewhere. The two did not stir till the sound of his footsteps had ceased on the night. Judson could hear McGraw swearing under his breath; and he himself realized the serious and perhaps fatal loss of time which this man's passing had caused.

But McGraw was still standing by and holding the rope steady. It was clear he judged that the thing had better be gone through with then and there. Judson, therefore, began to mount again.

When he reached the transom he slipped through it feet first and lay at length on the thick glass and the iron frame. Then he drew up the rope he had mounted by, and found the bag attached to the end of it. With great difficulty he passed this through the transom, and let it down on to the floor of the hall inside. He heard the soft thud on the marble floor, and then he himself descended into the museum.

Then he said aloud: "All right; I'll go in. But what a risk—my God, what a risk!"
—Page 200.

It was very dark, and the floor was encumbered with glass cases and statuary. But Judson knew where to go. He felt under his hand the great treasures—the two vases and the statuette of the god. One by one he carried them to the foot of the window; and in less than five minutes Exhibit C-470 was in the bag.

He now prepared to ascend, leaving the bag, fastened to the end of the rope, on the floor. Then, when he reached the transom, he lay out on the glass and frame as before, and having hauled the bag up, he passed it through with the rope and let it down to McGraw. He was about to follow, when he nearly fell back into the museum from the shock of

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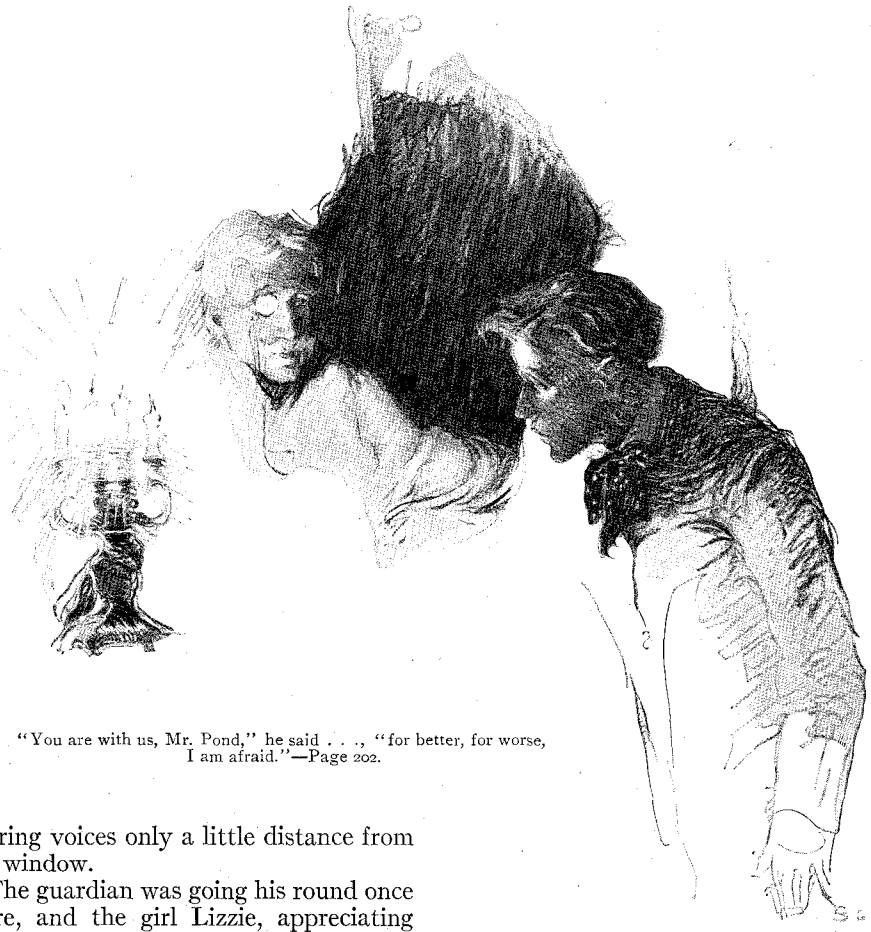

"You are with us, Mr. Pond," he said . . ., "for better, for worse, I am afraid."—Page 202.

hearing voices only a little distance from the window.

The guardian was going his round once more, and the girl Lizzie, appreciating the danger her confederates were in, had accompanied him. To warn them, she kept laughing and talking loudly. Judson made up his mind that the game was up. McGraw had doubtless made off; but there was the bag, most damning evidence of all, right in the path of the guardian.

Suddenly the girl spoke much louder. "Look at that old bum asleep on the bench over there," she said. "Why don't you go and rout him out?"

"That's right," replied the man slowly. "Duty before pleasure."

He must have gone straightway up the bank, for in a moment Judson heard him saying in a rough tone: "Say, what do you mean by sleeping here at this time of night?"

It was McGraw that answered. "I ain't asleep. I've got a right to sit here, I guess. America is a free country, ain't it?"

"If you sass me," said the guardian, "I'll arrest you. You better not let me find you here when I come round again."

"Well, you won't." McGraw, with iron nerve, yawned prodigiously. "I'm going to beat it, believe me. I've got an appointment with the president of the sleep-trust."

At this point, the girl whistled and called. The call sounded to Judson, up there clinging to the transom in an agony of suspense, to come from far on the other side of his window, and he perceived the girl's tactics. She meant to bring the guardian by a short cut down the bank to the spot she had now reached. By doing this he would leave that part of the walk where the bag was lying untraversed.

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"That's my wife," the guardian said to McGraw. "It gets kind of lonely here sometimes, and she comes up to keep me company."

Upon that, he evidently took the short cut to join her, for to Judson their voices sounded farther away, and then were heard no more.

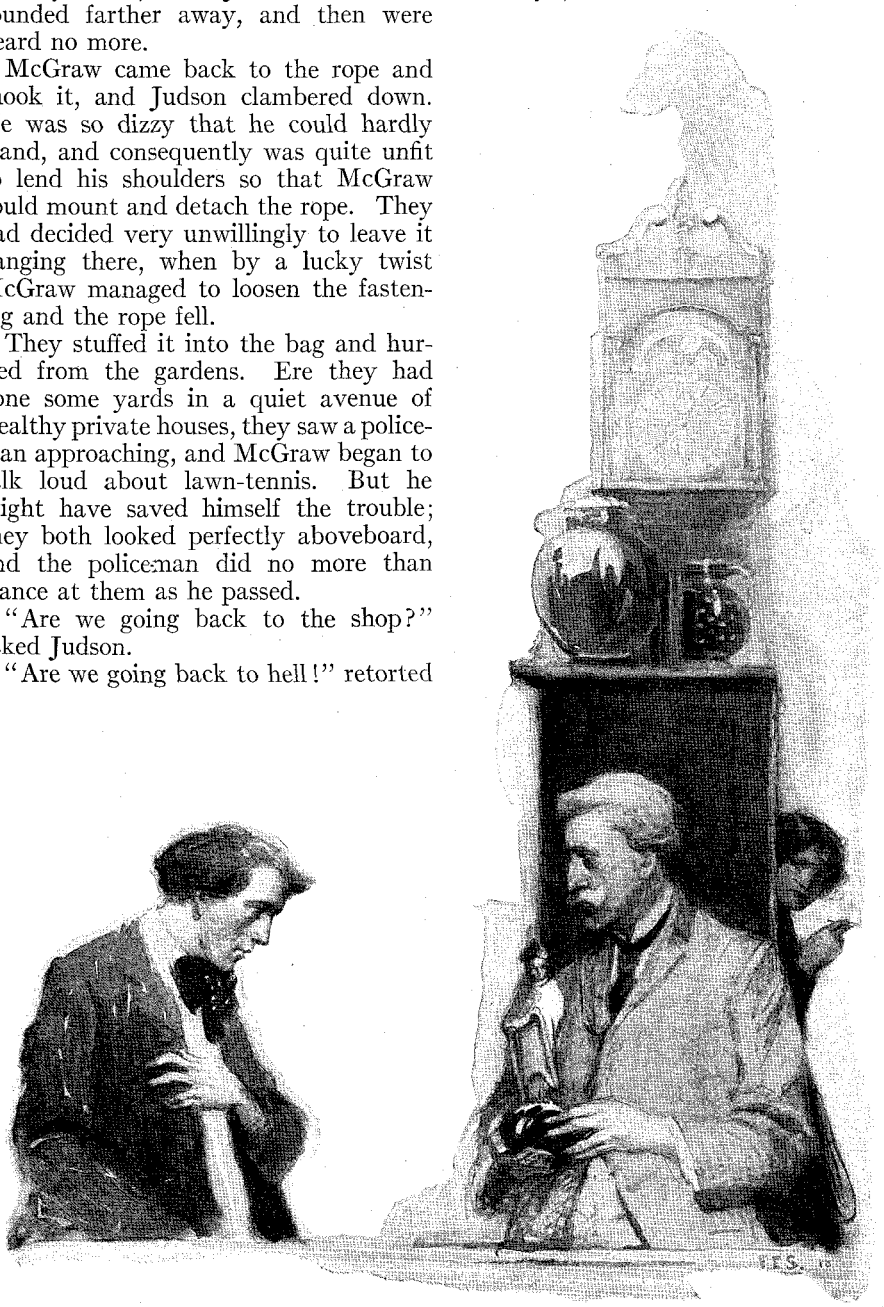
McGraw came back to the rope and shook it, and Judson clambered down. He was so dizzy that he could hardly stand, and consequently was quite unfit to lend his shoulders so that McGraw could mount and detach the rope. They had decided very unwillingly to leave it hanging there, when by a lucky twist McGraw managed to loosen the fastening and the rope fell.

They stuffed it into the bag and hurried from the gardens. Ere they had gone some yards in a quiet avenue of wealthy private houses, they saw a policeman approaching, and McGraw began to talk loud about lawn-tennis. But he might have saved himself the trouble; they both looked perfectly aboveboard, and the policeman did no more than glance at them as he passed.

"Are we going back to the shop?" asked Judson.

"Are we going back to hell!" retorted McGraw, whose nerves were rather on edge by this time, and no wonder.

They took a street-car to the railroad station. Some hours later they were in Brooklyn, N. Y.



He led the young artist through the shop, showing him treasure after treasure.—Page 202.

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"Here's where we must part," said McGraw. "I take the bag; I know what I must do with it. You go to this address." He gave Judson a card. "It's a room-house; you just ask for a room."

Judson's heart sank when he heard this. "But you can't leave me this way," he protested. "Why, I'm no better off than I was last night. I'm worse. I've got hardly any money, and I'll have to sit in a lodging-house room in a strange city, without a friend, and in mortal anxiety. Think of it! Why can't you stay with me? Although I only saw you for the first time last night, it seems to me I have known you for years."

"Me too," replied McGraw. "But I couldn't stay—it's too dangerous. Here's some money for you, and you'll have all you want for some time. That's certain. The boss won't lose sight of you." He stretched out his hand and wrung Judson's with a kind of rough fondness. "Good-by, boy; good luck. Perhaps we'll meet again some day."

"Oh, we shall."

"I have my doubts," said McGraw.

Several months later Judson Pond went to China on business for Mr. Syderstone. One day in Shanghai an American missionary gave him a bundle of Chicago papers, and in one of them he read the suicide of McGraw in a small town in Illinois. He wondered dismally what black machination, woven by the shop, the girl Lizzie, and other elements, had brought the poor fellow to this tragic end.

V

It was by a Miss Cole, an English lady who had come to America expressly to write a monograph on Exhibit C-470, that the robbery was first discovered. Being the earliest visitor to the museum on the morning after the deed, she sought the objects of her worship and found them gone. The excitement from one end of the country to the other was prodigious. Many of the newspapers treated the loss as a national disaster.

A few months later some fragments were found in a room of a Chicago lodging-house which had been occupied by a woman who had dissolved into space. Although there was at first some slight hesitation on the part of a few experts as to whether these were really fragments of the Exhibit C-470 or not, all doubts were resolved when the great authority on Oriental art, Professor Simon Lee, declared in the affirmative. The Professor, it will be remembered, was a man of extreme caution. He would know only the safest people; his fear of compromising himself was, in fact, as comical as it was mean. He had never been known to help anybody in a case where the act would not redound to his own reputation. And yet, according to the newspapers, this man, who was, by the report of some of his brethren, utterly without bowels, wept unrestrainedly when he held those poor fragments in his hands—so great did he esteem the loss to the world of art.

After this discovery, and the pronouncement of the learned Professor, speculation was abandoned. The police put forward their theory that the thieves, judging it impossible, in view of the hue and cry, to dispose of Exhibit C-470, and finding the objects too dangerous to carry about with them, had destroyed these, and then overlooked the few fragments, by an oversight frequently observed in malefactors—especially in amateur malefactors. For the police were convinced that the crime had been committed within the museum during the hours it was open to the public, and not by professional thieves. They were disposed to favor the notion that the motive of the robbery was not the value of the objects so much as an overmastering desire to possess a beautiful work of art. Miss Cole was arrested; but by the efforts of the British ambassador at Washington, who had no difficulty in proving that for thirty years she had led a life of blameless spinsterhood at Ipswich, in England, she was presently released. Still, that a woman was one of the principals was evident; and for some years the description of the woman who had stayed in the Chicago room-house was signalled to the police of the world.

Toward the end of the year 1902

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Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

"Did you manage it?" he asked the woman casually.—Page 202.

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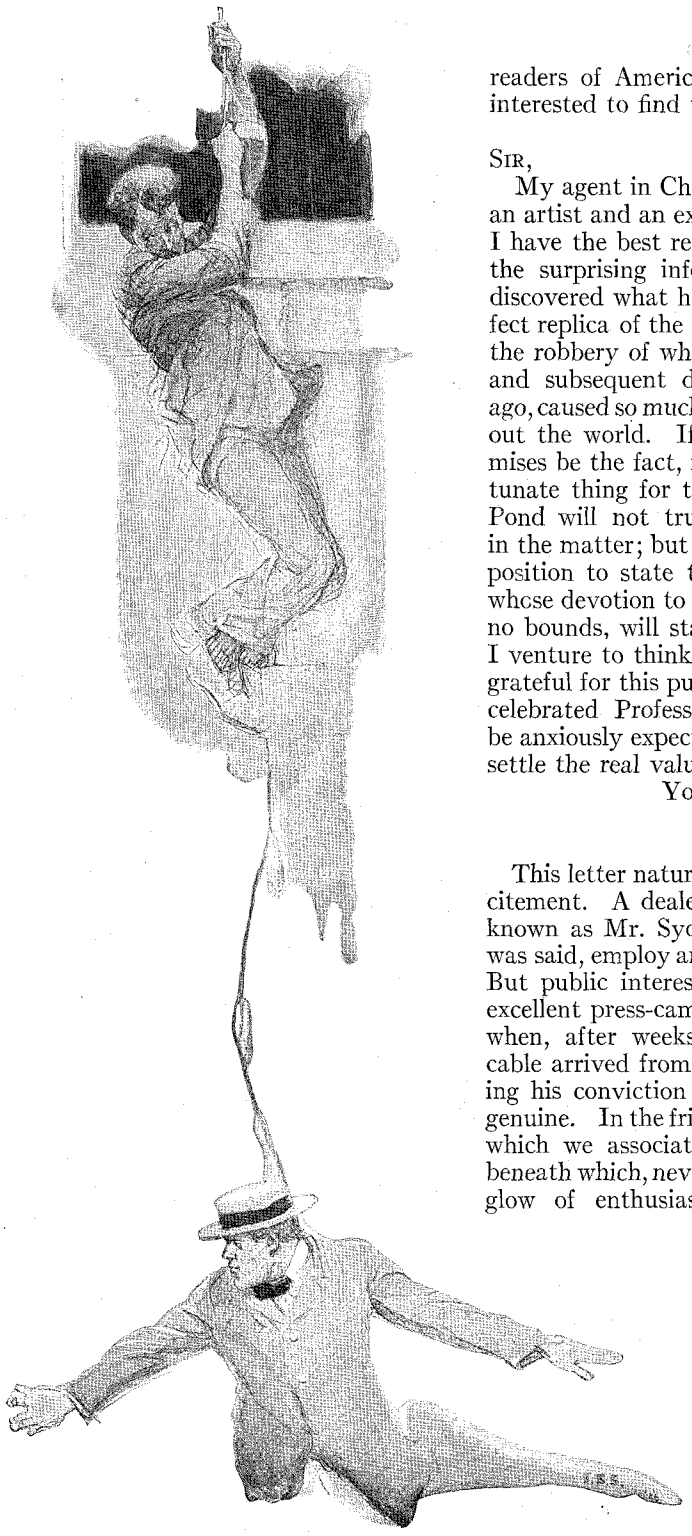

Hardly was he half-way up the rope than they heard footsteps.
—Page 204.

readers of American papers were much interested to find the following letter:

SIR,

My agent in China, Mr. Judson Pond, an artist and an expert on whose opinion I have the best reason to rely, sends me the surprising information that he has discovered what he believes to be a perfect replica of the famous Exhibit C-470, the robbery of which from our museum, and subsequent destruction, five years ago, caused so much lamentation throughout the world. If what Mr. Pond surmises be the fact, it will indeed be a fortunate thing for the world of art. Mr. Pond will not trust his own judgment in the matter; but I am happy to be in a position to state that Professor S. Lee, whose devotion to the cause of art knows no bounds, will start for China at once. I venture to think that we should all be grateful for this public-spirited act of the celebrated Professor. His decision will be anxiously expected, as it will of course settle the real value of the discovery.

Yours, etc.

N. SYDERSTONE.

This letter naturally caused intense excitement. A dealer in antiques so well-known as Mr. Syderstone would not, it was said, employ any but a capable agent. But public interest, whipped up by an excellent press-campaign, waxed tenfold, when, after weeks of tension, a long cable arrived from Professor Lee expressing his conviction that the treasure was genuine. In the frigid and cautious terms which we associate with the Professor, beneath which, nevertheless, an unwonted glow of enthusiasm might be distinguished, he declared that the recently discovered objects, in spite of a slight fracture in one of the vases, were even more beautiful than the original Exhibit C-470.

Upon this, Mr. Syderstone addressed a dignified letter to the press.

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His own impulse, he said, was to present the objects to the museum without more ado; but certain scruples prevented. His business partners, for one thing, objected to such unheard-of bounty. Besides, he was, after all, an Englishman: was not his first duty to the British Museum? After weighing one consideration against another, he had come to the conclusion that the fairest thing to do would be to offer the treasure at public auction. As soon, therefore, as it reached America, in charge of Professor Lee, it would be on exhibition at a small charge for admission in the principal cities of the Union, and then, after four months, it would be sold.

Many of us must still remember the extraordinary crowds which

It was very dark, and the floor was encumbered with glass cases and statuary. But Judson knew where to go.—Page 205.

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pressed to see the treasure. People who had never glanced at Exhibit C-470 when it was in the museum, hurried with their families to view things of such incalculable value. Such is the force of suggestion! Such the contagion of crowds! To illustrate the strength of the appeal, it may be mentioned that in one large city the directors of a great boxing-match thought it wise to alter the date of their show, because it happened to be the same night that the treasure would be on view.

The sum which would be realized by the auction was passionately discussed. Not the least curious feature of the whole business was the demonstration by the learned of the points in which the lost treasure was inferior to the one now before them. True, there were some who held that as this was the treasure a *second* time presented, the value must be decidedly lessened, for the objects could no longer be described as unique. In fact, if a second, why not a third? These depreciators, however, were but few, and their place had ever been among the empirical and irresponsible. By far the greatest part of the Orientalists in this country and in Europe were convinced that there could exist no third; and they gave their reasons in erudite articles in the high-class magazines. Professor Bellechaise of the Collège de France, Professor Oschatz of Göttingen, and Professor Caval of Turin, were for once in agreement among themselves and with Professor Lee, who was himself, of course, a convinced Uniqueist.

On the day of the sale it was seen that the Uniqueist view had prevailed. Representatives from Europe were there, wary and alert, agents for huge sums. Some immensely wealthy private collectors from all over America were either themselves in the crowd, or had their representatives commissioned. It was even reported that the Chinese Government, roused to a sense of its loss, had instructed its Legation to go to considerable lengths for the recovery of the treasure.

But the public spirit of the State, and of the city of M——, won the day. Several weeks before the date of the sale, many heartfelt letters had appeared in the press which pointed out what a disgrace it would be if the city let the treasure slip out of its hands. Local pride was roused. The matter was discussed in the legislature. Orators on soap-boxes, wild-eyed and impressive, howled about it. Their more prosperous brothers addressed public meetings in large halls, or in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. The newspapers opened their columns to subscriptions which flowed in—there was even a rivalry as to which paper would collect the largest sum. Pretty girls, handsome women, wrapped in the American flag, with the motto "What Americans have, Americans keep," pinned in the graceful folds, were stationed with collecting-boxes in the streets of every considerable town in the State. The result of this well-organized campaign was seen on the night of the auction, when it was announced, amid the wildest enthusiasm, that the city museum had secured, for a fabulous sum, another Exhibit C-470.

A few days afterward, Mr. Syderstone informed Professor Lee that a very large amount of money had been placed to his credit in one of the banks. This fortune must have been most welcome to the Professor, who had a young wife with expensive tastes of whom he was dotingly fond.

In 1910 Judson Pond, a helpless victim of opium, was still living in Fou-Tchou Road, in Shanghai. He was no longer Mr. Syderstone's agent, but he lived on a pittance which that gentleman allowed him. He was a flaccid wreck—almost an imbecile.

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SWEDEN'S POSITION IN THE WAR

BY EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

Author of "Scandinavia and the War," Oxford pamphlet; translator of Strindberg's plays, etc.

ONE fine spring day last year, when the brilliantly blue Swedish sky was dotted with fleecy white clouds like those made familiar to us by the paintings of Prince Eugene and Nils Kreuger, I happened into the principal square of Stockholm—the one named after the great Gustavus Adolphus, whose equestrian statue adorns the centre of it.

Standing at the foot of the statue and facing southward you have in front of you the broad thoroughfare formed by North Bridge, which spans the main outlet of the Lake Maelaren into the Baltic, crosses the little Holy Ghost Isle, and thus connects the mainland with the island that is still called the city, because once it was the whole city. To your right you have the new Riksdag House, with a small park in front of it, occupying the western half of the Holy Ghost Isle. In the background, as if looking down upon the parvenu structure housing the people's chosen representatives, towers the enormous cube of the royal palace.

That view forms a picture well worth studying, but on the day in question—April 21, 1917—I had no eyes for it.

The big square was black with people—workers mostly—moving in solid, stolid ranks toward North Bridge and then wheeling to the right, where they massed themselves in steadily growing numbers in front of the Riksdag House. It was a crowd of men, guided and guarded by police, but not checked or harassed in any way. It was a crowd of humble people, but with no sign of raggedness or roughness about them. Here and there a couple of officers in resplendent uniforms or some group of silk-hatted government officials could be seen making their way cautiously through the mass, their faces stamped by a quaint mixture of curiosity and contempt, of embarrassment and defiance.

The balconies of the Riksdag building were crowded with members of both houses of the national legislature. At the windows of the royal palace I could make out faces, many of them pressed against the panes as if fascinated by the sight below.

Then the crowd broke into cheers that swelled and swelled, until the sound of them was like the roar of Kattegat breakers against the blood-red granite rocks of the West Coast.

"It's Branting," a man beside me whispered, his voice tense with suppressed excitement.

Yes, it was Hjalmar Branting, leader of the Socialist wing of the combined radical opposition groups in the Riksdag. He had just spoken in the Lower House to an interpellation meant to make the Conservative Swartz-Lindman Cabinet give some tangible information as to its policy. The crowd had come to back him up, and the principal demands voiced by him within, and by them on the outside were effective food control and an immediate commercial settlement with Great Britain. In other words, the mass of the people, speaking directly as well as through its duly elected representatives, asked above everything else for a reasonable acknowledgment of the genuine Allied blockade of Germany, instead of an unreasoning acceptance of the paper blockade established by Germany to serve as an excuse for her ruthless submarine warfare.

Those days were full of incident and excitement. Food riots had begun all over Sweden about the middle of April. The air of the Swedish capital was surcharged with political electricity. Rumors of revolutions and reactionary coups flew about like storm-swept leaves. It was learned that the guard regiments could not be trusted, and that the military authorities had made hurried inquiries as to the loyalty of various provincial regi-

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ments—with most disappointing results, it was said.

One day nearly 200 naval conscripts were seen marching in a body through the streets to attend an antimilitarist meeting in spite of the express prohibition issued by their commanding officers. Another day it was found that practically every revolver in Stockholm had been bought up, and people "on the inside" promptly told you that the Socialists had prepared long lists of persons who were to be slaughtered like sheep on the first of May. Then Branting rose in the Riksdag to denounce the secret formation of a "black guard" of high-school students and athletic clerks for the protection of the "well-intentioned" against the May Day terrors. The government had to avow its innocence—and every one knew where the revolvers had gone. Finally Branting was asked openly by the government if he would undertake to guarantee the peaceful attitude of his followers on May Day, and he replied that he could and would, if only the authorities would look after the mischief-making elements among the privileged classes.

On the 1st of May the royal palace was turned into an armed camp, bristling with machine guns and manned by a body of carefully picked army officers. Signalmen were placed on the roofs of the guard barracks and other public buildings. The guard regiments had been sent out of town or were confined to their barracks. A number of companies from supposedly "safe" provincial regiments had been brought in for the day. Everybody who ought to have known better seemed to expect something terrible to happen.

Nearly 50,000 workers marched through the streets of Stockholm to the drill-grounds outside. They had been warned that the slightest disturbance might prove fatal, and so they marched in dead silence, rank following rank in endless line without a spoken word. It was one of the most impressive sights I have ever witnessed—a wonderful manifestation of carefully controlled strength. An additional 25,000 people were waiting for the paraders around the five platforms on the vast open plain north of Stockholm. The principal demands voiced were the same as those heard inside and outside the Riksdag House ten days earlier. On that same day about 500,000 people, or nearly 10 per cent of Sweden's total population, demonstrated all over the country in the same spirit and for the same purpose. They were, to a man, in favor of a friendly understanding with the Western Powers and against every form of pro-German "activism."

About the same time I talked with a Liberal member of the Riksdag, who had been making a few speeches in his very conservative home district. After one of these speeches he overheard some staid and far from radical old peasants speaking very bitterly of the pro-German activities of the Queen.

"You don't seem to like the Germans," he remarked to the leading peasant, an old patriarch whom all the rest treated with the utmost respect.

"Like them?" the old man repeated in his characteristic drawl. "Those devils!"

I heard, too, about a visit paid to Germany by one of Sweden's foremost financiers. His trip had evidently been carefully planned and conducted in order to have him properly impressed. He spoke with bated breath of the organization, the wonderful methods, the ingenuity, the forethought evidenced by all that he had seen. Then he added with a wry face:

"But to live under them! Rather hell at once!"

Puzzled by what I saw and heard in those days, I turned to a government official for some enlightenment. I asked him what the men of his class and type wanted—if they really wished to bring the country into the war on the side of Germany.

"No, no, no!" he cried in reply. "All this talk about any one here wanting war is nonsense. We want peace, and we want to be neutral, but—well, you see, the country's future lies in becoming a part of the German Empire."

And when I had a chance to ask a minister representing one of the Allied Powers what, as a result of all those popular demonstrations, the Swedish Government had done to hasten the commercial settlement with Great Britain, he answered:

"Nothing! We are on very friendly terms with the present government. We have been making good headway in settling the shipping problem. But not a word has been said by either the previous

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or the present Swedish Government about the general commercial agreement—not one word since the Swedish commercial delegates returned in February."

Do you get the image I am trying to re-create for you as it came to me over there in those days? It is the image of a house divided within itself—and very unevenly divided at that. Subsequent observations on the spot have convinced me that, unless a radical change has occurred since I left the country in July last year (1917), practically three-fourths of Sweden's entire population feel toward present-day Germany an antipathy which at times borders on hatred. But if this be true, what are the circumstances and the factors that have enabled a small minority to make the nation as a whole appear almost solidly pro-German to the rest of the world?

First of all must be mentioned a widespread and genuine fear of the Russia that was. When the first news of the breaking world-storm was received, all Sweden seemed to expect Russia to aim her first blow in their direction, and precautions were taken accordingly. This original oneness of mind was disrupted by two things: what happened to Belgium and what did not happen to Sweden. Had the fear of Russia been entirely natural, Sweden's first happy disappointment, coupled with the horror caused by the undeserved fate of another small country, would probably have disposed of it for good as a political factor. But this fear had been artificially developed beyond all reasonable proportions. It was to a large extent "made in Germany"—the product of a systematic campaign of misrepresentation carried on through a long sequence of years. This campaign aimed at binding Sweden to Germany by all sorts of ties, real as well as imaginary, while estranging her from the Western Powers as well as Russia. The Swedish fear of the bulky eastern neighbor was skilfully fanned into almost hysterical anticipation of inevitable disaster. At the same time the Swedes were sedulously taught to distrust England as greedy and hypocritical; to despise France as decadent and weak; to contemn our own country as a mercenary, blustering upstart. One might almost say that the result was the erasure of the real image of the Englishman or the Frenchman or the American from the Swedish mind, and the substitution of a vilely distorted *Simplicissimus* cartoon.

For this German intriguing against supposedly friendly nations there can be no defense. For the more constructive side of Germany's effort to win Sweden there is a good deal to be said not only in defense but in praise. It was not wholly selfish or hypocritical, and it was directed with an intelligence worthy of emulation. While it had deep roots in economical considerations, it was also expressive of a strong sense of kinship, frank admiration of the Swedish character, a far-reaching outlook, and much genuine although often misdirected idealism. All the best German qualities played a conspicuous and successful part in that effort—enthusiasm, thoroughness, systematic thinking and acting, intellectual curiosity, adaptability, and a constant linking of national and personal interests.

The outcome of this effort was an enormously increased exchange of cultural as well as material values. The Swedes became accustomed to turn primarily to Germany for instruction and capital, for merchandise and critical approbation. A friend of mine told me that, about twenty years ago, his firm used to get 95 per cent of their imported iron beams from England, 5 per cent from Belgium, and nothing at all from Germany. At the outbreak of the war they were taking 99 per cent from Germany, 1 per cent from Belgium, and nothing from England. Swedish authors have long had a market in Germany second only to that of their own country. Swedish students have been warmly welcomed at German universities and technical schools. Swedish scholars have sometimes found more appreciation in Germany than at home. Because they met with this flattering attention, the Swedes, who are an excessively polite race, were gradually led to return the compliment. Nations bear a great resemblance to individuals, and mutual admiration forms an excellent basis of friendship.

Returning once more to the destructive phase of the German campaign, there is one little known factor that probably counted for more than all the rest. When, during the first decade of this cen-

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tury, the great international news agencies divided the world between them, the Scandinavian field fell to the Wolff Bureau at Berlin. Until the war was well under way all but a very small portion of the telegraphic news from abroad reached the Swedish press via Berlin, and every piece of news from Sweden had to pass through the same focal point for distribution to the rest of the world.

This meant that Berlin could and did direct what Sweden should or should not receive in the way of news. It meant a process of selection amounting to a censorship. It meant finally that the Swedish press could be fed automatically with anything which the German Government wished to spread abroad. Much of the news sent to Sweden in this way was quite irresponsible. Mere rumors floated by Berlin newspapers were passed on as "cables" without proper designation of their origin. Important pieces of news were constantly "doctored" or wholly suppressed. When the *London Times* printed the letter from the Kaiser that led to the resignation of Lord Tweedmouth, not a word of that letter was allowed to reach Sweden via Berlin. When, during the Morocco crisis, Asquith made his momentous speech in the Commons warning Germany not to go too far, his utterance reached the Swedish press shorn of every point that gave it real significance. In the same way news from Russia had to pass through Berlin, which, of course, offered many tempting chances to increase the Swedish sensitiveness concerning the treatment of Finland—to mention only one aspect of the situation.

Conditions like these indicate how thoroughly Germany had managed to isolate Sweden from the non-German part of the world. If, nevertheless, her certain hope of a northern ally in the case of serious trouble was foredoomed to disappointment, the cause lay in the fact that the supposedly complete German inoculation had taken very unevenly. Its effectiveness seems to have decreased a little with every downward step on the social ladder. In the broad mass of the Swedish people it was hardly skin-deep. And down there, in the foundations of the social structure, its effects were also neutralized by certain interests and sympathies of a distinctly anti-German tendency.

For nearly a century the life of the unprivileged mass of Swedes has been colored, if not actually shaped, by four great modern movements: religious sectarianism, temperance reform, emigration, and trades-unionism. The first two of these movements came to Sweden from England and the United States, and they have always retained the marks of their origin. Besides exercising a strong direct influence on the whole outlook of the people, they have become inextricably interwoven with the wide-spread and deep-reaching movement for supplementary popular education of those beyond the school age. Emigration has by degrees transferred something like 2,000,000 Swedes to this country, and from them an uninterrupted stream of American democratic ideas and ideals has passed back to the old home, whereby now they have taken such firm hold on the people that continued existence under prevailing conditions has been rendered well-nigh unendurable.

Swedish trades-unionism is inalienably bound up with the development of political socialism in that country. Swedish socialism is largely of German origin, and yet—or perhaps for that very reason—it has served to make the Socialists of Sweden bitterly hostile toward a Germany chiefly symbolized by the militaristic junkerdom at its top. In recent years the Socialists have formed a temporary alliance with the Liberals, both in the Riksdag and at the polls, in order to secure the enactment of certain basic reforms deemed indispensable by all the radical elements. The traditions underlying Swedish liberalism are almost wholly English and French, and both Liberals and Socialists stand practically unanimous in their recognition of the English-speaking countries as the main strongholds of modern democracy. In this connection we should bear in mind that in the regular fall elections of 1914 the two radical parties cast 462,621 votes to 268,631 polled by the Conservatives.

It would be foolish to class all Swedish Radicals as anti-German. It would not be safe to count all Conservatives pro-German. But the lines of division on national and international politics must to a large extent be regarded as identical. The situation may then be summed up as

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follows: the vast majority of Swedes are as a rule distrustful of Germany because of her present organization under autocratic - bureaucratic - militaristic control; a minority are so unreasonable and reckless in their sympathies that even some of their own political associates have charged them with being more German than Swedish.

The backbone of this minority is formed by the big aristocratic landowners, whose ideas and interests are closely related to those of Prussia's agrarian junkers; whose large estates, where they still reign like little princes, are held together by the law of primogeniture; whose younger sons fill the most desirable posts in the military and diplomatic services, in the courts and all the administrative departments. Another conspicuous minority element is found in the army and navy officers, who, as professional soldiers, look greedily toward Germany as the land where their own class is privileged above all others. A third element of utmost importance is furnished by the bureaucracy—the vast army of department officials in that all-pervading system of civil administration which has every national function more or less under its control. Last, but not least, we find in this minority a very considerable part of the intellectual element *par preference*—professional men of every kind, scientists and teachers in the higher schools, authors and journalists, all of whom, like the members of the bureaucracy, have the academic hall-mark.

In fact, the one thing common to all the elements forming the pro-German minority is that they have passed university examinations—that they have won the right to wear the student's white cap with its yellow-and-blue cockade. This circumstance is of utmost importance for the proper understanding of Swedish conditions. The country is startlingly democratic in many ways, and has always been so. The special privileges of the nobility have gradually been pruned off. I don't think there is a single office not accessible to a commoner to-day. It is claimed that Sweden was among the first to make high public positions accessible to men of great ability and humble origin. But the inevitable way of such men to such positions has always led and still leads through one of the big universities. The diplomas of these institutions may well be looked upon as minor patents of nobility. And the real dividing line between "upper" and "lower" class seems identical with that separating the "student" from the "philistine."

The truth of the matter is that the pro-German minority has been recruited almost exclusively from the class of men who have run the public affairs of the country ever since the first Vasa king made Olaus Petri, the son of a small tradesman, his secretary and chief civil administrator of the Swedish capital. As a ruling class it has, on the whole, an enviable record. But, like all ruling classes, it feels convinced that Sweden must go to the dogs if deprived of its traditional guardianship. And in this sense Sweden has been going to the dogs very rapidly.

The democratization of the government, of the administrative machinery, of all public institutions, has made unprecedented progress in recent years, although much still remains to be done. Vast social reforms have been carried out, and still more radical ones have been planned. More and more the centre of social gravity has shifted from agriculture to industry, from the country to the cities, from the privileged few to the unprivileged many. More and more the masses have become conscious of their power and determined to enjoy the fruits of it. The men hitherto in charge have felt not only privilege and power but social distinction—so dear to the Swedish mind—slipping out of their hands. To stave off the inevitable they have instinctively turned to Germany for support, encouragement, and example. And their hatred of the great western democracies has grown apace with their trust in Germany. To get the benefits of German militarism, with its unquestioned authority for the man above and its unquestioning obedience for the man below, they have been willing to adopt the German model of bureaucratically controlled and developed state socialism. To keep Sweden from being governed entirely "from below," they have been willing to bring the country to the verge of war, if not actually beyond.

A few months before the great storm

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broke, the Liberal cabinet, supported by an overwhelming majority in the Lower House, had been flung out of office by an unexpectedly successful Conservative intrigue that, without doubt, had some of its roots in Germany. A ministry composed of Conservatives not too closely identified with their own party had been placed in power against the will of the people for the particular purpose of solving the problem of military preparedness. At the beginning of the war this government showed wisdom enough to put scrupulous neutrality foremost on its programme, and thus it obtained a temporary and conditional support from the two radical groups. But most of the cabinet members were bureaucrats sharing the feelings of their entire class, and back of them stood the permanent officials, with their poorly hidden ill will toward Great Britain and the United States and their openly declared sympathy for Germany. The result was a wavering and ambiguous policy that satisfied neither belligerent group.

As far back as a year ago the Liberal and Socialist leaders had come to a full realization of the dangerous position in which the country had been placed. If, nevertheless, they refrained from using all the means at their disposal to compel a more radical change when, in the early part of April last year, the Hammarskjöld-Wallenberg cabinet reluctantly surrendered the governmental machinery to the equally Conservative Swartz-Lindman cabinet, their hesitancy must chiefly be ascribed to a fear that the establishment of a truly representative government at that time might lead to open conflict with Germany. Two factors tended by degrees to put that fear in the background. One was the Russian revolution, which in one stroke disposed of the principal Conservative campaign argument, and which undoubtedly hastened the downfall of the Hammarskjöld régime. The other was the entrance of the United States as a belligerent, the importance of which was much better appreciated by the mass of the people than by the ruling class.

The demonstrations described at the beginning of this article were meant to produce a change of government policy rather than another change of government. When they proved futile some hotheads clamored for an immediate revolution. The Swedes, however, are a slow and patient people, very orderly in all their instincts. The radical leaders knew that nothing could be more dangerous to final success than a premature resort to extra-parliamentary means. The wiser heads prevailed, and their wisdom was proved when the regular elections of last September reduced the strength of the Conservatives in the lower house from 86 to 58 and gave the combined radical groups a majority of more than 60 in both houses. On October 19 a Liberal-Socialist coalition cabinet took charge of the nation's affairs, this being the first time in history that a Swedish ministry included representatives of the Socialist party.

This change of government implied a total change of national policy—not from neutrality to belligerency, but from pretended to genuine neutrality. It implied a final and complete cessation of practices found detrimental to the interests of our own country and our allies. It implied a thorough cleaning up of permanent officialdom, first in the Swedish Foreign Office and then elsewhere. It implied a national attitude rendering a satisfactory agreement with the Western Powers not only possible but inevitable. It implied finally a completion of that process of democratization which, in Sweden as elsewhere, constitutes the one enduring barrier against Pan-Germanism.

The mass of the Swedish people standing back of the new government have no desire for territorial enlargement in any direction. They want nothing that has to be won at the expense of another nation. They want no control of any social or racial group outside their present borders. They feel the precariousness of their own situation very keenly, but they will risk all they have to protect their national independence. They want no warlike adventures, but they will not suffer injury or insult beyond a certain point. They want peace above all else, but they want it for the whole world, and the only kind of peace that will quite satisfy them is one that "makes the world safe for democracy."

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JIM AND THE GIANT

By Helen Ward Banks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH HAMBIDGE

"ARE you going to be too lonely, little brother?"

"It's pretty lonely, Sinsie," Jim answered.

"Everybody's lonely at times, I guess," sighed Cynthia. "Some day you'll be grown up, won't you? and then you'll go out and fight the dragons, and I'll be just your lonely little sister staying home to keep the castle."

"Couldn't you take me with you, Sinsie?" begged Jim.

She laughed, pulling on her glove, and stooped to kiss him.

"I'd have to carry you shut up in my hand-bag all day, and how that would squeeze your legs! Guard the castle well, Jimmy boy. I'll bring back something wonderful for supper. To-day's pay-day, you know."

"I wish the masons hadn't finished building the wall," Jim grieved. "It was fun talking to them."

Cynthia sighed and smiled—like an April shower with the sun chasing it.

"I know how it feels to be lonely, little brother, but we can't stop to think about it. Remember, our grandfather fought with Robert Lee, and we have to be heroes, don't we? If I didn't go out to fight the dragons we'd starve together in the castle, and that would be very disagreeable."

"It's a funny castle," smiled Jim—"just a little bit of a wooden house. I wish Greatheart would come and take us out."

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"There isn't any Greatheart," said Cynthia, her lips very straight. "Once I thought there was, but there isn't. There's just you and me, Jimmy boy, forever. And you're a hero; you're brave enough to stay alone, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sinsie," answered Jim, his head tilting like Cynthia's.

Cynthia kissed him again and held him tight for an instant. "That's my brave little soldier! It's such a lovely day after last night's storm that you can be out all day; and your milk for lunch is in the pantry. You'll be all right, won't you?"

Jim nodded. "But I wish I had something to talk to."

Cynthia stopped by the table that held Jim's books. "Why here are lots of friends to talk to! See, here's the 'Elephant Child'; let's stand him on the sofa. And here's 'Brer Rabbit'; he can sit here on the table. And here's old 'Christian' going out to meet the lions; where shall we put him?"

"Don't open 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" Jim interposed hastily. "Giant Despair might come out, and he's *awful*."

For an instant quick tears brimmed Cynthia's eyes, but she laughed them away—laughter was the only weapon she held against that same old giant.

"Giant Despair is nothing but a bogey, Jim. Just whack him hard and you find he isn't there. I hate to leave you, buddie, but I can't feed you and stay with you, too."

"Maybe sometime we'll be rich enough to live in a real castle," said Jim, "and then you can stay with me all the time."

"If dollars would only count up a little faster," sighed Cynthia.

"Never mind," comforted Jim. "We'll play this is a castle, and that's just as good. And you love me better than anything in all the world, don't you, Sinsie?"

"Better than—any one in the world," she answered with a little catch in her voice. "Now, kiss me once more and let me fly. And you and Brer Rabbit and the Elephant Child with his 'satiable curiosity' guess all day what I'm going to bring for supper. Good-by, dearest boy."

"Good-by," said Jim with his bravest smile. He was still smiling it when Cynthia turned at the curve for a farewell wave, but as she went out of sight it dropped.

"Those masons were nice," he thought. "I like talking friends better than just pictures. I wish I had a kitten—'cept Sinsie doesn't like cats much. Kittens can't talk, but they're alive."

Jim sat down on the top step of the porch and looked at the cobblestone wall with which the friendly masons had encircled the meadow across the road. Only yesterday they had been there, but last night they had loaded all their wonder-working pails and boards and trowels into a truck and driven off out of Jim's ken. Now there was just the long line of wall opposite, the pale, Indian-summer sky above, and the yellow leaves dropping softly down to the brown earth beneath; not another sight nor another sound. It *was* lonely.

But as Jim sat and gazed at the cobblestone wall across the road, suddenly he chuckled.

"I see Brer Rabbit built into the wall over there," he said. "I bet old Mike made him; Mike's such a joker. He's made out of a big stone like an egg, and he's got two long, flat stones for ears, and he's sitting up on his hind legs. Hello, Brer Rabbit!"

And it almost seemed as if Brer Rabbit squeaked a response.

Then, laughing aloud, Jim came to his feet. "And down there by the corner is the Elephant Child before the crocodile pulled his nose long; his ears are long, though. I'll bet Mike made that, too. Hello, Elephant Child!"

Did the Elephant Child also squeak a faint "Hello"?

"They're nice," breathed Jim; "almost as nice as alive." Then his eyes travelled in the other direction. He drew a short breath, and a frown drove away his smile as he took a backward step toward the open door.

"It's that old Giant Despair!" he declared. "Mike didn't make him. I wonder how he got built into that wall! He's got little pop eyes and a big, flat nose and a huge, big mouth wide open. He looks just like his picture. He's horrid. I won't stay out here."

He went into the house and closed the door. The Elephant Child still sat on

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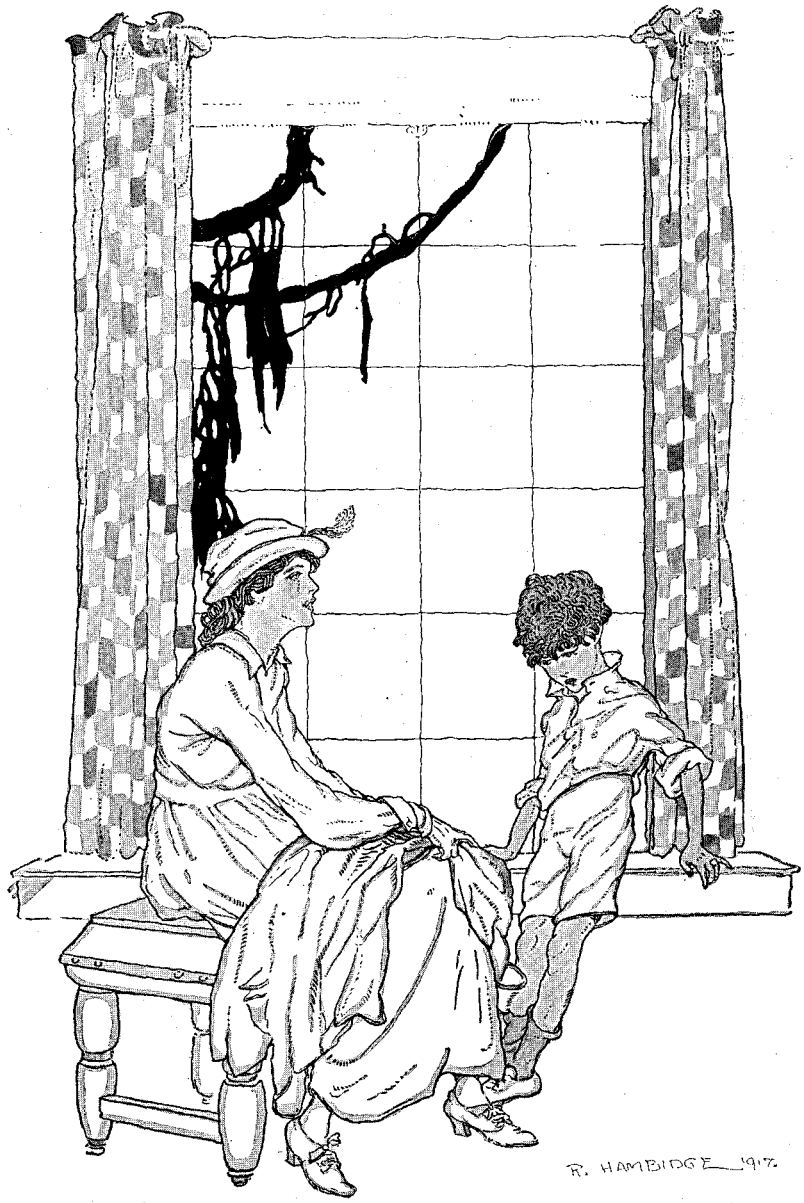

"I know how it feels to be lonely, little brother, but . . . remember, our grandfather fought with Robert Lee, and we have to be heroes."—Page 219.

the sofa between his green covers and Brer Rabbit perched on the table with no covers at all. In spite of their company Jim realized that he was only eight years old and that he had a long, sisterless day ahead of him.

He sat down on the sofa beside the Elephant Child, keeping his back to the window. But he could not help now and then casting a glance over his shoulder to see if Giant Despair had gone away. He was always still there, sitting on the stone wall, and Jim each time hastily turned his back.

"I'm afraid," he whispered. But he couldn't help turning to look again.

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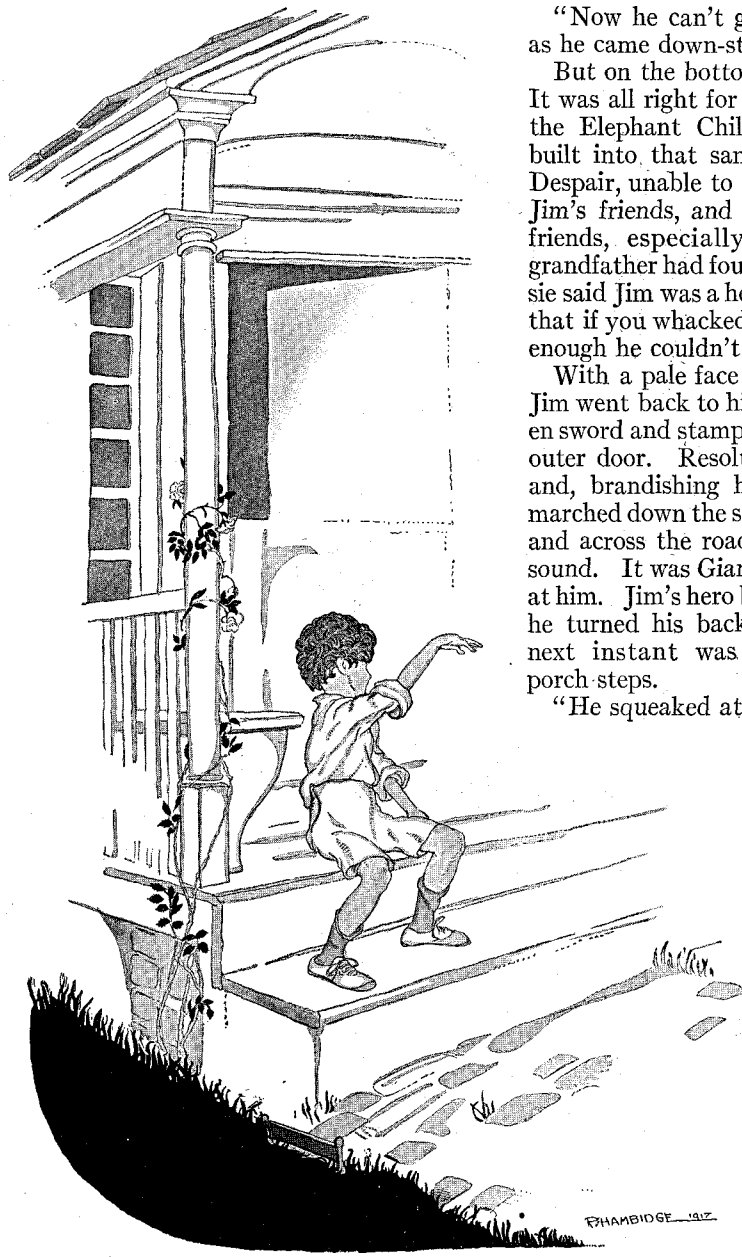

He was still smiling it when Cynthia turned at the curve for a farewell wave.—Page 220.

"Now he can't get me," he declared as he came down-stairs.

But on the bottom stair Jim faltered. It was all right for him, but how about the Elephant Child and Brer Rabbit built into that same fence with Giant Despair, unable to escape? They were Jim's friends, and men stood by their friends, especially heroes did whose grandfather had fought under Lee. Sinsie said Jim was a hero. Sinsie said, too, that if you whacked Giant Despair hard enough he couldn't hurt you.

With a pale face and thumping heart Jim went back to his room for his wooden sword and stamped down again to the outer door. Resolutely he unlocked it and, brandishing his sword hero-wise, marched down the steps, across the grass, and across the road. Then he heard a sound. It was Giant Despair squeaking at him. Jim's hero blood paled to water; he turned his back on his foe and the next instant was scrambling up the porch steps.

"He squeaked at me," Jim gasped as he banged the door behind him. "He did squeak."

He tumbled down on the sofa with his pounding heart, very frightened and very ashamed.

"I ran," he accused himself. "Heroes don't run. I ran before I gave Giant Despair one whack. I've got to go back and whack him whether he squeaks or not."

He made three attempts before he got once more through the door and across the road, forcing his quaking legs to their best soldier stride. He advanced on Giant Despair with uplifted sword, strengthening his fluttering heart for the "whack" that was to

Then he pulled down the shades, and presently he locked the door. As a final act of oblivion he carried his red "Pilgrim's Progress" up to his own cupboard, where he hid it under a pillow and buttoned the cupboard door.

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slay his foe. Then the giant squeaked again.

Jim stopped with a gasp. But now his legs obeyed his hero will and stood. It was only a moment's halt before Jim charged his foe and, shutting his eyes tight, dealt a doughty blow at Giant Despair's ugly head.

For an instant Jim stood with closed eyes and quick breath awaiting reprisals. But nothing happened. He opened his eyes a crack and peeped. There lay the impassive stone wall as it had lain before he struck.

Suddenly Jim laughed aloud. If he had not dislodged Giant Despair, he had slain his own fear. Sinsie was right. If you whacked Giant Despair hard enough you found he wasn't there.

"Huh," scoffed Jim; "I thought you were Giant Despair, and you're only an old stone wall. You couldn't even squeak."

But something squeaked: it did it again over in the meadow. Jim heard, but his blow had turned his fear to daring.

"You're only an old stone wall," he repeated, "and I'm going to climb over you. I'm going over to those trees to see what's squeaking."

He stuck an exploring foot into a cobblestone crevice, seized with a bold hand Giant Despair's nose, and by that help scaled the wall and dropped down into the meadow on the other side, where, with the courage of a Drake, he laid his course through the stubbly sea to the island of trees in the middle. No weak knees now, nor hanging hands, but an upflung head and a heart burning with the spirit of adventure and discovery.

And he did discover something on his desert island—a little white, rough-coated dog with brown spots over his pleading brown eyes, and a piteous little "squeak," and a tail that wagged when he saw Jim. His dragging chain had caught around a sapling and it held him prisoner. He licked Jim's face when Jim dropped his sword and went down on his knees with freeing intent.

"You love me," Jim quivered, his arms

It was only a moment's halt before Jim charged his foe.

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around the little beast, "and I love you. I've discovered you; you're mine. You'll live with me for ever and ever, and I'll never be lonely any more, even when Sinsie's gone. I'll name you Rover. You're sopping wet, Rover. You've been out in the storm all night. And I bet you're hungry. Somebody didn't take very good care of you. I'll give you half my milk. I'm glad I found you."

The puppy licked Jim's face again, shook himself, and was ready to follow Jim to the end of the world.

"I don't know how I'll get you over the wall," doubted Jim, chain in one hand and sword in the other.

But the dog did that for himself with a leap up and a leap down that tumbled Jim, at the end of the chain, into the road faster than he meant to go. As he picked himself up old Giant Despair seemed to give him a friendly wink with a pop eye.

"Maybe you're a good giant, after all," smiled Jim. "Maybe that's what whacking does to you. Maybe you were trying to tell me about Rover. I'm much obliged to you, for I'm very happy."

In the warm, bright little kitchen Rover disposed of his half of Jim's milk with a few curls of his red tongue and confidingly wagged for more.

"You're *awful* hungry," Jim said, and raided the pantry again. "I'll just have to give you this beefsteak bone even if Sinsie was going to make hash of its meat."

The beefsteak bone and a slice or two of bread seemed to fill even the puppy's empty stomach. His wet coat Jim rubbed dry with a convenient dish-towel. Then the two young things frolicked together until the puppy, reminiscent of his long, rainy vigil, decided a nap was in order and flopped down beside the stove. Jim dropped beside him, an arm over the dog, and in the quiet comfort of companionship he also fell asleep.

It was mid-afternoon when Jim awoke and sat up. The terrier opened his eyes, stretched his legs, flapped his stub tail once, and slept off again.

"You must be awful tired," said Jim. "I wish you wanted to come for a walk."

But the puppy didn't.

"All right, you can get rested," said Jim, " 'cause you're mine now, and we can play every day forever. It isn't lonely any more. Sinsie'll come soon now and I'll tell her all about you. I guess I'll go and meet her."

He shut Rover carefully into the kitchen and padded away down the lane that led to the post-road. That was forbidden ground, but he climbed a stone wall at the corner and sat smiling and kicking his feet as he waited for Cynthia's trolley to bring her home.

Most of the passers-by smiled at the gallant little figure and a few spoke to him. But no one stopped until a man with more sombreness in his dark eyes than his youth called for glanced at him, looked again as he passed, stopped, went on, and finally turned back to speak.

"Do you belong here?" he asked.

"No," smiled Jim. "I live down the lane. I'm looking for Sinsie. I've waited most an hour, I guess."

"I'm looking for some one, too," said the man, "and it's taken me hundreds of hours even to get on her track. May I sit on the wall by you for a while?"

Jim made cordial room. "Sinsie's my sister," he explained. "She goes to the city and fights dragons and I stay home and keep the castle. It isn't really a castle, you know, or real dragons, but we play it is. It's fun living with Sinsie, for she always plays. First I lived with my uncle, while Sinsie was going to college, but I don't any more. Who do you live with?"

"With no one. I did have a dog, but even he broke his chain last night and ran away from me."

Jim gave an uneasy start. "I guess your dog was black, wasn't he?" he inquired.

"No, white; a rough-haired terrier named Nailer."

"I guess he didn't have any spots on him?" asked anxious Jim.

"One over each eye."

"I guess they were—were pink spots?" ventured Jim once more.

"Brown."

"Oh!" said Jim, and relapsed into despondency. Grown-ups ruled the world. Just as soon as a little boy found a dog a big man could come and take it away. Then Jim straightened under an unconscious thought. His dog was Rover, shut safely in the kitchen, and, if Jim didn't

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tell, how could the man find out whether Rover looked like Nailer? Under the inspiration of that thought Jim started conversation again.

"It's a very nice day," he observed.

"It's a bully day," assented the man, rousing from his abstraction; "and I think you're a fine chap, too. Don't you want to tell me your name?"

"Jim," the child answered. If this man hadn't lost a dog he really would be quite a pleasant companion. "What's yours?"

"Mine is Dan."

"Isn't that funny!" cried Jim. "Dan is Sinsie's favorite name. What is your favorite name?"

"Cynthia," said Dan, watching Jim's face.

"Why, that's awful funny! That's Sinsie's name."

Dan drew a deep breath. "I thought I couldn't mistake the eyes. So you're the little brother!"

"I'm all Sinsie's got and Sinsie's all I've got," agreed Jim. "She loves me better than any one in the world and I love her better than any one in the world."

"I can believe that."

"I get awful lonely when Sinsie goes away all day. But I like to live with her. Do you ever get lonely?"

"Lonely as hell."

"Sinsie won't let me say that word," breathed Jim. "That must be awful lonely. Sinsie's lonely, too; she said so; but I don't believe she's as lonely as—hell. She's got me, you see. I saw a picture of hell once in a big Bible. It was worse than Giant Despair even. Do you know Giant Despair?"

"He lives with me."

"Does he?" whispered Jim. "Why don't you run away?"

"I did. I got clear away and came as far as this. But Giant Despair gripped me again, and he's held me tight ever since I've been here."

Jim peered around at the wall beyond his new friend. "He doesn't show," he whispered.

"You won't know what he looks like for a good many years yet."

"I do know what he looks like," protested Jim. "He's in my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and he's ugly. I locked 'Pilgrim's Progress' in my cupboard, and then I saw Giant Despair out on the stone wall."

"It's a way he has of turning up. Did he frighten you?"

Jim nodded. "I ran," he confided in a low little voice.

Dan laughed shortly. "Friends in misery, eh? I'm running now."

"But you don't have to," broke in Jim eagerly. "Sinsie said if you whack Giant Despair good and hard you'll find he isn't there. And when I saw Giant Despair built into the fence, first I ran away, but then I remembered what Sinsie said about his not being there if you whacked. And I did. And he wasn't. He just turned into a good giant and showed me a little dog—b-b-lack with b-b-lue spots," he added hastily.

Dan grinned unwillingly. "That's a new breed."

"He's a very nice dog," went on Jim severely. "His name's Rover. And the person he belonged to before couldn't have tooken very good care of him. I found him out in the field all catched up in some trees with his chain, and he was awful wet and *awful* hungry. I dried him on a dish-towel and gave him half my milk and all of Sinsie's best beefsteak bone, and he's mine. I'm going to keep him forever. He loves me. He wants to stay with me."

"All right," agreed Dan, his eyes sombre again. "When one's living hand in hand with Giant Despair I suppose a dog more or less doesn't count."

Jim slipped a comradely hand into Dan's. "If you're afraid of Giant Despair, I'll hold your hand while you hit him."

Dan held the hand tight and looked down at the child. "You're a good pal, aren't you? But, you see—there's a girl. She has blue eyes like yours. They used to be just as frank and warm and gay as yours. I came away up here to see her, for I thought if I saw her I could make things all right. But when I got here I got cold feet. I've hung around three days, and just half an hour ago I made up my mind to give up and go back to town. Giant Despair told me I had to go. He told me that girl's eyes would be frozen blue ice and I daren't face them."

"But whack him!" cried Jim vehe-

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mently, withdrawing his hand to illustrate the action. "If you hit him like that, he'll run. I tell you he will."

"I'm a coward, Jim, a quitter."

"I was, too, first, so we're something alike," confessed Jim; "but I couldn't really be one because my grandfather fought under Robert Lee. Did yours?"

"Mine fought under Ulysses S. Grant."

"He's a good general, too," approved Jim kindly. "You can't be a coward if you had a soldier grandfather. You're a hero."

"Not much hero about me," answered Dan with his short, bitter laugh, and then he sat still and looked at nothing again.

Jim kicked his heels against the wall, cast furtive glances at his companion, till at last he could stand it no longer.

"If you're always as lonely as—as—hell, you can have the dog," he volunteered. "His spots aren't bright blue, they're sort of a brownish blue; and he's sort of whitish black."

"You're true blue if the dog isn't," said Dan with that same unwilling grin. Then he sobered. "You're a gentleman, Jim, from the word go. You make me feel as if I'd like to tell you the story, man to man. I haven't had any one to talk to but Nailer, you see."

"I love stories," smiled Jim, hitching nearer. "Sinsie tells bully ones."

"This isn't a nice story," said Dan grimly, "but I'd like to get it off my chest, and you won't know what I'm talking about enough to hurt you. It's a story about a man who was a beast."

"I love beasts," smiled Jim again.

"Not this kind. The man cared for a girl more than any one in the world and the girl cared for him. But there was a little brother, a chap like you, and an uncle who wanted to adopt him and leave the girl free, but the girl said she'd never marry the man unless he'd take the little chap, too, and the man—who had never seen the little brother—said why not let the uncle have him. And the girl flared up—mad, you know—and said, all right, then, she'd take care of the boy herself, and the man, who was a beast, told her that if she cared more for the kid than she did for him—all right! And he was mad, too, and went away and stayed away a long time sulking, till when he went back at last to say he was sorry the girl was gone. It was months before he could trace her, and all that time he lived in hell, hand in hand with Giant Despair. Then he found out where she lived and went hot-foot after her to tell her he couldn't do without her, but old Giant Despair got there first and told the man he was a fool, for the girl would never forgive him. The man tried for three days to swat the giant and see the girl, but the giant stood in his path every time and turned him back, till the man was just going to the hotel for his traps to go back to town and give it all up, when he saw a little chap with blue eyes sitting on a stone wall——"

"And there sat the little brother," cut in Jim, forgetting personalities in his child's belief of having stories fit. "And then what happened?"

"I don't know any more. It's up to you now."

"Then," romanced Jim, "the man said, 'How are you, my little friend'; and the boy said, 'Very well'; and the man said, 'I have a very nice dog I'd like to give you'; and the boy said, 'Thank you'; and then he told his sister, 'This man is my friend; he gave me a very nice dog, and he's sorry he was cross to you. I love him, and will you please love him too'; and, because she always did what her little brother asked her to, she did. And she married the man and lived happy ever after—and the little brother—and the dog. Does that end right?"

Somewhere back inside Dan's eyes there sprang suddenly a flash of light. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "It's perfectly bully. It takes the little brother to tell the story as well as to kill the giant. I never thought that he could end the story. Is that straight? Do sisters do what their little brothers ask them to?"

"Sinsie always does—when I coax."

"By Jove!" repeated Dan. "You're a pretty little chap to carry a man into the kingdom of heaven on your shoulders. But we are pals, aren't we? You see, I never knew you before. And are you sure about that old giant?"

"Try and see," replied Jim succinctly.

Dan laughed out—a laugh as free and gay as Jim's now—and came to his feet. "I will. Let's go and see that pale black

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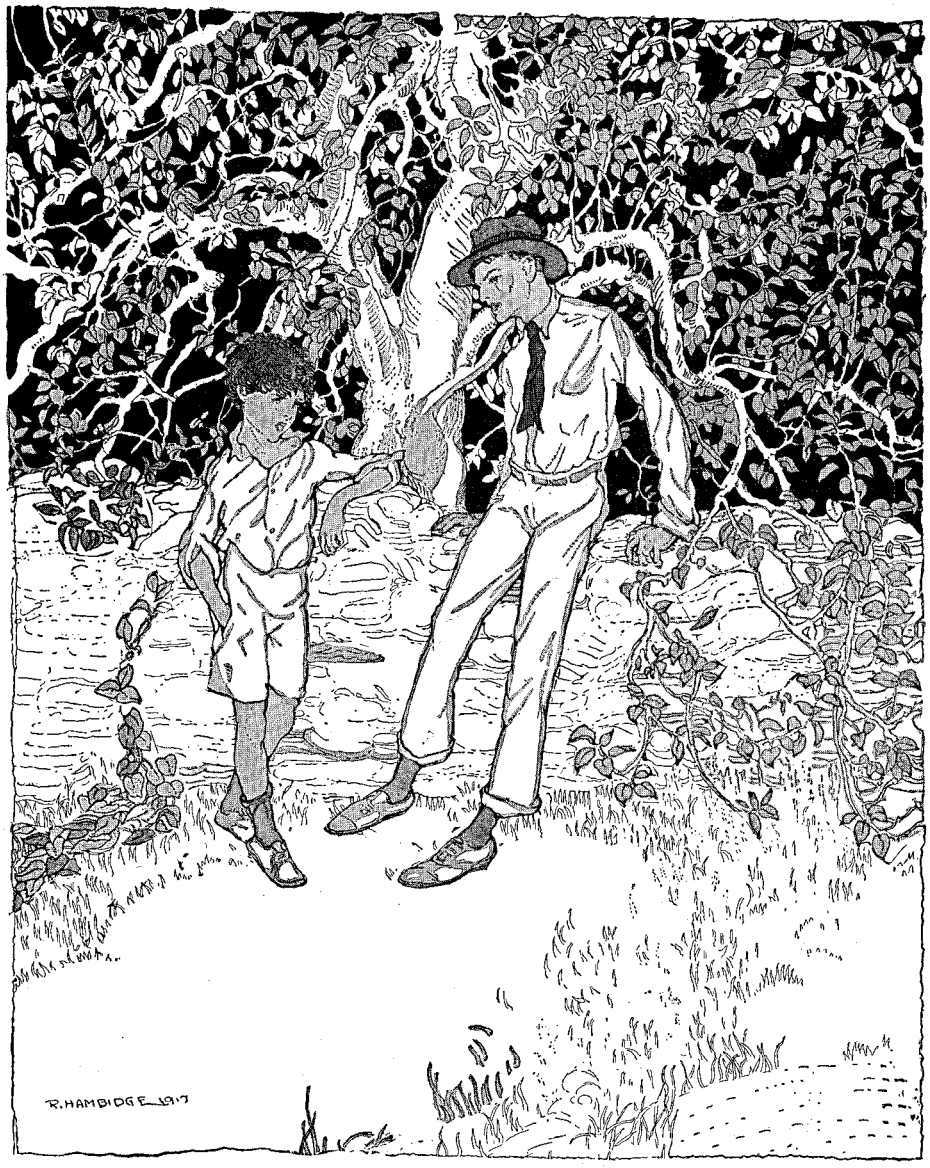

"If you're always as lonely as—as—hell, you can have the dog."—Page 226.

dog. If it's mine, I'm going to give it to you. I owe you that for telling me about Giant Despair and ending the story for me."

Jim, too, slipped to the ground and stood looking anxiously at the man. "Won't you be as lonely—as——"

"Never again, little pal, if your story is true," laughed Dan. "Shake! Now we're friends for sure, and Nailer shall nail the bargain. Let's go and see him—and the castle. I think you'd better keep hold of my hand, and then I can't run away if I want to."

"You won't want to run," smiled Jim, hopping along on one foot. "You won't, even when you see Giant Despair built into the fence. I know you're a hero by your eyes."

"The girl said that once," murmured

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Dan, and then they tramped on together down the lane without a word, but Dan's eyes were not sombre any more.

"There's the house," said Jim, "and there's Giant Despair in the wall; isn't he ugly?"

"Pretty bad!" assented Dan, "but he isn't a patch on the real thing. What must I do to show him I'm going to cut loose? Hit him?"

"You don't have to hit him if you know he's only a stone wall," answered Jim. "Tell him he is and you'll see. I'll hold your hand."

"Giant Despair," declaimed Dan with a wave of the hand that was free, "you are only a stone wall that any donkey can get over. You can't fool me any longer. The great wall of China couldn't keep me now from the girl I love."

"You see!" said Jim.

"I see," said Dan.

"Now let's find Nailer. Listen to him squeak! That's what he did this morning, and I thought it was Giant Despair. I'm glad I didn't keep on being a coward or I wouldn't have found Nailer."

"Or I Cynthia! You killed Giant De-

His arms—emptied of Cynthia's little brother—opened for Cynthia.—Page 229.

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spair for me as well as for yourself, little pal."

"Couldn't we kill him for Sinsie, too?" asked Jim, standing still. "We could. Maybe? Couldn't we?"

"We'll do our best," Dan answered with a straight set to his jaw. "If we can help it, she never shall see him again. I'm going to wait and tell her about it."

Jim, on the top step of the porch, turned with a sudden beaming face. "I've got a bully plan. You have half of Nailer and I'll have half, and then we'll all four live together and nobody will be lonely. Isn't that a good plan?"

"Perfectly bully!" agreed Dan—"if Cynthia likes it."

"She will if I coax her," said Jim confidently. "I'll 'splain it to her as soon as she comes. Just listen to Nailer! I guess he knows you."

"I guess he does. Let's bring him out and I'll show you his tricks."

And that was what Cynthia saw as she came down the lane, smiling to think how Jim would like the plummy buns she had for him. She heard Jim's laugh before she turned the curve of the road. And then she saw. On the lowest porch step Dan sat, one arm flung around Jim in his lap, leaning a golden curly head trustingly against Dan's breast while they watched together a puppy's antics. Cynthia caught her breath and her eyes grew wide. She knew just how safe a head felt on that resting-place.

Then Jim saw her and wriggled to his feet. "There's Sinsie!" he cried. "I'll 'splain about it, Sinsie."

But Dan had risen, too, his brown eyes brimmed with pleading and penitence, fire and love. His arms—emptied of Cynthia's little brother—opened for Cynthia, and, without waiting for any explanation at all, Cynthia walked straight into them.

A LOST GARDEN

By George Sterling

Under November skies,
In lovely ruin lies
A garden, long deserted by the birds.
The lacquered gold of old magnolia leaves
Gleams on its hidden lawn
Like sweet, forgotten words.
Here a lone poplar, slender-shafted, grieves,
An hour before the dawn.

Tranquil the sunlight falls
As afternoon recalls
The clime that summer's vanished feet have crossed.
A memory's lily flashes on the glance,
Like dryad-silver seen
For but a breath, then lost
Far down the western vistas of romance,
In forests old and green.

Here lies a reedless pool,
Mysterious and cool,
Within whose breast, like a remembered sin,
A mirrored flower casts her scarlet moon.

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Silent the bloom above,
Silent the bloom within,
As lovers fearful lest they tell too soon
Their sorrow and their love.

Dusk has a gentler grace
Within this quiet place,
Unhaunted yet by winds that soon shall come.
The shadows meet. The world accepts the night,
The night her youngest star.
An owl, no longer dumb,
Cries hollowly. A shape beyond the sight
Responds, and from afar.

Larger for her delay,
Slow on the path of day,
The moon gives softly of her phantom gold.
The pool, untroubled yet, receives the lure—
Fain of that fleeting gift,
Ungatherable, cold,
Ancient, and as the snows of winter pure,
Caught in a glacier's rift.

Upon the morning sky
The nameless clouds go by,
Flower of the heavens and their unchanging dream,
Fled in an hour and in an hour renewed.
On ways untrod they soar
Whose fallen shadows stream
On paths of this reproachful solitude,
Where footsteps come no more.

But day or night, the spot,
To things imagined not,
Stirs mournfully, as eddying, the leaf
Sinks earthward to the wind's autumnal moan.
Here, though no word be said,
One finds, in twilights brief,
A presence and its whisper, still unknown
And still uncomforted.

So shall it be till spring
Return, and linnets sing
On dawns too delicate for other sound
And eves æolian with the harps of rain—
Till Earth again confess
Her dreaming heart has found
The beautiful Illusion and its pain,
So rich in happiness.

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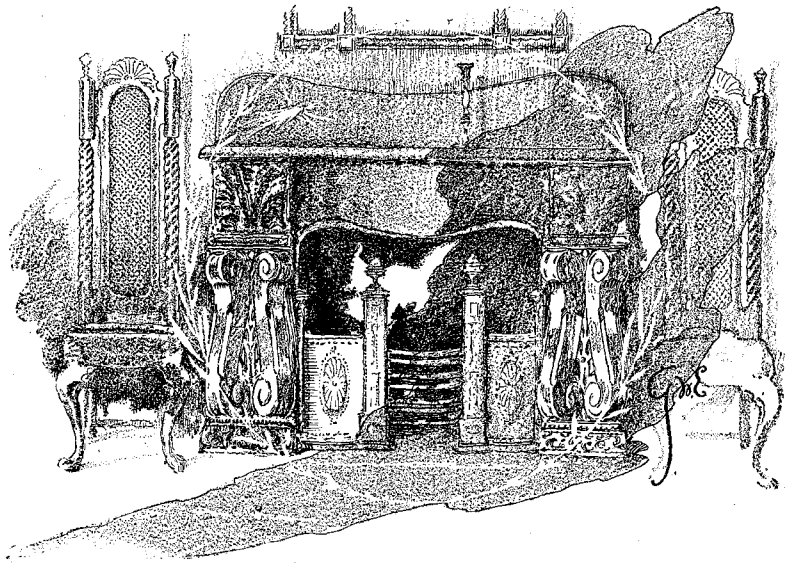

IN THE HOUSE OF MORPHY

By John Seymour Wood

Illustrations by George Wharton Edwards

I

I PULLED the door-bell of the heavy cross-barred gate and then—for no one answered the bell and I observed the gate stood unlatched—entered a narrow cleanly courtyard laid with old brick. Two galleries, railed with once beautiful iron tracery, one above the other, led around the house and down to a large open space in the rear where stood four or five venerable palms, an orange, a fig, and a linden tree, and some broken iron seats surrounding a dilapidated fountain.

Presently an old negress in a white turban came half-way down the stairs and confirmed my question.

"Yassah—Marse Paul Morphy—what dey call de chess-player—he done lib an' die in dis yar house, sah—under dat ole pam in de co'teyard, he done play wib he ole creole cronies, dey say, sah."

It did not occur to me to ask if there were rooms to let—I knew it. Hardly a house in the Vieux Carré but has, in its decrepitude, a sign to that effect. The clean matting on the floor, and the recently renewed oilcloth of the broad stairway led me to believe that Madame de Villier was at all events a careful housekeeper, and I was not at all surprised to see, standing at the head of the stairs, a tall, smiling, fresh-ginghamed person, holding a spotless white sunbonnet by its long strings.

Her face was of the tint of old ivory—dead white, I may say—with the slightest shadow beneath her large and still lustrous dark eyes. At twenty-five or thirty (so she seemed to me) she still bore herself with a semblance of sprightly youth—her smile was candid and somewhat alluring. Her expression probably meant nothing but polite kindness, but it seemed far more *intimate*, at first blush, than one is usually accustomed to meet with in the more cold-blooded landladies of the North.

Yes, she remembered M'sieu Morphy distinctly—she was born on Dauphine

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Street not far away. M'sieu Morphy often sat in her father's café of an evening and played chess. She was a little four-year-old then. When her papa died they removed to this house—her grandsire's ("We were people of property, m'sieu"). She quite recalled his bestowing upon her fireworks for her Christmas. "Pauvre vieux—he became very poor toward the end, but he was universally respected—even after he refused to play at the clubs or elsewhere in public. Oui, m'sieu."

I followed Madame de Villier up-stairs. The gallery led around a circle guarded by the carved railing, and the door of old mahogany to the left from the staircase opened into the chess-master's former apartment—two good-sized rooms. From out that door, I reflected, they had borne his coffin—he had passed away so quietly that New Orleans had neglected to pay him any marked tribute. The procession to St. Louis Cemetery was but half a block long, said madame, in her pretty half-French, half-English—yet he was a "ver' famous man, m'sieu—but few of the canaille of Royal—of Bienville—Street knew of him—ugh, the white trash—Chinese, Germans, Swedes, Italians—that have come into our neighborhood!"

Madame hastened to add that these foreign neighbors were entirely harmless. Yes, the rooms once occupied by M'sieu Morphy were to let—she was accustomed to receive twelve dollars a week for the two—but it was soon arriving the Mardi Gras and she was compelled to demand fifteen. She unlocked the door and led me in—"M'sieu—tout seul?" she asked, raising her pretty black eyebrows—"enfin, m'sieu will not require so large——?"

"I have a friend—Doctor Marnack—who will occupy the chambers with me," I said—"he is also a chess-master like the former tenant—he has come on for the tournament—and yet we really had no idea of seeking out the old home of the greatest genius of the game—still, if the price——"

"The price shall make us no quarrel"—she exclaimed quickly—"see, the advantages of living in the very suite of 'ze great Morphy'—three of the books in that case were his—mais oui, m'sieu, regardez the size—the sunlight—the great windows. The carpet too is new—only three years ago—oui."

The rooms were really spacious and elegant—the furniture *once* exceptionally good—the low windows looked out upon the wide gallery above Bienville Street. They seemed sunny and pleasant, and the cavernous, unusual fireplace—before which how often, doubtless, the master had sat and pondered—caught me in its subtle fascination. It was built of black marble—the grate and hob of the English fashion of the days of Dickens. Before I got out of the old house I had agreed to take the rooms for a month at madame's rates, and had paid into madame's white hands a part of the rent.

Walking down "Burrbon" Street to our hotel I felt that Doctor Marnack would probably veto my plans, since he usually vetoed, on our travels, every arrangement which his own fertile brain had not originated. I determined therefore to lead him to see the rooms without knowing that I had already taken them, and was prepared to deprecate and depreciate them sufficiently to arouse his full opposition in their favor.

The master proved to be amiability itself. We looked over Morphy's apartment the next morning, and he agreed that it was reasonable and desirable. He called attention particularly to an ancient French mahogany-veneer highboy:

"In just such a chest as this," he said, "we may find a hidden drawer and a key which will ultimately lead to secret treasure—we may discover some of the lost letters of Napoleon to Josephine—or—or—a manuscript of Morphy!"

"Yes—some new and wonderful games played in his retirement—something marvellous!" I exclaimed hopefully.

"My dear fellow," he remarked, as we politely bade *au revoir* to madame and sauntered down Bourbon Street, "I am sorry to have to inform you that Morphy's house was on Royal—not Bienville—Street, but that makes no difference—the rooms of themselves, with their panelling of old Louisianian cypress, are full of a peculiar interest—and the house is the oldest on the block—the landlady a highly agreeable and, we will assume, respectable young French matron. Nothing could be better in this

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strange old city of romance, now grappled by the iron fist of modern Yankee enterprise."

"Not Morphy's house! Then Madame de Villier——?"

"A delightful if prevaricating woman—not to be despised in these days of the obvious type! A zealous landlady imposing upon a chess-lover—it amuses me. We must not be too hard on her—we will say nothing—and take her rooms." The master showed me an open page of an "authentic" Orleans guide-book and proved himself, as usual, correct—in my mistaken wanderings I had hit upon a house quite a block out of the way.

Madame de Villier.

We fell to discussing the amusing ruse of Madame de Villier. Reading in the *Picayune* of the assembly of chess people for the tournament had doubtless put it into the head of the clever and cleanly young landlady in this way more readily to dispose of her vacancies—the maid had been instructed accordingly. Gallic thrift, Horatio—thrift!

Suddenly Doctor Marnack crossed the street and entered a small garlic-breathing, vegetable-odorous, French delicatessen shop. The proprietor, a thin little old man in a dirty—once white—apron and wearing an old soft hat, came forward, bowing and smiling with a dull, vegetable look in his eyes.

"Quelle espèce de maison se trouve au numero 813A?" asked the master, pressing a dime in the old man's hand.

"Zat 'ouse, m'sieu?—eet ees ver' respectable."

"I am a stranger and——"

"Mais, zat 'ouse—eet ees très-très comme il faut, m'sieur——"

"But I am a Frenchman, like yourself—I live in Paris—" Doctor Marnack smiled insinuatingly, stroking his beard.

"Français? Pardon, m'sieu—zat 'ouse eet ees famous as well as reputable—Madame de Villier ees vun of my best customer—she is highly well seen, m'sieur."

"Exactly—and——?"

The old grocer hesitated a moment—"dans le second étage, m'sieu, occurred the murder of Père Marquande Chaminé—in 1901—I remember well—the murderer was never known—and——"

"And people around here have a way of saying the house is haunted, eh, mon vieux?" The doctor absently reached down and helped himself to a tamerind.

"Eet ees zerefore difficile for madame to rent, naturellement, unless to strangers. Oui, m'sieu, they say eet ees haunt (a shrug) madame ees entirely reputable—and pays her bills quite so frequently—she ees good vomans—she attend regularly ze mass at Saint Stephen's. She 'as live in ze ole 'ouse many year—she ees French Creole. M'sieu ees velcome to ze fruit—will he not try ze Satsuma? ze Kumquat?"

I tossed the old man a small coin, and we left him pondering among his vegetables.

"Now you see what you have got us into," laughed the master as we left the small grocery and turned our steps toward Canal Street to the Chess and Checkers Club across the way.

"I think I'll go around and tell madame what I think of her—and demand back the instalment I paid her," I said indignantly.

"But she is so eminently respectable!"

"She is so eminently—a fraud!"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, laughing— "Of course you can do as you like—but, as for me, I rather fancy sleeping in that great and really splendid

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chamber—in the intervals between games and during the long nights of restlessness it will amuse me, if I can, to try and puzzle out the relation of our landlady to the murder of the priest. If the murderer is unknown after all these ten years, then it will be all the more to our credit, my friend, if we should discover a clew and bring the fellow to justice. Let us therefore say nothing to madame either about the Morphy trick or about the tragedy. Let us conduct ourselves like sedate and unsuspicious chess enthusiasts, glad to dwell in the precincts where once lived the genius of all time—eager to absorb perhaps even a trifle of his brilliancy—though attempted brilliancy in a tournament, I've found, usually leads to disaster and despair."

"All very fine," I returned dryly, "but I'd like to sleep o' nights—besides, I'm not a chess fiend!"

The master slapped me on the shoulder. "Come," he urged, "you will feel better after one of their excellent Sazerac cocktails."

As we entered the café devoted wholly to the manufacture of this famous restorative, we found Colonel Pendellow, whom we knew at the club, to welcome us, with one or two other members. The genial colonel had at noon already the garrulity of a well-seasoned toper. He shook our hands warmly, and when he found where we had taken apartments gave an expression of alarm— "But you must not go there—that Madame de Villier—they say she is quadroon—there is no doubt that among them they once killed a man—a priest—too—in her house—she was never tried."

"But you *know* nothing, colonel?"

"Not of my own knowledge—no—but—they say—that she——"

"In just such a chest as this, . . . we may find a hidden drawer."
—Page 232.

II

I was well aware that the master often played his best games when his mind was intently employed outside of the tournament in close mental work on something other than chess. I therefore offered no criticism when, for several days, he utilized every moment when absent from the Chess and Checkers Club (where the tournament was in progress) in examining police reports of the murder, and newspapers of 1901, and in interviewing as well neighboring proprietors of shops and cafés. At night he would lie at full length on the huge mahogany sofa before the soft-coal fire, cigar unsmoked, and theorize upon the untimely taking off, in that very room, of the good Père Chaminé, the old Jesuit priest. His games were going well, he said—he had so far no defeats and but one draw, and he was in a contented and cheerful frame of mind in these comfortable quarters of ours, which to me seemed full of a nameless terror. I could not shake off the feeling. My room, a trifle smaller than the master's, fronted with its one window on Bienville Street, and had one door opening into the other chamber and one into the open circular space, which had also its counterpart on the floor above. My bed was a large high and royal imported couch, with a canopy, while the one in the larger room was a plain cot of American make, and it was evident that the apartment was formerly rented out as "parlor and bedroom." I could

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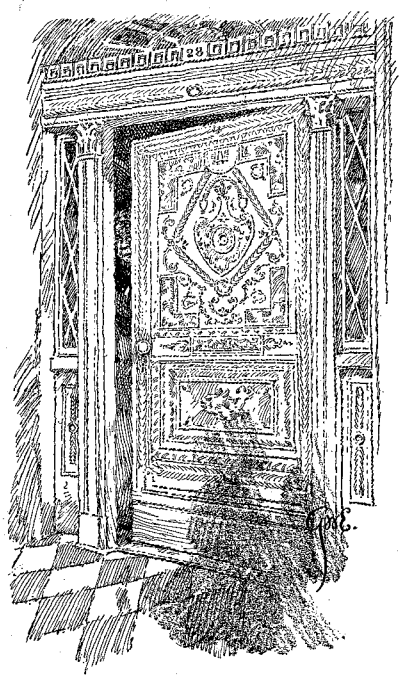
imagine that in days gone by some rich West Indian—South American—or Mexican hidalgo might have filled the great chambers with old French furniture—paintings—and bric-à-brac (he might have bought them in the then prosperous shops just below) and lived *en garçon,* with some local notoriety.

Not far away, on Chartres Street, stood the famous house built and furnished by Girod to receive the exiled Napoleon when his countrymen of New Orleans raised a large sum to rescue him from Saint Helena. What a pity the great emperor should have died before their romantic plans of abduction could be carried out! On Royal Street, near by, the Lalaurie Haunted House is still pointed out as the scene of the horrible torturing of slaves—here and there, on Royal or Doumaine, yet stand the Cabled houses of "Madame John," and "Sieur George" and "'Tite Poulette"—forever embalmed in story.



The door of the haunted house, Royal Street.

"Why," asked Doctor Marnack, "may we not put our own habitation in the guide-books? Let us make it famous by ferreting out the murderer of the good Père Chaminé—let our stay in the Vieux Carré leave behind it a monument to be handed down to posterity—or to that time—pray the gods far distant—when Yankee energy shall have crossed Canal Street to rebuild the ancient city."

"By all means—but what has your 'ferreting,' as you call it, resulted in so far?"

The master looked at me with a supercilious smile. "You want me to give you facts? Very well, then, simply this: The murder happened on Shrove Tuesday of Mardi Gras week, in March, 1901, or rather on Ash Wednesday following. The French ball at the opera-house that night was a decorous affair, and was over at one o'clock. The quadroon ball—well—at two o'clock, we will say, the real fun and jollity of the night began. Señor Marco Villasco Raspardo di Gamo, of Rio Janeiro, a rich, reckless, and dare-devil sort of youngster then occupying these apartments, attended both the balls, escorting the same lady to each. At an uncertain hour—call it just before dawn of Ash Wednesday—our Madame de Villier, then Rosa Conti, a beautiful girl of seventeen, threw open these blinds there of the middle window (she was in her white, long-trained, satin ball-gown), rushed out on the gallery, and screamed 'Murder!' at the top of her voice. As she was then a noted young belle, it must have caused considerable sensation in the Vieux Carré—and no wonder the police came running up the staircase by twos and threes. In the salon here they found the old priest lying on his back—dead—shot through the heart. His feet rested about there on the rug near the highboy—his head lay toward the door where the 'Morphy arm-chair' is and—say two feet from the end of the bed there. He was garbed in cassock and biretta—had a missal in his hand—and near by lay a bag with stole, oil-stock, and pyx—he having, as I believe, come to these apartments falsely summoned to the bedside of some supposititious dying person—for no priest would leave his bed at that hour, I think, for any purpose other than to give the last rites.

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"Don di Gamo, the young and wealthy Spaniard, it seems, fancied himself in love with the pretty daughter of his landlady, although not yet her accepted lover. He escorted both mother and daughter to the grand carnival ball at the old French opera. This ball, you know, is given by the knights of the Mardi Gras and is the *finale* of the week's festival. Of course, it is very select, and people of tainted blood are proscribed. At the close of this ball it seems there was a quarrel between mother and daughter because Rosa and the Don desired to attend the quadroon ball which followed. At *that* ball white women are proscribed, as you know. Madame Conti left them in high dudgeon and walked the few blocks to her home. The Don and Rosa then danced till the early hours at the quadroon ball, both, of course, being masked. As I said before, white women are considered somewhat *de trop* at the closing scenes—! From these facts I conclude, therefore——"

Rosa Conti.

"I think your conclusion is absurd—Don and Rosa were both very young, foolish, and reckless. Doubtless a glass or two of champagne had also stimulated their curiosity—they went to the quadroon ball merely as a *risqué* adventure——"

The doctor made a grimace. "Coming now to the motive for the murder of the priest," he went on calmly, "I have learned that the young Spanish nobleman had already engaged his ticket on the steamer sailing for South America on the very day of the tragedy, Ash Wednesday. It seems a reasonable conclusion that Madame Conti, alarmed and angry at her daughter's conduct, determined that the Don should be captured and Rosa safely married before he could escape. After her arrival at home she summoned the priest on some pretext or other, and when the young pair returned tried to force the wedding ceremony. The Don was willing—but the priest refused point-blank on the ground that by so doing he would violate the law. Undoubtedly he scolded the mother and berated the wilful young beauty. There ensued a terrible row, with the unfortunate result that Madame Conti, driven to fury at the thwarting of her plans, allowed her hot creole blood to get the advantage of her (mind, I do not *say* negro blood), and the old priest was killed——"

"Too far-fetched, friend Marnack!"

The doctor put his finger to his lips and threw open the door. There stood Madame de Villier, placidly smiling, holding a silver tray—on it a pitcher and glasses.

"Les Américains of the East are so fond of their ice-vasser—this is special ice—messieurs." She spoke with no trace of embarrassment on her pale, shadowy face: "I vish much to please mes amis"—her smile was disarming, and the master, gazing at her, stepped back in no little surprise—and—doubtless—suspicion.

"Thank you so much, madame," he said, relieving her of the tray. "Ice-water is always so useful, in season and out of season."

After madame had gone and the door was closed again I murmured: "No nun of Saint Ursula ever seemed so white."

The doctor merely waved his hand. "At the coroner's inquest over the priest's body there was testimony to the effect that when the old man fell Rosa and the Don were taking black coffee and eating olives together at the Café D'Antoine. Rosa also testified that when they came home from the café, the priest's body was first discovered, and her screams

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from the gallery thereupon roused the neighborhood."

"So, then, there was an alibi as to Rosa and the Don—is there any reason why we may not believe she spoke the truth?"

"The testimony of several street loiterers was to the effect that the cries of 'murder' followed immediately upon the shot."

"In other words, doctor, you would have her announce her mother's crime?"

"I accuse no one—I merely wish to remark that it is like a woman in a state of intense excitement, easily accounted for too by a night of dissipation, to scream like a red macaw."

I laughed aloud. "So much for you and your abominable theory!"

The master shook his head: "Be serious," he said; "who is M. de Villier? A myth—a name our smooth little madame has assumed since her mother's death for purposes of her own. I have made a search—there is no record of Rosa Conti's marriage in this parish——"

"There are some twenty-four parishes in Louisiana," I remarked.

"Produce him—produce this M. de Villier!" he cried, turning on me fiercely.

Again we heard some one moving on the landing outside our door. I turned the knob and listened. A dim gas-burner threw light on the various landings through the circular opening. Presently we heard a woman sobbing on the floor above—sobbing as if her heart would break. Doctor Marnack sighed.

"That is conscience smiting—think of the horrible self-torture she must inflict on herself all her life long—that is, of course, if she and her mother were guilty—I pity the poor creature, knowing the strain of blood in her veins, even if she were innocent. Were she pure and good as an angel she may only seek a dusky mate—it is the law! I haven't the heart to pursue her case any farther—the game is over—turn down the king." He walked across the room and stood leaning against the great mantel-piece, while I heard quick footsteps climb the stairs two at a time and there followed excitedly from the floor above:

"Charles! at last! I had given you up——"

"*Ma chérie*—train late—delayed at Baton Rouge—delayed all along—" then happy laughter, gentle expostulations, and kisses.

"The rooms on the third étage seem to be well taken," remarked Doctor Marnack icily, as I closed our door and locked it for the night.

III

A WEEK passed and the tournament drew to a close. Doctor Marnack was now tied with the great Lipschutz and was one up on Marshall. He devoted

"They found the old priest lying on his back—dead."—Page 235.

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himself entirely to his matches, and, as he said, had washed his hands completely of the case of Madame de Villier.

Our landlady was very fond of flowers, and the roses, poinsettias, violets, and japonicas in the beds along the neighboring wall, and in the courtyard of her own dwelling, were tended by her in her white sunbonnet, every day, with unusual care.

As I disliked to sit alone in our memory-haunted apartment, it had become my custom to peruse the *Picayune* and *Item* on the iron bench beneath the palmettos, and covertly to study my landlady as she passed like some beneficent queen bee from flower to flower. She had a girlish way with her—a light touch—a quick step—an attractive delicacy—which made the doctor's conclusion about her seem the more cruel. She was still a young woman—well under thirty—and, looking at her I could only deplore the master's unusual lack of intuition. He was generally so correct in his analysis. Madame rarely spoke as she worked among her flowers—once in a while she sang to herself a little French *chanson*. She seemed so engrossed in her gentle labor that she entirely ignored my presence. I was surprised one morning when she spoke to me:

"You seem fond of smoke in the open, m'sieu?"

"Yes, I enjoy sitting in the seats of the Morphy," I laughed, "even if I am not a great chess-player."

"You are secretaire of ze distingué M. Marnack?"

"Merely his *compagnon du voyage*—we often travel together."

"I am terribly afraid of heem—he knits his eyebrows—*so*—he has such penetrating eyes—*so*—he accuses!"

It had become my custom . . . covertly to study my landlady. . . . Madame

"He has a great analytic mind, madame—accustomed to solve profound chess problems—as to other problems, he is not so very profound. *Par exemple*—as to who murdered Père Chaminé—" I

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spoke bluntly with a purpose. She gave me a piercing glance, dropped the little trowel she was holding, trembled, and looked down—finally she spoke:

"Even ze great Doctor Marnack will nevaire fathom zat affair — nevaire, m'sieu."

"I have known his fertile imagination to hit upon some wonderfully correct conclusions—" I ventured.

"Apparently M. Marnack has interested himself in the case of the poor priest—he has studied this problem—from the glance of his eye—perhaps he already render verdict against me."

"Of course we are both naturally interested in a crime committed in the very chamber where we sleep—believe me, madame, had I known it, I would have hesitated a long time before renting the apartment——"

"But now—you are satisfy?" She gazed upon me pleadingly.

"I am satisfied that you could no more be connected with any crime than could the old priest himself."

"Je vous remercie, m'sieu," she returned gravely.

"Thank the Lord we have not been troubled by ghosts, at all events in our rooms"—I laughed—"though I confess I do not care much to sit there alone——"

"Oh! m'sieu, good persons, such as dear old Père Chaminé, if they revisit our earth after death—they are kind—they bring blessings—not evil. Truly, m'sieu, I loved the dear old father from my childhood."

The expression of her face and her intense earnestness removed from my mind the last doubt as to her innocency. I had a question ready on my tongue to put to her, but she suddenly vanished into the house at the call of her maid.

Presently I heard Doctor Marnack's voice, and after a time she reappeared with him in the doorway of the courtyard. "I am afraid of you—your eyes hate me—" she was saying to him.

rarely spoke as she worked among her flowers.—Page 238.

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"Oh, no, not at all—really, I make it a rule never to hate my landlady," he replied gravely.

"On my way down Châgres Street to the French market yesterday I met you—you looked at me, but did not see me——"

"Oh, working out some problem——"

"I know—*my* problem——"

"I think you can help us solve it easily enough," he laughed.

She gave him a frightened glance, put her finger to her lips, and disappeared again. The master came over to the bench where I was sitting, lit a long, black cigar, and took his seat comfortably.

"It is really a greater puzzle than I had supposed," he said at length.

"Oh, I thought you had decided it and dismissed it from your mind."

"Why, no—Colonel Pendellow met me this morning at the club—he brought with him the chief of police. The colonel has been greatly upset by our living in this house—the chief has thrown all my theories to the winds by stating that the shot entered the priest's body just below the left shoulder-blade—so that it must have come from behind him and could not have been fired from in front."

"You are still interested, then?"

"The chief said a rifle was used, for the ball was found where it had buried itself in the wall—the place has been replastered and repapered since then—I must take my bearings—I must study this matter a little more carefully." We smoked together for some minutes in silence.

"The only thing that interests me," I said, "is the clearing of our pretty madame's name—I don't care who killed the priest—he may have had a dozen enemies. This old quarter is filled with a lot of irresponsible vagabonds—some of the rascals surely must have fallen under his censure."

"She knows—*she* knows," was his reply, as he rose nervously and strode to and fro upon the narrow brick walk.

IV

THE night was warm and damp and we sat on our gallery watching the motley crowd passing along the banquette of Bienville Street—among them not a few Northern visitors, feeling, doubtless, like ourselves, transported to the stony streets of some minor town in France. The huge blocks of granite pavement—the overhanging galleries—the narrow banquette—the signs of all nations over the little shops—took us completely out of the United States. Opposite was a hotel, kept by a Parisian—if its title, "Hôtel de l'Arc de Triomphe," were any indication. Its balconies were directly upon a level with ours—an occupant might readily be able to see into our rooms, if so inclined. It would even be easy to call across—or to make love—or to shoot to kill.

Doctor Marnack was growing very nervous, the fact being that he had lost a game to Janowski and was half-way through an adjourned game with Marshall which did not look prosperous. His perturbed state of mind caused him to rise from his chair—stride up and down—toss his long arms like a maniac—now passing through the low window out upon the gallery—now back into the apartment. I regret to say that he swore vigorously in a variety of languages, his brain meanwhile working out divers methods of play in his unpropitious end-game. Suddenly he called out to me: "Nothing so damned curious about this antique furniture, I dare say—but the queer horrible old marble mantelpiece is altogether out of proportion—it's big enough to hide a house. It gets on my nerves. I'm going to investigate it."

I went inside and found the master feeling along the edge of the black marble shelf with his long, sensitive fingers. He removed the large gilt clock covered with its glass case and the two tall crystal candelabra on either side, and placed them on the table. The heavy shelf-top he turned up against the wall as if on a hinge.

"You see the difficulty I am meeting with," he said to me leisurely, groping with his long arms in the cavity of the mantel—"is making my rook's pawn on five do the work of two." As he spoke he drew out a long tin box which was marked in faded yellow ink:

PAUL MORPHY—RANDOM PAPERS—1881

"Why then, Morphy *did* live here!" I cried, excitedly.

"Possibly——"

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"And madame has not deceived us!"

"Also possibly——"

The doctor lifted the lid of the box—it was not fastened. Trembling with nervous expectation, he took out a package of letters, which he tore open feverishly. They proved to be communications of a dunning nature from some lady who appeared to hold the relation of laundress to the great master—and bills (unpaid) of a tailor. Also, item, a bundle of vouchers in small sums drawn on a bank long since passed out of business; item, an old blue envelope marked with several chess diagrams and inscribed in Morphy's fine, feminine handwriting: "Some higher problems of the pawn and end-game."

"Extraordinary luck!" he cried—"the very thing I most need to see at the present time—but, really, I cannot use these

The overhanging galleries—the narrow banquette—the signs of all nations over the little shops—took us completely out of the United States.—Page 240.

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papers," he added, turning them over to me with a fine air of renunciation—"it is certainly most odd and curious, though."

"It's a case of simple good fortune," I replied amazed; "why don't you take what the gods send to you?"

"Never!" he cried— "You know me well enough——"

I took the papers out of the envelope and looked them over. As far as I could see they were endless calculations of figures—pertaining to bank accounts—debts—and business affairs—with no application to chess at all.

"I think they will do little harm to your *amour-propre* to see them," I laughed—"evidently the great master was trying to figure himself out of his financial troubles. The 'pawn-and-end-game' papers are missing. While engaged on these problems his landlady was dunning him, or his tailor driving him to distraction."

"Poor man—poor man! the usual chess-master's money difficulties. Chess is an exotic—as the Americans say, 'There is no money in it.'" And the doctor sighed dismally.

I replaced the papers in the box, tied the cord around it, and laid it aside in a drawer of the highboy for safe-keeping.

"Let us see if the old mantel contains anything else," said the doctor. Presently he brought up some dusty old bottles labelled Château Lafitte, 1858, and after reaching about a long-necked flask of Amontillado—"These will do my chess more good than the Morphy papers," he laughed, as he set the bottles on the polished centre-table, and I saw him again busy over the lid of the mantel.

"It looks as if a bullet had struck here," he said suddenly, rubbing his finger in a smooth, oblong dent in the hard stone, and placing his eye near it. "Why, the bullet might have been fired from across the street—notice the angle. The lid of the mantel may have been up at the time of the murder—perhaps the Don was taking out some of his fine old wine to celebrate. See—the bullet, striking the hard surface, would be deflected to the left, toward the corner of the room, where it is probable the priest stood. Following this angle, it may have passed through his body and lodged in the wall just about here"—and the doctor, taking out his penknife, scraped away the brown wall-paper just above the cypress wainscoting. "Behold!" he cried, triumphantly, "we find new plaster where the bullet was found—and removed. The lid of the mantel being usually down, and the clock upon it, who would ever discover that the shot had struck it? Even a person in the room, seeing the priest fall, could never have told the direction from which the death bullet really sped."

"But you have got no nearer the murderer," I said.

"A simple matter," smiled the master; "find out who occupied the end room of the second étage in the Hôtel de l'Arc de Triomphe on the vigil of Ash Wednesday, 1901—and let me tell you that the French are very particular about keeping and preserving hotel registers."

"Even then you haven't found the murderer," I persisted: "you have only found a some one who fired at a black marble mantel."

"But killed the priest——"

He had no time to turn down the top, or to reset the clock and candelabra above it when a knock at the door admitted madame.

"Some creole pralines for les messieurs," she smiled, handing me a plate of pecan confections—"my own make, m'sieu; my sainted mother taught me."

How girlishly innocent she looked as she stood framed in the great doorway! "You are very kind," I said. The master eyed her keenly. She had been to mass at Saint Stephen's and she wore a becoming, modest dress of black silk. I thought her particularly alluring—if somewhat pale.

"You are old French creole, madame?" the doctor asked shortly.

"Oui, m'sieu, my grandfather was a fine gentleman—he fought many duels—yes—he was a great gambler—he was unfortunate."

"And he gambled away all his fortune and left to his descendants little besides this old house?"

"Hélas, oui, m'sieu—after a night of the cards he fought with swords, m'sieu, in this same chamber—and was killed." She gave him a proud glance from her dark eyes.

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"And this, then, is some of his wine, probably?"

"Ah, then, you have opened the mantel?"

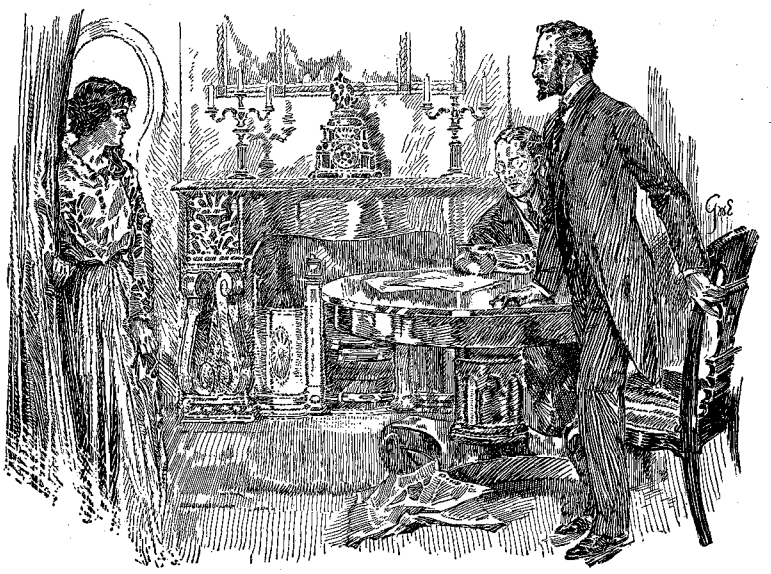
The doctor, nibbling at one of her delicious pralines, threw a long arm over the back of what we had denominated "Morphy's chair." "Yes, madame—and by so doing we have made a discovery——"

"Ah——"

"The person who killed Père Chaminé had been in the house but a few minutes—your mother had already summoned the priest before you came—perhaps she considered you had disgraced yourself—do not protest, madame—she demanded your instant marriage, to which the good-natured Don willingly consented."

Madame stood gazing at the master with fascinated eyes.

"The Don had attended you at the ball clad as a monk with tonsured head—



Madame stood gazing at the master with fascinated eyes.

stood in a window of a room in the hotel across the street—his bullet struck the upturned lid of the mantelpiece, and was deflected so that it passed through the priest's body as the latter was about to marry you to the Spaniard who then occupied this room. The shot was not fired to hit any one of the marriage party, for why should it be aimed at the old black-marble mantel? It was because he believed it was the safest mark in the room he could aim at—you perceive he wanted to frighten you—to bring the ceremony to an abrupt conclusion—so, in a sense, he is guiltless of murder. Let us replace the party in this room that night—you had danced with the Don at the quadroon ball—you had returned and he still retained the costume. Your mother, a woman of strong will, had already caused you to give up the man you loved—we will say, at a venture, that his name was Charles——"

Our landlady put out her hands and sank down in a chair.

"But 'ow 'ave you divine all this, m'sieu? It is true—the shot that killed the poor old father was not intended for him—oh, mon Dieu—be merciful, m'sieu—you will not bring harm to my 'usband?"

"I certainly can assure you, madame, that your husband need have no fears of penal punishment after ten years for hitting a mantelpiece!"

At this assurance she burst into tears—

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as soon as she could control herself she said:

"Charles and I were married the day after my sainted mother's funeral (may she rest in peace!) at Iberville. Yes, he even has changed his name by law, m'sieu. Since then we have led an unhappy, clandestine married life, for here he stands in great fear of certain politicians of the city who suspect him—though there is but one other person in the world now living who could testify against him—Don di Gamo of Brazil."

Doctor Marnack rose and took her hand gravely in his: "Trust to me, madame—consider me your friend—but may I ask, Why did you put the box of Paul Morphy's papers in the mantelpiece?"

"Ah, m'sieu," she blushed, "I am very poor—it is ver' difficile for me under the circumstance to rent my apartments—so I try and make my house famous—in case any one dispute the fact that M. Morphy once lived here I would open the mantel and show them the proof. I purchased the box at an auction, m'sieu." She hung her pretty head.

"So, then—he never did live here, after all?"

"Non, m'sieu, the guide-books speak the truth—you will forgive me, messieurs?" She wore such a disarming smile that we could only answer:

"We have nothing to forgive."

"And when my unhappy Charles comes again on ze Zolita——"

"What is a Zolita?"

"Ze Pullman, messieurs——"

As soon as madame had left the room the doctor burst out in one of his cavernous Gargantuan laughs. "What are we living in?" he demanded—"a chamber of horrors—a duelling-place of gamblers? And who is our landlady—the wife of 'Charles'—an eminent Pullman porter—probably black as the ace of spades? Again I feel forced to wash my hands of this affair"—and he proceeded deliberately to uncork a dusty bottle of old Lafitte.

"Pullman *conductor*, she *said*——"

"Perhaps she did——"

"They are generally white, I believe——"

"Well, possibly——"

"The rich young scapegrace, the Brazilian, was ready to marry her!"

"To his health, honest young bravo! I drink to him in his own delectable claret—I drink to his country, too, and to France, which both ignore the taint of slave blood!"

"And here's to our landlady!" I cried, drinking. "Sweet, innocent woman—white as the sea-foam that bore my lady Venus!"

And so, after a little chaff, we peacefully retired in our chamber of horrors, where so many lives had been, it seemed, tossed unwittingly to the vultures of hate and gaming and jealousy. The lodgings were neatly kept, highly desirable, quite attractive at the price. If the place with its fantastic shadows were any less commercially valuable by reason of being haunted, we were unable to prove it. Lights walked across our ceiling o' nights, caused not by ghosts or creepy things, but by the prosaic headlights of belated automobiles. Flashes danced upon our walls and over the sepulchral mantel—some gentleman was going to bed late in the old French hotel opposite. Suddenly awakened at an hour when he might be expected to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, I tried to see the old creole grandsire, his dagger raised aloft above his head—the round table and floor covered with playing-cards—but it proved to be only the master's long black overcoat hanging on its tree!

When in the morning I lamented the absence of spectres he asked: "Ghosts? How many people may have untowardly died in the hard hotel bed in this crowded city which one occupies for a night? In these gloomy balconied houses of Royal Street—Châtres—Bienville—how few are not stained by the blood of violent death? In the old Absinthe House is there not a record of a dozen murders—in the old Hotel St. Louis were not shots often exchanged by way of affable greeting in the famous homicidal rotunda? My friend, this town is full of shrieking ghosts protesting against the incoming commercial spirit and the outgoing of the old barbarous life!"

At breakfast Madame de Villier presided over her delicious *café au lait, petits*

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pains, *beurre frais*, and *œufs à la créole* in dignified silence. We came thoroughly to enjoy these simple meals, sometimes, on sunny warm days, served on the gallery overlooking the court, the table adorned with madame's pretty flowers. Gallatoire's, Antoine's, La Louisiane, or Madame Begué's afforded us excellent and reasonable repasts of a more substantial nature—but our déjeuners were our demet the scorn of her locale with scorn. It seemed to us, unfamiliar with the creole love for ancestral habitations, curious that madame should not, with her husband, migrate to some other city—there is a saying, I have since learned, that a creole never sells out—he is sold out. Perhaps madame's pride looked forward to the day when the mystery of the priest's death should be legally cleared away, and she

"Ah me— . . . just for a shot—she might have been my wife."—Page 246.

light. More and more did we both, I believe, feel a sincere pity for this sensitive and reticent young creature, whose unhappy romance in the old house had not yet entirely come to an end. At the same time she seemed to lean on us as friends who would assist her. No allusion was ever made to the accidental discovery of Doctor Marnack which had penetrated her secret. For years she had been a marked person—so we learned from the keeper of an ancient and mouldy wig-shop—once they had charivaried her (*peste!*) with horns and shouts and pistol-shots. Boys had followed her in the street, calling after her vile epithets. But she had pursued the even tenor of her way, now, as we knew, secretly married, and had could raise her pretty head in triumph upon her enemies of the Vieux Carré.

The Chess and Checkers Club awarded to Doctor Marnack (for he lost his end-game to Marshall) the second prize. The Morphy "notes" were proved to be valueless except as indicia of the troubled financial condition of the master's last years. A few of his fugitive papers had doubtless fallen into ignorant hands before madame purchased the box, and, as often happens, the chaff had been saved and the invaluable wheat—the immortal lucubrations of genius upon the pawn and end-game—destroyed or lost forever.

We were seriously discussing whether to turn our footsteps to the north or, as

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the master proposed, to Havana (observing that, since Madame de Villier had absolutely rejected our advice that her husband should throw himself upon the mercy of the court, there seemed nothing left for us to do in regard to that problem), when I read aloud at breakfast from my *Picayune* of the arrival at the St. Charles Hotel of no less a personage than his excellency, Don Marco Villasco Raspardo di Gamo—his wife, her jewels, seven children, two secretaries, and eight maids—from Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

The Don (whose naughty salad student days in the American Paris must now be forgotten) was the recently accredited Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary, etc., etc., to these United States.

I glanced at our landlady as I read of the arrival of the distinguished South American. She was fanning herself vigorously with her little Spanish fan. But for a chance shot she might have been Madame Don di Gamo, leading into our simple-minded republic her retinue of secretaries, liveried servants, maids, and pretty, overdressed children. *But for a chance shot.* We had occasion to admire the entire lack of envy in her casual remark after a little: "Vraiment, d'those Sud-Amerique-Spaniards—it is dthat they are all cymbal and drum!" And she turned up her chin in undoubted and undisguised disdain.

"I wouldn't say that, madame—they are fine men—splendid soldiers—" I remonstrated.

"Do you not envy his wife her jewels?" asked the doctor casually, as he lit a cigarette.

"Her jewels—paste!"

The master smiled as he gave me a passing glance, and, rising from the table, went around and shook madame's little white hand, to her evident surprise.

"Whatever you are, you're a thorough good sport!" he said quietly, and he left the room.

As I afterward learned, he left it to good purpose.

For, gaining a sudden inspiration from the reappearance of the principal actor in the tragedy of the old house on Bienville Street, he went direct to the St. Charles and sent up his card to the royal suite. His excellency, it appeared, had lost none of the kindly good nature which had characterized the young student Don di Gamo. He was delighted to receive the chess master, of whose fame in taking the second prize at the great tournament the papers had already informed him. He was fond of the game himself, and the master still further won his good will by offering to play him a short match—even yielding him both castles. After a Sazerac or two, and a reasonable number of silver fizzes, the doctor ventured to unbosom himself of the story of the present situation of Madame de Villier, with whom he had taken lodgings, adding casually that her maiden name, he believed, was *Rosa Conti.*

At that name the Brazilian had suddenly arisen to his six feet. "Sacre bleu! Corpo di Baccho! do you know Rosa Conti?—tell me of her—tell me of her!" he exclaimed.

As he told me afterward, the doctor then proceeded to pull the tremolo stop until the Don wept and promised his intercession with the authorities.

"Ah me—the foolish romances of our youth"—he sighed—"pretty Señorita Rosa—a pure and lovely creole, Señor—the daughter of my landlady—ah me—merciful God!—just for a shot—she might have been my wife, but, por l'amor di Dios—I beg of you, Señor, do not let her Excellenzia my wife hear that!"

"Do justice, your Excellency"—urged the master—"the poor woman lives under a cloud—by the veriest accident my friend and I took lodgings in her house in Bienville Street—the very genteel apartments, Señor, once occupied by yourself."

The Don bowed and laughed.

"Yes—yes—I remember them very well—many a fine supper have we had in the old rooms—truly, many a dance of pretty chickens on the galleries—the old state bed—the veneered French furniture—the great, black-marble mantel (by the way, I left some bottles of very good wine in it the very day I fled)—I was a gay young student those days at the famous Tulane University."

"Tell me, your Excellency, who killed the priest?"

The Don's face fell. "Pardon, Señor, if I knew I would tell you—once they

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sent down a commission for my testimony, but I would say nothing—now I tell you what happened. It is not considered lucky to drop the wedding-ring—yet I dropped mine then—and, just as I stooped to pick it up, the shot came from across the way—over my head—yes, as I stooped. That shot, intended for me—bang!"—the Don smote his hands together—"the poor padre, he fell dead."

"But who fired the shot, your Excellency?"

"I have never spoken of this to any one—mon Dieu—you must know, Señor, that I was in costume—I had been a tonsured monk at the ball—I was still in my character—the murderer may have mistaken the priest for me."

"But who *was* the murderer?"

The Don became greatly agitated. "I do not know—I merely surmise—Dio mio—at the quadroon ball that night a tall young man with a pale face—followed us here, there, everywhere, Señor. I thought I caught a glimpse of that same face on the balcony of the hotel across the way as we got out of our cab. That is all I know, Señor—truly."

"I think that will be sufficient"—remarked Doctor Marnack—"your Excellency returns to New Orleans after these years a statesman and diplomat of great rank and dignity—a word from you to the authorities——"

"*Mais certainement*, my dear Señor—for the little Rosa's sake—provided always that my wife, Señor——"

"That goes without saying," said the master solemnly, and he took his departure after many mutual protestations of friendship.

At the dinner given by the mayor and citizens of New Orleans to his Excellency the Ambassador from Brazil, a few nights later at the Grünewald, which was attended by the chief of police, the judges of the courts, and all the high authorities of the commission-governed city, and after speeches of welcome and a flowery and flattering reply by the ambassador, the distinguished guest fell to relating his lively experiences during his student life at Tulane. He described many escapades at the university—and spoke of his life in the Latin Quarter of the Crescent City. He ended by drawing a pathetic picture of his pretty Rosa Conti of the Vieux Carré——

"I ask you—my beloved Señores—" declaimed the tall and splendid Spaniard, a gentleman through and through—"I ask you to pardon the man—a mere youth—whoever it was—who accidentally killed the good father—may his soul rest in peace!" (devoutly crossing himself) "my dear friends, the shot was fired by an innocent man, for he shot—as a carnival joke—at a marble mantelpiece—from which it was deflected. The priest's death, therefore, was an accident, and the young man is guiltless of murder—for he had no intention. He is guilty of firing a shot at a bit of marble—and not missing his aim, for we have found the spot where the bullet struck. But what penalty for that, I ask you? I beg, therefore, forgiveness for him and for me—I will express the consideration of my deepest devotion." And the Don bowed and took his seat.

The student peccadillos of the great are always amusing—even the chief of police relaxed into hearty and tolerant applause. Was not this noble South American pleading among Southern gentlemen for the man who had probably tried to kill him in a jealous frenzy?

After we had reached Havana Doctor Marnack received a letter from our pretty landlady full of adulation and the broadest flattery. The amiable Don di Gamo, after the legal difficulties had been adjusted, had generously loaned the young couple, it seemed, an ample sum with which to set up a haberdashery shop on Carondolet Street. They "need no longer let those lodging," she wrote—"so you see, cher maître, the deth of the holy man—so simple, so good—brings peace and hapiness at last to all that dwell and sleep in the room where he dide. Did it not bring thee luck? Didst thou not win a prize?"

"I certainly did—even if we did not put a new Morphy residence in the guidebook," observed the master dryly, handing me the letter, at the same time feeling gingerly in his waistcoat pocket to see if the ten one-hundred-dollar bills were entirely safe.

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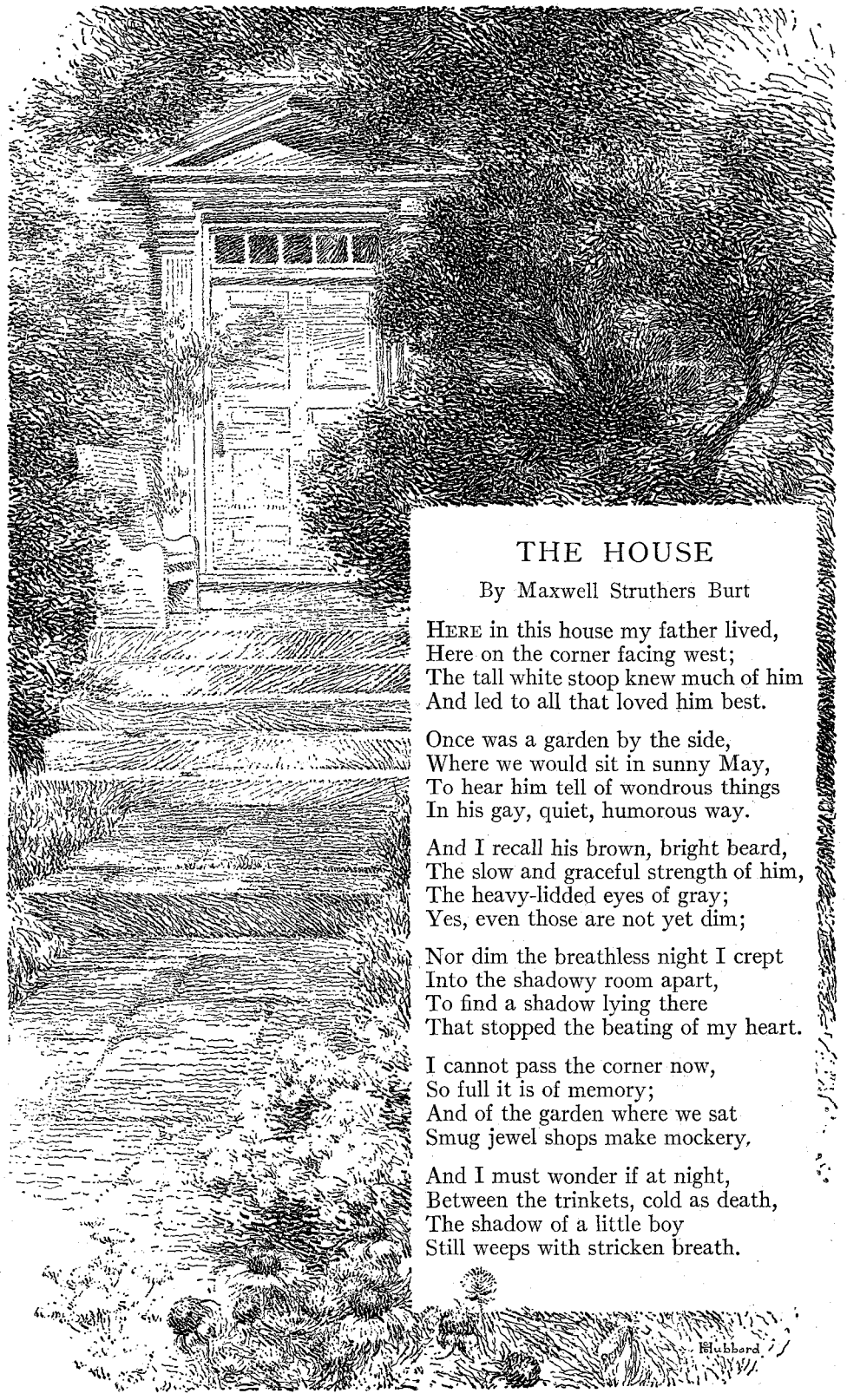

THE HOUSE

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

HERE in this house my father lived,
Here on the corner facing west;
The tall white stoop knew much of him
And led to all that loved him best.

Once was a garden by the side,
Where we would sit in sunny May,
To hear him tell of wondrous things
In his gay, quiet, humorous way.

And I recall his brown, bright beard,
The slow and graceful strength of him,
The heavy-lidded eyes of gray;
Yes, even those are not yet dim;

Nor dim the breathless night I crept
Into the shadowy room apart,
To find a shadow lying there
That stopped the beating of my heart.

I cannot pass the corner now,
So full it is of memory;
And of the garden where we sat
Smug jewel shops make mockery.

And I must wonder if at night,
Between the trinkets, cold as death,
The shadow of a little boy
Still weeps with stricken breath.

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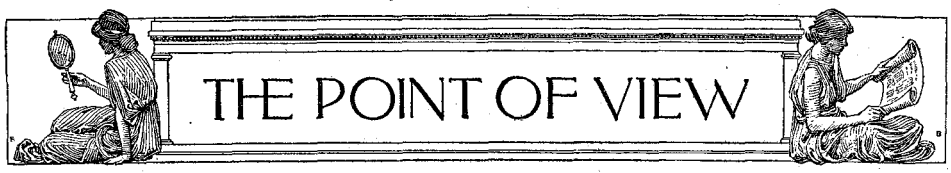

The Recrudescence of Knitting

SINCE that delightfully intriguing phrase, "You never can tell," was first coined, we know of no happier application of it than in relation to woman's attitude to the world war. For a decade and more before Vienna and Berlin served notice of death on Servia, woman had been "up and doing" in a fashion which Mr. Longfellow would doubtless have been the last to approve of had he foreseen it when he penned his famous poetical adjuration. Serious-minded, benignant, conservative men throughout the entire world were shaking their troubled heads over the "Woman Question." The more intemperate were indignant to the *n*th power at the outrageous conduct of the female portion of "the people"; the brave were disgusted, the timid appalled. So far from wishing that they were women, men were more than ever determinedly and virtuously content to be mere calm men. Those who still insisted on a pedestal for woman trembled fearsomely for her equilibrium, and those who thought they knew her abysmal frailties openly jeered at her.

But whether deploring or jeering or fearing the woman of the future, it was undoubtedly true that the consensus of masculine opinion everywhere was that woman was no longer the delightful, dependable, tranquilly domestic creature of earlier days. An element of uncertainty, shot through with sinister activity, characterized her in these later times. Anything—anything unwomanly, unseemly, disquieting to males—might be expected of her.

Then what happened? That part of humanity which had frowned so on woman's pernicious turbulence and disturbing ambitions suddenly sprang to arms, and the world was plunged in a war the like of which has never before been seen. And in this general and cosmos-splitting upheaval, what did these turbulent and rest-destroying females do? Did they seize this wonderful opportunity to recklessly add to the world confusion, to make a spectacular grandstand play by violently pursuing their own reprehensible aims, as men would undoubtedly have expected them to do had they had time to think about it? Not at all. They went to knitting!

With a stupefying calmness, a dogged tenacity of purpose, an unalterable determination to see the thing through, they quietly turned their backs on feminist movements, except of the most legitimate description, and set themselves to that least exciting, most old-fashioned, most feminine of occupations, knitting—the knitting of millions of sweaters, of socks, of wristlets, of scarfs for the men who had so consistently frowned upon or pitied or derided them. Instead of a Molly Pitcher at the cannon's breech, a Joan of Arc battling before a beleaguered castle, a Christina Gyllenstierna defending a Stockholm, an Isabella of Spain riding madly from one end to the other of a distracted kingdom, what do we see in these days of unbridled feminine aspirations and license? A soul-satisfying reversion to type, a nation of women calmly, if energetically and enthusiastically, knitting. Well may Mr. Bernard Shaw exclaim—with a difference—"You never can tell!"

That English or German or Italian or French women—we remember always Madame Defarge and her friends knitting menacingly through the French Revolution—should take to this most domestic of activities seems natural enough, but that the volatile American woman should dedicate herself so enthusiastically to the ancient and honorable game of the needles must be an exquisitely soothing sight to the harassed men of this country who had so consistently expected the worst of their womenkind. Once more the American woman, ungallantly styled "the American Peril" by Mr. Michael Monahan, has proven her well-earned title to "adaptability."

But of course, while subscribing to the basic laws of the art of knitting, the American woman puts her own cachet on her work. She knits after her own fashion and with her national impetuosity. She knits with an *éclat*, a fervor, a publicity, which we believe to be without a parallel in the history of all time. That feminine energy, translated into terms of knitting, means millions—literally—of useful garments for

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our soldiers and sailors. "Units" of the idle rich take on whole regiments of the newly drafted and crews of battleships, and nonchalantly engage to fit them out with hand-knitted sweaters and socks and wristlets, and so implacable has been their industry that a general resort to machine-made articles has been unnecessary, so far, by a nation which believes before all else in the god in the machine.

American social leaders may be seen almost anywhere, at any hour of the day or night, purling or ribbing or casting off or on. Young people, to whom hand knitting was a tradition of pioneer days, have taken to the art like the proverbial duck to water, and promenade the streets weighted down with enormous and gayly colored work-bags containing embryonic knitted garments for the comfort of the boys "at the front."

Hitherto severe and unyielding high-church clergy reconcile war and Christianity by sanctioning knitting during the sermon, and the "hank" of yarn and the long bone needles now go decorously to service. Girls who stop their motor-cars to chat with interested young men hanging on the running board, instantly produce their work, and the hands which have so recently been guiding the steering-wheel are quickly occupied with the needles—somewhat to the discomfiture of the young men, we suspect. Even the subdued light of the "movies" offers no obstacle to the expert weaver of socks, and while fascinated eyes follow the chaotic fortunes of screen stars, nimble fingers continue to agilely manipulate the white needles festooned with loops of gray yarn.

An Anodyne for War News

NOT since the days of the Odyssey has knitting been so popular a refuge for harassed feelings and, curiously enough, it is the exigencies of war which today have driven women to this work just as they drove the Ithacan noblewoman to her labor—but it is safe to say that the Penelopes who are weaving webs for our soldiers do no unravelling by night, though some of the work would doubtless profit by a few rehearsals.

If the effect of a whole nation of women at the work of knitting is a soothing sight for men, it is hardly less of a pleasant anodyne to the women themselves. High-strung females who read, with pangs of pity and nervous sympathy, the morning papers full of harrowing submarine casualties and "strategical" advances and retreats, find a tremendous relief from the strain of thinking and worrying about the war in the rhythmic and monotonous play of the needles. In fact, this return to an old-fashioned, suave, useful art, which the elderly had believed to be dead and which is not even moribund, has all-around advantages which it is cheering to observe. The overworked piano is taking a rest; society no longer spends most of its time in practising, more or less successfully, the latest barbarities of dancing; and bridge, whose downfall a year ago was as unforeseen as that of the Romanoffs, languishes notably.

It is, indeed, obvious that knitting has its own potent, if unexciting, fascinations. Women are continually telling you plaintively that, once started on a piece of work, they "can't put it down." And history teaches us that it is not only women who experience the thraldom of the art of knitting. Man has, from time to time, shown himself covetous of woman's theoretically exclusive prerogative of wielding the needles. In some juvenile book whose title now escapes me, but whose delightful content still lingers faithfully in my memory, I recall a picture which never failed to arouse my childish wonder and interest. It was that of a villainous-looking, black-bearded old sea-dog, whose once fierce eye the artist had now tactfully suffused with sentiment and upon whose once cruel mouth now played a smile of exquisite sweetness, peacefully and laboriously knitting. Under the picture was the legend:

THE REFORMED PIRATE KNITTING TIDIES

This picture never failed to thrill me, not so much, I regret to say, because of the beneficent and much-to-be-desired change in the sentiments of the nautical gentleman as because of the amazing sight of a man knitting! Little did I dream in those days of seeing men stroll into Red Cross headquarters and demand a quota of yarn from which to evolve a sweater during quiet evenings at home or of gazing upon athletic railroad conductors capably and unostentatiously knitting between stations. Yet such sights are not rare in these warlike days.

Not content with trying to emulate woman's prowess and industry with the needles, man has actually had the audacity to attempt to wrest them entirely from her

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vigorous grasp. It was a man—and a clergyman, moreover—the Reverend William Lee, of Nottinghamshire, who in 1589 invented a machine deceitfully designed to take the place of willing and skilful feminine fingers in the knitting of garments. This ungallant gentleman even went the length of having himself painted—a copy of the portrait, now lost, is incorporated in the arms of the London Framework Knitters Company—"in gown and cap of a master of arts, pointing to a hose on his stocking frame; while on the other side a weeping female is showing her empty and therefore useless knitting-pins."

It is consoling to know that the Reverend Lee, in whom cupidity must have been even greater than vanity, although renouncing his religious activities for the pursuit of wealth, failed signally to profit by his invention. Queen Elizabeth, taken by her kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, to Lee's lodgings in Bunhill Row to see the "miraculous" invention, was so deeply disgusted that the product of his machine was nothing more attractive than a heavy worsted stocking that she refused to grant him a patent for his invention—a veto that was sustained even when the unhappy cleric hastily constructed a new and finer frame on which was made a pair of silk hose for the obdurate queen. This feminine *quid pro quo* so embittered the reverend gentleman that, at the invitation of Sully, ambassador of Henry IV of France, he angrily betook himself and his knitting-frames to Rouen. But even there ill luck pursued him, his expectations of a special patent being defeated by the assassination of the king, and in 1610 he died "a disappointed man."

Fortunately for the inventive genius of to-day, he fares much better, and knitting-machines operate merrily in scores of cities and towns of our country. But when all is said and done, the same difference exists between hand knitting and machine knitting as exists between nearly all hand-made and machine-made products. With all due allowances for inexperience and haste, garments knitted by the willing hands of our war-stirred women and girls are more comfortable, more elastic, and more durable than the machine-made article, so that the recrudescence of knitting has not only a picturesque value but a solidly practical one.

More power to woman's nimble fingers!

THE WASHINGTON FRONTISPIECE

THE series of special frontispieces in color is interrupted to reproduce, for the first time, the portrait of Washington appearing as the frontispiece of this number. It is of a rare and unusual type, and by many perhaps would not be recognized at first glance as a likeness of our first President. It is, however, of special interest because it possesses qualities that are convincing in a marked degree and lead one to believe that this portrait, unflattering though it may be in many respects, is a genuine likeness of Washington as he appeared in the later years of his life. This portrait was painted by Charles Willson Peale about the time when Gilbert Stuart first began to paint portraits of Washington. In several respects it differs materially, however, from the Stuart heads with which the public are familiar. It was Peale's custom to represent Washington in the uniform of the commander-in-chief of the army. Stuart, on the contrary, painted Washington almost invariably in the court dress of the presidential office. There are only two or three portraits by him representing Washington in uniform, and by a singular anachronism Stuart portrayed him in uniform but wearing the curled and powdered hair which he associated invariably with the presidential office.

It is a well-known fact that Peale had the honor of painting the first portrait of Washington. This portrait represents a young officer in the uniform of a colonel of the Virginia troop. It was painted at Mount Vernon in 1772. Washington is represented in a blue coat with scarlet facings, waistcoat, and breeches. The portrait reproduced in this number shows, of course, the Continental uniform of blue with buff facings and a buff waistcoat and gold epaulets. The ruff

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is quite elaborate, and differs from the simple ruff shown in other portraits by Peale. Our portrait is not idealized like the Stuart Athenæum portrait which has been copied *ad infinitum* by Stuart himself, by a host of followers, and by the United States Government on its bonds, bank-notes, and postage-stamps. It represents not a god, but a mere man. Although the face is homely it is full of character and determination, and is convincing in its realism. The hair is the natural hair, brushed back simply from the forehead, and a comparison with a lock of Washington's hair belonging to the owner of the portrait indicates that the artist closely followed the original in color and texture. The flesh tints have the ruddiness of health, the flesh is sound and solid, the eye is clear and steadfast. The face is a little longer and thinner than the other portraits by Peale, but this may be due to a certain hollowness from advancing years and the cares of office.

This picture has remained in obscurity for a great many years and has only recently been brought to light, and has never been exhibited or reproduced for publication. It has a remarkably complete pedigree, as it has remained in the possession of one family for a hundred and twenty years. It was purchased from Peale by Samuel Lee in 1797, and has passed through succeeding generations from father to son until 1917, when it was acquired by the present owner.

WAR MEDALS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE NUMISMATIC SOCIETY

FROM the earliest period the art of war has been stimulated and encouraged by the distribution of medals and crosses of more or less artistic value. If these emblems could be displayed in sequence, they would afford a fluctuating and very interesting record of the rise and fall of plastic art.

In some cases these decorations have been conferred only for exceptional deeds of valor and made personal by the record on the reverse or edge of the medal or cross, so that its possession is almost equal to a patent of nobility; and sometimes in Germany they are handed out at a rate exceeding two thousand a day. In one case the decoration is an encouragement of valor and in the other an encouragement of war.

The Prussian Iron Cross of the first class is a convex cross, pattée, of iron with a silver rim. The capital letter W is raised at the centre below a crown stamped on the upper arm of the cross, and 1914 on the arm below. It is not suspended and has no reverse.

The Iron Cross of the second class is, on its obverse, identical with the cross of the first class, while its reverse is the original cross of 1813. On the centre is a sprig of oak leaves, on the upper arm of the cross are the letters F.W. crowned, and on the lower arm the date, 1813. The ribbon is black with two white stripes.

The Iron Cross of Prussia turns its back frankly on any pretension to be an object of art, is inexpensive to manufacture, and is well suited to the stern needs of a nation whose business is war and whose policy is to distribute the Iron Cross with a lavish hand. The Iron Cross had its origin in the Napoleonic wars. The order was instituted by King Frederick William III, on March 10, 1813. It is a significant fact that the Iron Cross is Prussian and not German. More than two and a quarter million of these crosses of the second class have been awarded to German soldiers during the present war.

The Victoria Cross, one of the most coveted of military decorations, and the most rarely conferred, was instituted during the Crimean War, and is made from the bronze of captured cannon. It is not a Maltese cross but a cross pattée, its obverse centre bearing the royal crest of a lion passant, gardant, upon the British crown, above a ribbon inscribed "For Valour." On the reverse is a circular space reserved for record of the act that gained the decoration. The name and rank of the recipient are on the bar above. The ribbon is red for the army and blue for the navy.

The cross was instituted in 1856, but its award was made retroactive, so that it happened that the first Victoria Cross was awarded for an act of valor on June 21, 1854. The recipient was "Mr. Lucas," then mate on board H.M.S. *Hecla*. A live shell fell on the deck of the *Hecla* and, without an instant's hesitation, Mr. Lucas picked it up and threw it overboard.

The Victoria Cross is a dignified piece of sculpture, dominated by a lion worthy of Barye. Its possession, like those of most of

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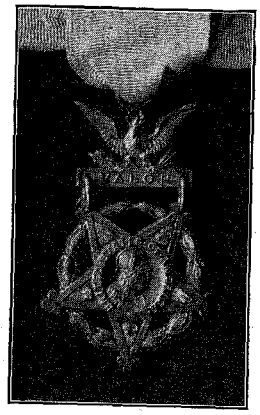
the British crosses, confers a sort of military "degree," in certain cases, permitting the wearer to write V.C. after his name. Moreover, the cross carries with it an annuity of £10, which, in case of extreme want, may be increased to £50. Every recipient of a Victoria Cross is the ward of a grateful country.

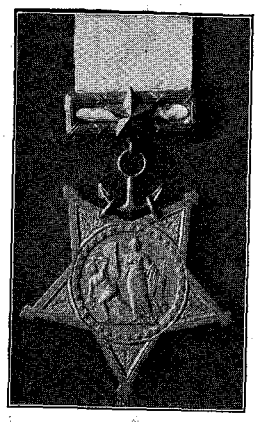
There are four other British war orders: "The Distinguished Service Order," "The Military Cross," "The Conspicuous Service Cross" and "The Distinguished Service Cross." The Distinguished Service Order was established by Queen Victoria on September 6, 1886, to be awarded for special service to commissioned officers of the army and navy. It is a gold cross pattée, enamelled white with edges of gold, the imperial crown in gold on the obverse surrounded by a laurel wreath. On the reverse of the present cross is the monograph of George V, crowned. The ribbon is red, edged with blue.

The Military Cross was instituted by King George V during the first year of the present war. It is a silver cross, bearing on each arm the imperial crown and on the centre the letters G.R.I. The reverse is a blank space reserved for the personal description. Non-commissioned as well as commissioned officers are eligible to receive this cross. The ribbon is white with a blue centre stripe.

The Conspicuous Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Cross are identical in form, a convex cross of silver pattée in form, only differing in the royal monogram, crowned on the obverse. The Conspicuous Service Cross, E.R.I., was instituted by Edward VII on June 28, 1901, to be awarded to warrant and subordinate officers of the fleet who do not hold commissions in the navy. The Distinguished Service Cross, G.R.I., was instituted by George V for commissioned officers of the navy below the rank of lieutenant-commander. A holder of the Conspicuous Service Cross may write C.S.C. after his name and a holder of the Distinguished Service Cross D.S.C. The ribbon is dark-blue with a white centre.



The United States Army Medal of Honor.



The United States Navy Medal of Honor.

The Italian Military Order of Savoy.

France also, at the beginning of the war, created two new orders for distribution in the army and in the navy: the Cross of War with Palms and the Cross of War with Star. These are bronze crosses, pattée, superimposed upon crossed swords showing between the bars of the cross. On the obverse centre is the head of the republic and on the reverse are the years of the war, reaching forward into the terrible unknown—1914–1915. The two badges are identical in form, only differing in the emblem on the green-and-red-striped ribbon by which the badge is suspended, a palm leaf in bronze or a single bronze star.

The French Military Medal is a bronze coin showing on the obverse the head of the republic encircled by the words, "République Française, 1870," and on the reverse the motto "Valeur et Discipline." It is suspended from a rosette of crossed guns and swords. The ribbon is yellow with green edges.

The Military Medal was instituted by Napoleon III to be awarded to private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, and only to a commissioned officer in supreme command of an army or an expedition, the officer having no superior on the field.

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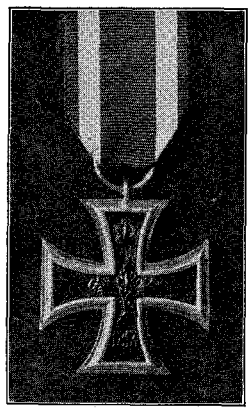
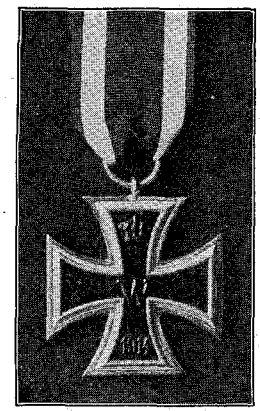


The reverse side of the Prussian Iron Cross of the second class.



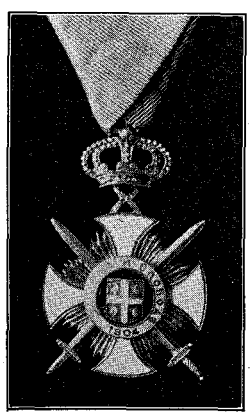
The Prussian Iron Cross of the second class.

male head emblematic of the French republic for the head of Napoleon, and on the reverse crossed flags for the imperial eagle. The ribbon is red.

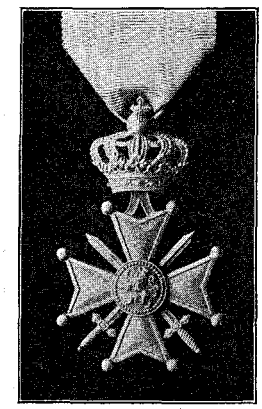
The grades of the cross are ascending grades. The first grade is that of "Knight," the second of "Officer," and the third of "Commander." The commander's badge is of gold and is worn suspended from the neck. The fourth grade is that of "Grand Officer," who wears a gold badge and a silver star on the right breast. The fifth and highest order is that of "Knight of the Grand Cross," and is a larger gold badge worn on a sash crossing from right shoulder to left hip, and a silver star on the left breast.

The famous French Cross of the "Légion d'Honneur" was instituted by Napoleon in 1802 when he was First Consul. It is not a cross at all, having five arms instead of four, and was designed for an eagle, the upper arm representing the head, the side arms the wings, and the two remaining arms the legs of the eagle. The imperial eagle was on the centre of the obverse.

The order is not exclusively a military order, being awarded quite as often for artistic or literary accomplishments or for industrial achievement, and for distinction in many fields of adventure, and its award is not even restricted to French subjects. The decoration may be described as a white enamelled badge of five double rays, the points terminating in silver balls, the enamelled star superimposed upon a wreath of oak and laurel. During the empire the order was pendent from the imperial crown and bore on the obverse the head of Napoleon and on the reverse an eagle. The present republican Cross of the Legion of Honor substitutes a wreath for the crown and a female head for the head of Napoleon, and on the reverse crossed flags for the imperial eagle. The ribbon is red.



The Serbian Order of Karageorge.



The Belgian Albert Cross of War.

The Belgian Military Cross of the Order of Leopold.

A soldier receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honor would receive the cross of the first, or lowest, grade, which was awarded to Flight Lieutenant Warneford for wrecking a Zeppelin in Belgium.

It is a brilliant decoration seldom worn on the breast of the owner, but a narrow red ribbon in the buttonhole is recognized by every Frenchman as a modest reminder of its possession. Its merit as a bit of plastic and decorative art has the approval of a multitude of artists, who are proud to wear it as a badge of the measure of their professional attainment.

Poor little Serbia blazes her desolate way with one of the brilliant crosses of the World War. The Serbian order Karageorge was instituted by Peter I in 1804. It is a white-

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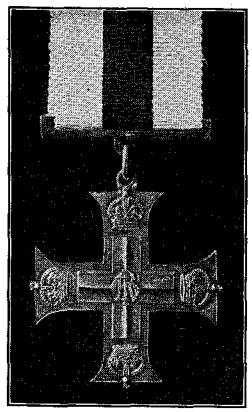
enamelled cross superimposed upon golden rays and crossed swords and suspended from a golden crown. On the obverse is a white cross on a red shield, above the date, 1804. On the reverse is a double-headed eagle below "Peter I" in Greek letters, and above the amended date 1904.

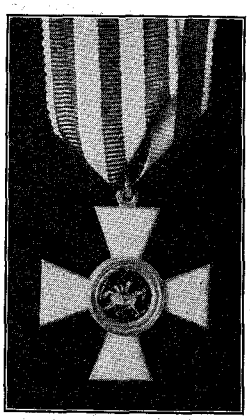
The English Distinguished Service Order.



The English Military Cross.

And now comes Belgium, unconscious of her suffering, bearing aloft one of the most showy of the war badges. The Belgian Military Cross of the Order of Leopold is a white-enamelled badge of four double rays, the points terminating in silver balls, superimposed upon a silver wreath and suspended from a silver crown above crossed swords. The obverse shows a lion rampant within the motto, "Union fait la force," and on the reverse, L.R.I. The ribbon is purple.

The Austrian Order of the Iron Crown.



The Russian Order of St. George.

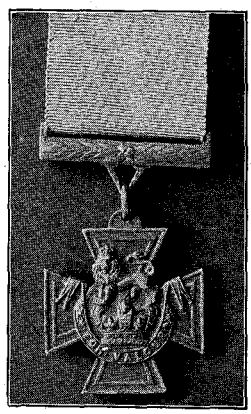
A new Belgian decoration, born of the present war, is the Albert Cross of War, a bronze cross resembling in form the order of Leopold, showing the four double rays terminating in balls upon crossed swords instead of the wreath and suspended from a crown. On the obverse is the lion rampant and on the reverse the letter A for Albert. The ribbon is red.

The military decoration of Russia used in the present war is known as the Order of St. George. It is a white cross, pattée, with a tiny equestrian figure of St. George on a red-enamelled centre. The ribbon is red.

The principal military decoration of Austria is the Order of Maria Theresa, which is a Maltese cross of gold and white enamel. On the centre of the obverse are the Austrian colors—red and white. On the reverse is a green-enamelled circle and monogram, M.T.F. (Maria Theresa Francis). The order was instituted by the Empress Maria Theresa in 1757 and was modified in 1810. The ribbon is crimson with a white centre.

The principal military decoration of Italy is "The Military Order of Savoy," which is a Maltese cross in white enamel suspended from a rosette of crossed weapons and flags. On the obverse is a white cross on a red-enamelled centre, encircled by the words "Al Merite Militare." The ribbon is blue with a red stripe on the centre.

As America is just entering the war, the opportunity is in reserve to institute a cross to be awarded, like the Victoria Cross, for conspicuous bravery without any distinction of rank. The United States Medals of Honor for the army and the navy were intended for such distribution, but their value has



The Victoria Cross.

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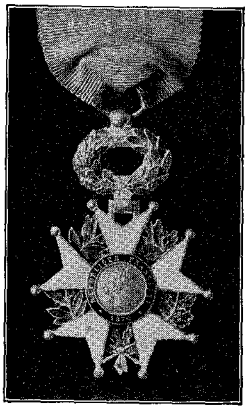
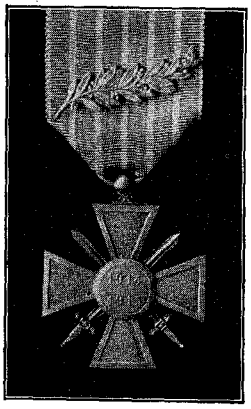
been impaired by unwise and in some cases wholesale awards. The new cross, having its birth in the present war, would be awarded with a serious and dignified restraint and would provide a decoration that every American soldier would be proud to wear, and if the quality of its sculpture should be equal to the relief work on the new American gold and silver coins it would be an artistic as well as a patriotic decoration.

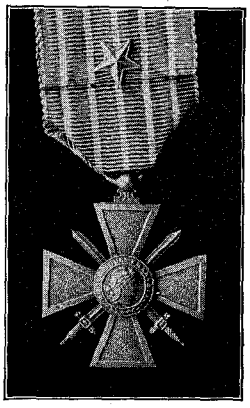


The French Cross of the "Légion d'Honneur."

The French Military Medal.



The reverse side of the French Cross of War with palms.



The French Cross of War with star.

Our war badges and medals now in use have not had the advantage of the new movement in coin sculpture. They are termed Medals of Honor, Certificates of Merit, and Good Conduct Medals.

The United States Army Medal of Honor is a five-pointed bronze star, each point terminating in a trefoil. The obverse centres on a helmeted head, well modelled, and the reverse is plain for the personal inscription. The badge is suspended from a bar showing the word "Valor" below a spread eagle. It bears date, 1904. The ribbon is blue with thirteen stars.

The United States Naval Medal of Honor is also a five-pointed star of bronze, showing on the obverse two allegorical figures, America (personated by Minerva) repelling Discord, encircled by thirty-four stars. The badge is suspended from an anchor under a bar of one star, from a blue ribbon with thirteen stars.

The United States Certificate of Merit Medal is a bronze coin showing on the obverse a Roman war eagle encircled by the motto, "Virtutis et Audaciæ Monumentum Præmium." The badge was designed by the late Frank Millet and is suspended from a red-white-and-blue ribbon.

The United States Navy Good Conduct Medal, 1884, is a bronze coin showing on the obverse a ship under full sail, superimposed upon a great anchor, the stock showing above and the flukes below. Between borders of chain and rope the words "United States Navy" are above, and below the word "Constitution." The reverse is plain encircled by the words "Fidelity, Zeal, Obedience." The ribbon is vermilion.

And, finally, the United States Marine Good Conduct Medal is a bronze coin showing on the obverse a figure at the open breech of a gun, with the great anchor and the borders of rope and chain like the good-conduct medal of the navy, the central design encircled by the words, "United States Marine Corps—Semper Fidelis." The reverse is plain, encircled by the words "Fidelity, Zeal, Obedience." The ribbon is red with a narrow blue stripe down the centre.

These are most of the military decorations of some of the nations now at war.

WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

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This being the judgment of experienced economic experts as the end of the year approached, it might be wondered at that the stock-market, which is supposed to reflect such judgment, should have been passing at that very time into a movement of reaction and liquidation so sweeping as not only to carry prices below the acute stage of the panic of 1907, but to bring them to a point where many of the soundest and best-known investment shares of the list yielded, on the basis of the prices thus reached, no less than 8 or 9 per cent to the investor.

For this downward movement, the thoughtful part of Wall Street produced several explanations. The news from Europe—the German successes in Italy and the manœuvres of Russian Bolsheviki to conclude a separate peace—undoubtedly constituted one of them. Back of those considerations stood three now familiar manifest influences. One was the competition of the government war loans whose absorption (present or prospective) of the accruing capital of the financial community largely removed the support which had hitherto regularly been given by investors to the general investment market. Another was the pressure of sudden and immensely heavy war taxes on the resources of the richest investors. A third was the natural tendency of values of other securities to be lowered, and their net yield to investors to be enhanced, in proportion as the rate of interest paid on the premier security, United States Government bonds, was increased. The yield on these government securities had advanced from something under 3 per cent before the war to 4½ per cent or more to-day.

It will be observed that these economic influences were such as worked in the direction of readjustment rather than of permanent reaction. Whatever the disposition to refrain from investing in railway or industrial securities and confine investment to the war loans, that tendency would necessarily be modified as prices of the older securities became more inviting. At some point, liquidation of investments to provide tax money would cease because the requisite money had been provided. Similarly, decline in the values of such securities would at some point already have placed their investment yield at the new prices in the due relation to the investment yield on the war loan.

THERE were two reasons why these considerations had not operated, long before the sudden upward turn on the Stock Exchange on December 27, to arrest the fall in prices. Such movements, if long continued, gather momentum from the mere fact of their continuance; creating in their later stages a condition of mind in which investors seem to argue that the lower prices go, the greater the probability of their going lower still. This supposition is necessarily absurd—not less so when at least a great part of the selling which had forced them down must have come from holders who did not intend to part with their investments permanently, but to buy them back at the anticipated lower prices. But in the state of mind which then prevailed on Wall Street, the normal influence of this condition seemed to be wholly superseded by the European news and the bewildering railway situation. Both were the more disturbing because of the obscurity which appeared to surround them.

The Dilemma in Railway Finance

The railways were doing the largest business in their history. Despite the heavily increased cost of materials and labor, and despite the impending war taxes, their net revenue continued extremely large. But the very magnitude of the traffic which they were carrying had begun to threaten the breakdown of the railways' facilities; and, furthermore, this was threatened at a moment when the requisition for the government war loans, of practically all the country's accruing capital, left no probability that the companies could raise through sale of new securities the money for new equipment, terminals, and extensions to handle the demands upon them. Nor, indeed, was the question of new facilities the only problem involved. Against many of the companies, large loans were outstanding which were due to be paid off in 1918. How could the managers be sure of meeting or extending such obligations, with the market for new securities practically closed to them? And if the obligations could not be thus provided for, what then?

In the autumn, the railways had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for an advance in rates. They pointed out that gross earnings, large as they were, did not, under war conditions, provide an adequate margin both to meet the rapidly mounting operating expenses and the requirements for new facilities. This situation, the railways further set forth, was further complicated by the fact that new locomotives, cars, tracks, and terminals could not be provided through sale of new railway securities in face of the competition of government war loans. They therefore asked the Commission, whose assent was

(Continued on page 44, *following*)

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THE RAILWAYS, THE GERMAN PEACE OVERTURES, AND THE MARKET

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the closing week of 1917, a very extraordinary event occurred in the American financial markets. Prices on the Stock Exchange had been declining rapidly and steadily during many weeks. The selling orders were known to have come from the largest investors in securities. Shares of some of the strongest railway and industrial companies in the country had fallen 40 and 50 points from their highest prices of the year. To Wall Street, nothing seemed to be in sight which could stop the downward movement. There had been many causes for the great decline, to which I shall refer hereafter. But when it reached its culmination in December, the two outstanding considerations appeared to be the prospect of a Russian peace with Germany, negotiated by the Bolshevik government at Petrograd, and the growing belief that the United States Government might seize control of the American railways.

The Great December Decline

On Thursday, December 27, two announcements were published in the morning papers. The Austrian foreign minister, who had gone to the Russian border for a personal conference with the Bolshevik emissaries, had given out a statement asking for peace with Russia and her allies; outlining, as neither Teutonic Government had done before, the terms which the Central Powers would accept, and repudiating on their behalf the demand for territorial annexation or war indemnities. On the same page with this cabled news appeared President Wilson's proclamation that the national government, under the congressional enabling act of 1916, would take over formal control of the American railways.

WHEN the stock-market opened with this news before it, the first transactions made in stocks were at prices 5 to 17 points above the previous day's closing, and the advance continued. No such sweeping overnight reversal of position had ever before been witnessed in the history of the Stock Exchange. It was followed by a week of continued and sometimes violent advance in prices. This was certainly not less remarkable, in that the change of attitude occurred on the basis of the very news which, while it was only rumored, had been discussed in Wall Street with apprehension and misgiving. What was the explanation of this paradox?

A Rise Overnight

At the end of 1917 the usual symposium of opinions and forecasts, regarding the financial outlook in the United States and elsewhere, was published in the newspapers. The replies of well-known economists, bankers, and men of affairs to the searching categorical questions put to them were exceptionally frank. All of them recognized the doubt and obscurity which surrounded the nearer as well as the more distant future. Most of them qualified their opinion by the reservation that they were not only trying to penetrate what in the nature of things must be unknown, but that they were guessing at economic effects when the economic causes which would produce those effects were themselves of a character for which no precedent existed in experience or history.

But in one direction, their replies disclosed an impressive consensus of opinion. To the question, what was the principal economic advantage which the United States possessed in this period of economic strain, it was answered that our immense natural resources came first, with our accumulated wealth of the past few years and the reform of our banking system important secondary influences. To the question, what would be the economic position of the United States after war was over—whether individually or in relation to the rest of the world—opinion was altogether unanimous. Our position would be the most powerful in the country's economic history and, perhaps, in the history of any country. In many respects we should be the economic centre of the world.

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Financial World, continued from page 258

requisite under the law, to permit a 15-per-cent advance in freight rates.

Severity of the Railway Blockade

BEFORE the Commission could pass on this application, events had moved so fast as to force the hand both of railways and government. From the time when the country went to war, the general operation of our railways had been concentrated in the hands of a "War Board" made up of representative railway men. Their endeavor was to secure a maximum of efficiency in the traffic of the various roads—through operating them, so far as might be possible, as a unit in transportation of absolute war necessities. This War Board had succeeded in developing economic efficiency such as had never before been witnessed in American railroading. But with the later months of autumn came a crucial test.

The "traffic blockade" had long been a familiar incident in years of sudden and heavy increase in the demand for transportation of merchandise from the interior producing points to American consuming markets and the export cities. In this country the problem has for several reasons always been of a peculiarly trying character. First, the grain produced in a year of abundant American harvests and of urgent foreign demand had to be forwarded at once to the seaboard. But this call on transportation facilities would

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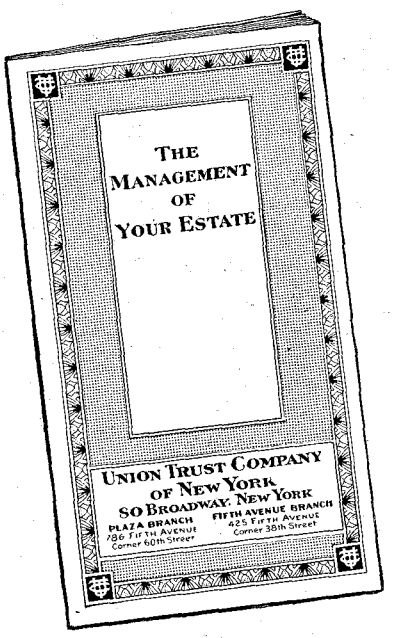

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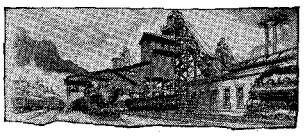

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usually occur along with a situation in which prospective revival of general business, itself due to the profitable harvests, had created a similarly urgent demand for manufactured products, which also had to be transported quickly from the interior to the East.

The result, in such years as 1899 and 1902 and 1906 and 1912, invariably was that the railways were caught unprepared with sufficient facilities in cars and motive power. How far this was inevitable, and how far it was a consequence of misjudgment of the situation, and of needless procrastination in purchase of new equipment, I need not stop to discuss. The situation usually arose after several years of uncertain financial conditions; often after a period of actual and prolonged hard times, in which it had been difficult to sell railway securities on good terms. The late E. H. Harriman, in the better sense a Napoleon of railway finance, was one of the few railway presidents who perceived that, since a period for unfavorable markets for securities was usually (and for good reasons) a period of low prices for materials, the two conditions ought fairly to offset one another. He argued that, since sudden industrial revival always followed reaction and hard times, the wise policy was to put the railways in condition before the new demands on transportation, through the accident of home or foreign conditions, should arise.

But most of the railways pursued a far more deliberate policy, and the result would always be their physical inability to forward promptly, during such times of trade revival, the freight consigned from the numerous inland producing points to the East. The situation was invariably complicated by the fact that demand for Westbound transportation had not yet developed in equal measure, and that, therefore, railway-cars sent to the East were apt to be kept there and actually used for storage purposes until their contents could be distributed to home or foreign destinations. For, let it be observed, the facilities of terminals, of warehouses, and even of available ships were equally overwhelmed on such occasions. Naturally, this detention of cars at the Eastern end curtailed still further the facilities for transportation from West to East. Hence the "blockade" and hence at times the actual refusal of railways to accept at interior points freight which was urgently demanded by the East.

These not unfamiliar conditions were considerably accentuated in 1915 and 1916, when our export of war munitions to the Allies became a predominant factor in demand for transportation, and when prices of materials were rising so rapidly (in consequence of the Allies' purchases) as to discourage the railways from buying new equipment. But it is probable that never in our history did this familiar situation reach such a stage of complexity as in the autumn of 1917.

That it should have done so was not surprising. An enormous harvest had been produced in the United States, for, despite the partial shortage of our wheat crop, the grain output as a whole, in bushels, was second only to the memorable harvest of 1915. Europe's condition, its decreasing yields of foodstuffs, the sinking of grain cargoes by German submarines had made the demand for such products at our export cities unprecedentedly urgent. At the same moment, not only

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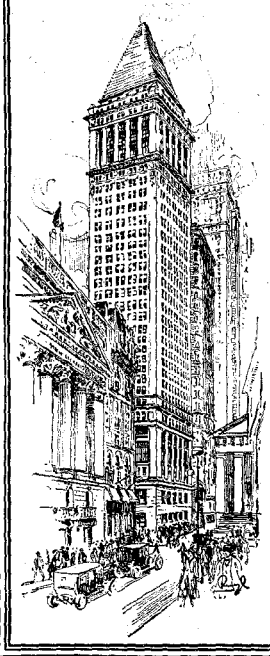
How a Western Army Officer has protected his Family

A YOUNG Westerner, now an army officer, recently made a trust agreement with us, by which we relieved both him and his wife of all responsibility and anxiety about business matters.

The management of his entire property has been put into our hands. We will collect income, re-invest the principal, see to income tax matters, and to all other details.

A liberal remittance will be made to his wife regularly each month, and the remainder of the income will be credited to his account, on which he can draw drafts either while he is in this country or abroad.

The officer may end this trust at any time he wishes, or may change it to meet changing conditions. It is practically a will since it provides for disposing of all property except the home and a few personal belongings.



We can relieve you or those dependent on you of worry about the care of property, and we invite you to let our Trust Department officers explain how.

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

Member Federal Reserve System

Downtown Office:
16 Wall Street

Astor Trust Office:
5th Ave. at 42nd St.

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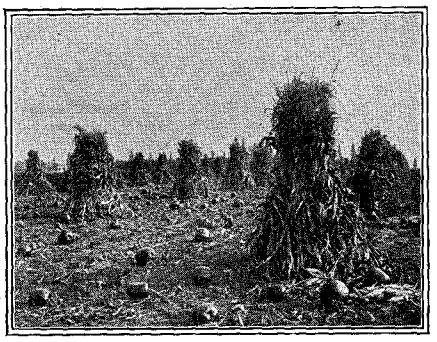

Free from Future Uncertainty

In this period of financial stress and uncertainty, investors in Maxwell Farm Mortgages are not concerned about the future of their invested funds, either as to safety of principal or certainty of income.

Since 1871, through panics as well as in periods of prosperity, we have served investors successfully, investing their funds safely and profitably in farm mortgages.

"INVESTORS' SERVICE TESTED FOR 47 YEARS" describes Maxwell service, which has been perfected for you. Write for this booklet.

MIC

MAXWELL INVESTMENT CO.
Established 1871

Lathrop Building
Kansas City, Missouri

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were the demands of our European Allies, for war munitions produced in Pittsburgh and the West, as great and as pressing as in 1916, but when we went to war, our own government's requisitions for material to make guns, or munitions, or ships to replace the losses incurred through Germany's ocean pirates, were suddenly thown into the sale. This was traffic which in the nature of the case could not possibly be delayed; yet it alternately blocked and was blocked by the abnormally large movement of other merchandise. All these products, and with them the great variety of other commodities which move in a period of trade activity, had to be carried over four or five trunk lines West and East. This abnormally heavy business had to be conducted at a time when distribution of food and fuel to our own people had become an extremely difficult problem because of our shipments of both commodities to Europe.

Government Control to Cut the Gordian Knot

THIS was the situation which the Interstate Commerce Commission recognized in the formal announcement by which, at the opening of December, it startled the community. The commissioners stated that an advance in rates, though reasonably asked for, would not solve the dilemma. The question was to break the "blockade" through operating all the West-and-East railway systems actually as a unit—often to the extent of devoting a single road merely to one class of freight or to freight moving only in one direction. To accomplish this, such operation of all the railways under a common direction would presumably be necessary as was prohibited by the laws against railway combinations, and such increase of railway equipment would be required as could not be obtained through sale of new securities in the present market. Apparently, so declared the Commission, the government must itself provide the money for the new facilities so urgently needed to conduct the war.

As to how the rest of the problem should be met, two alternatives were proposed; continued operation by the railway managers themselves, with the anti-combination laws temporarily suspended by Congress, or the taking over of control by the government itself—whereby all statutes would be superseded. The first expedient would leave private control unchallenged, but with the problems of labor and restrictive laws in its way. The second would introduce a new experiment in our railway finance, but would possibly cut the knot of obstructive conditions. Government ownership was not in any case directly involved any more than it was when the British Government assumed control of the English railways during 1914, with the announced purpose of handing back the properties to their owners after war. It was, in fact, altogether improbable as an early consequence, because of the enormous amount of capital which would be required for the purchase, at a time when government finances were already overstrained, for immediate war purposes.

With all the dislike which the railways and the investing community entertained of government control, and with all their misgiving as to what might be the influence of such a recourse on the propaganda for government ownership, the two.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR PARTIAL PAYMENT INVESTMENT

Our Partial Payment Plan is designed for the investment of savings, not for speculation.

We have prepared a brief description of a few stocks which possess unusual investment qualities, and which return a higher rate of interest than savings bank deposits.

Write for this list and for our booklet, Partial Payments for Investment Securities, which shows how to obtain a high-grade investment by small but regular payments.

HERRICK & BENNETT
Members New York Stock Exchange
66 Broadway New York

Financial Strength

You can protect your invested funds and attain a position of financial strength by keeping constantly in touch with the investment situation.

Never before was it of such vital importance for the investor to obtain the co-operation of capable, experienced specialists in the investment field.

Our weekly *Wall Street Letter* gives you facts condensed in convenient form and a summary of the trend of the investment market.

Send for Wall Street Letter A-28

Sheldon, Dawson, Lyon & Company
Members New York Stock Exchange
42 Broadway New York

PRACTICAL USES FOR PARTIAL PAYMENT INVESTMENT

Seizing The Investment Opportunity

Occasionally a combination of circumstances creates a real investment bargain. If, at such a time, funds are not available for outright purchase, you may take advantage of the opportunity by using our Partial Payment Plan of Investment.

By our Partial Payment Plan of Investment small savings GROW. Detailed explanation in our Booklet I. P. "Investing Your Monthly Savings." Free on request.

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The United States is obligated by a treaty, concluded in 1916, to maintain a stable government in Hayti.

Unsurpassed Opportunities

for the most economical production of sugar.

In respect to fertility of soil, climatic and labor conditions the Haytian American Corporation is unusually favored in its production of sugar. Its earnings are also derived from railroad property, terminal and piers in Port au Prince, street railway and power plant, etc.

Write for particulars of the Cumulative 7% Preferred Stock, which we offer with a bonus of Common and Founders Shares.

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As Fiscal Agents of Cities Service Company and Operating Managers of its ninety odd gas, electric light and power, heating, water and oil producing, transporting and refining subsidiaries, we shall be glad to furnish first-hand information regarding the properties or their securities.

HENRY L.
DOHERTY
& COMPANY
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK

The Second Safety Factor in Forman Farm Mortgages

The first Forman Safety Factor is the selection of thoroughly desirable loan territory. The second Safety Factor is the compilation of complete data regarding the territory.

Our own land examiners cruise each territory, indicating undesirable portions, reporting on values, sales, etc. Our Legal Department examines local real estate laws, and investigates every local abstractor.

Such records enable us to pass intelligently upon any loan application.

All the Forman Safety Factors are explained, and other helpful information is given in our booklet which will be sent upon request.

GEORGE M. FORMAN & COMPANY
Founded 1885
FARM MORTGAGE BANKERS
11 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

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or three weeks after the Interstate Commission made its proposals brought a decided drift of opinion to the conclusion that no other recourse could meet the needs of the occasion. Government control would cut the Gordian knot of both State and federal restrictive laws. Unified operation would be enforced as it could not be under voluntary private management. Wholesale diversion of traffic from one road or group of roads to another—even to the extent of restricting a given railway wholly to freight or wholly to transportation in a single direction—it was evident that earnings of some of the companies would be arbitrarily reduced and of others arbitrarily increased. It was impossible to see how the unjust results on the finances of the companies could be averted by a private committee. But the government, using its large war powers for unified control, might do it.

Government Credit Behind the Railways

WHEN, therefore, Mr. Wilson's proclamation of December 26 announced that a government official would be put in formal charge of all the railways, but that actual operating managements would not be changed, that the government would scrupulously maintain the physical condition of the roads, that it would guarantee to every company the average earnings of the three first years of war time, and that all the just rights of stockholders and bondholders would be protected, it is possible to understand the stock-market's action of December 27. Not least important from the investor's standpoint, the President's proclamation clearly set forth the government's purpose of using its own credit to raise the necessary money for the railways at a moderate interest rate, taking their own securities in exchange.

The sense of relief, at learning that the difficult situation had at least been plainly and intelligently met, was very great in Wall Street. It largely explained the violent recovery—which was not the less logical because of the other circumstances which I have already described. When, however, prices rise on the Stock Exchange, at the moment of two simultaneous announcements of high importance, it is often impossible to determine the relative importance of either announcement as a cause. Nobody, in or out of Wall Street, accepted Count Czernin's statement of the Teutonic terms of peace as a possible working basis for negotiations. But two inferences were immediately drawn from these new proposals. One was, that at least a step had been made toward establishment of such a basis for discussion. The other was, that the situation at home in Germany and Austria must have been fairly desperate, if their desire for peace was strong enough to bring about the despatch of high imperial statesmen from Berlin and Vienna, for a friendly discussion with agents of the Bolsheviki. Beyond this obvious enough consideration, the financial community found it difficult to appraise the significance of the new peace overture.

IT was not easy even to guess what effect the incident would have on the war itself or on Russia's relations to the war. Three distinct

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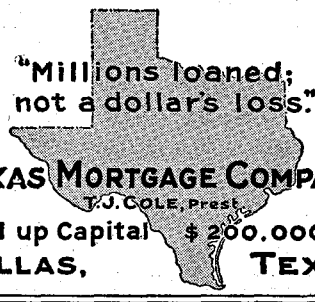
5% SAFELY SECURED FARM MORTGAGES 5½%

The "Black Waxy Belt," located in north central Texas, is internationally known for its fertility of soil and the enterprise and prosperity of its farmers. In this section European investment institutions have for years maintained offices solely to invest their own funds.

For such purposes as the purchase of more land we loan money to farmers in this "Black Waxy Belt." We offer investors the highest type of farm mortgage investments. Correspondence solicited.



TEXAS MORTGAGE COMPANY
T. J. COLE, Prest.
Paid up Capital $200,000.00
DALLAS, TEXAS

Public Utilities are Vital in the War

AN investment in a public utility company is an investment in national service.

Utilities—particularly power companies—are indispensable to efficient war production.

The services they render are requisite to industry, commerce and public in war or peace.

Power from central stations means conservation of time, fuel, labor and capital.

Ask for Investment Circular S-53

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Steady Demand for First Mortgage 6% Bonds

HERE is a fact of profound significance: In these days of war and of economic change, when the market for investments in general has slackened, the demand for first mortgage 6% serial bonds, safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*, has been steadily maintained.

YOU should post yourself on the merits of these sound 6% bonds, and learn the definite reasons for their widespread popularity. A letter or a post card will bring you full information. Write today for

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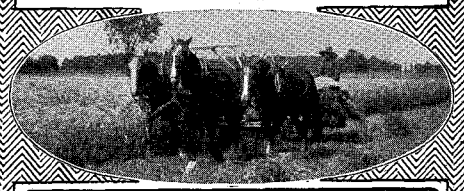
36 years without loss to any investor

6% Farm Mortgages



Secured by Well Improved Nebraska Farms.

The security in these loans is carefully inspected by competent appraisers and our Title Department stands back of all titles.

We see to the payment of taxes and insurance and make all collections without charge to the investor. Notes are in coupon form and range from $1,000 to $10,000 in amounts.

Price: Principal, plus accrued interest. Twenty-five years in business without a loss to an investor. Correspondence solicited.

E. H. LOUGEE, INC.

KEELINE BUILDING

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REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE BLDG.

$850,000 1st Mortgage

6% Serial Bonds

An unusually stable investment whose value will not fluctuate. Bonds in denominations of $100, $500, $1000, and $5000. Directly secured by First Mortgage on building and land in fee. Valuation $1,771,755. Information sent upon your request for booklet.

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Investments Tested For 34 Years

Our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Gold Bonds represent 34 years' experience without the loss of a dollar.

We're Right On The Ground and protect our clients' interests at all times and under all conditions. Bonds in $100—$200—$500 and $1000 denominations; Mortgages $500 and up.

Send for pamphlet G and current offerings

E. J. LANDER & CO (A558) **Grand Forks**
Capital and Surplus $500 000 **North Dakota**

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 726. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. LAWRENCE, KANSAS

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considerations had, in fact, been raised by the Bolshevik government's parleys with the enemy and its surly threats at Russia's present allies. The strengthening of the Teutonic armies on the western and southern fronts, through withdrawal of troops from the Russian frontier during an armistice or a separate peace, was an evident possibility. So was access by Germany to Russian foodstuffs and materials, which would offset the influence of the Allies' blockade. The effect on outside markets of Russia drifting as a hopeless financial derelict was a third consideration, and the possibilities in this regard seemed to be emphasized by the hint of the Bolshevik chiefs in December that all of Russia's foreign debt—now amounting to perhaps $5,000-000,000—might be repudiated.

The Peace Proposals and Russia's Position

It remains to be seen what will be the bearing of a Russian armistice on German military strategy elsewhere. The stupid blunder of the German emissaries at Brest-Litovsk, the temporary rupture of the negotiations because of Berlin's arrogant insistence on holding the captured Russian provinces—these incidents of January threw the whole situation into doubt. But that even an armistice or separate peace would actually reverse the previously existing balance of military resources against Germany, no well-informed military critic suggested.

Quite aside from the more or less doubtful chances in the civil conflict, in which the Cossacks and the moderate Russians had taken the field against the Petrograd cabal, the elections of December for the new Russian Constituent Assembly resulted in a vote for the other political organizations twice as large as that for the Bolsheviki. More important still, the depths of economic chaos into which Russia had been plunged by the present anarchist régime insured, in the light of all experience, the early overthrow of the government responsible for it. Even the high-handed division of land among the peasants would create of necessity a numerically very large proprietor class which did not exist before; and ownership of property leads directly, by the strongest impulses of human nature, to demand for guarantees of public order and good government. Knowing, as its statesmen must know, the certainty with which these facts will operate to overthrow the Petrograd usurpers, Berlin cannot yet take too many chances with the Russian frontier.

As for access to Russian supplies by famished Germany, something will undoubtedly be accomplished. But the rather essential fact in that direction is that, for more than a year, Russia has been unable to keep her own cities supplied with food and material. The Russian transportation system has broken down completely; yet without a properly working railroad system in a country of such vast distances, Berlin would scarcely, under the best of circumstances, fare as well as Moscow or Petrograd.

WHAT will happen hereafter to Russia's obligations, home or foreign, is a matter of much conjecture. The one conclusion, however, which may be accepted with reasonable safety is that absolute repudiation of Russia's external debt is out of the question, and that it

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How can I safely get over 6%?

It is this that tests the investor's skill. Up to 6% all is pretty plain sailing—but with all returns over 6% there usually enters a *compensating* factor—generally the element of *risk*. The higher the return the higher the risk—this seems elementary. The

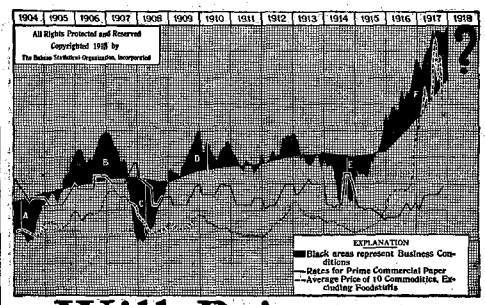
LACEY PROFIT SHARING BOND, however, solves the problem otherwise. It pays over 6% in PROFITS—*in addition to cumulative interest* (sometimes indeed to average over 30% per annum)—and the *compensating factor* is not *risk* but *waiting*. Investors in these bonds must be ready to wait (in absolute safety) for 2 to 5 years—even longer in some cases.

LACEY PROFIT SHARING BONDS are practically certificates of part-ownership in large selected tracts of standing timber bought at sacrifice prices (under advice of James D. Lacey & Company, the country's leading timber factors for 38 years) and held for a profit. Many large fortunes have been thus made under the same auspices, *and no cent has ever been lost for an investor.* The bonds pay 6% cumulative (deferred) interest *plus profits above described.* The principal is secure, large profits practically certain. Denominations $100, $500, $1000.

Booklet T-208 gives fullest particulars, and should be read by all thoughtful investors. Sent on request.

JAMES D. LACEY TIMBER CO.

332 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago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Will Prices go Still *Higher?*

Prices for raw materials are as uncertain as how long the war will last. Babson Reports will give you advance information on their trend—guide you straight when it comes to buying.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

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Security and Service

Second only to the essential of adequate security back of a farm mortgage, the investor should consider the ability of the institution with which he deals to render the service required during the life of a loan.

The investor in our

5½% and 6%

Minnesota, Montana and North Dakota First Mortgage Farm Loans

is assured of exacting attention to all details.

Our booklet explaining our service and our methods of handling farm loans will be sent without charge upon request.

CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE RESULT OF SERVICE

An old client, acknowledging his December 1st interest, remarked that the receipt of interest checks was almost like finding money, because his investments in our mortgages were so utterly free from care that he would forget about them except for the regular semi-annual arrival of interest.

This comfortable assurance, experienced by each of our investment clients, is a result of the character of our mortgage investments, and the character of our service.

Our booklet, "Farm Mortgages as Investments," describes our service and explains why our mortgages are safe and profitable. Free on request.

Write to-day—learn of the convenience of investing through us.

THE FARM MORTGAGE CO.
TOPEKA KANSAS

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Let Us Tell You About Fidelity Farm Mortgages

Send for our 20 page booklet explaining the important things to know about farm mortgages. It tells how the Fidelity makes safe loans. It sets forth our various services to investors and gives some of the reasons why a farm mortgage combines the best security with the highest income.

Read this booklet and inform yourself. It will be sent free upon request.

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Savings Combined with Investment

Savings deposits to draw interest at 5% may be made by mail as a method of accumulating funds for investment in one of our 6% Montana Farm Mortgages.

Upon investment in a farm mortgage we credit the depositor with back interest on his savings account at 6% instead of 5%. Thus funds while being accumulated for investment earn the same interest as when ultimately invested.

Write for details of our plan for saving for investment.

YELLOWSTONE VALLEY BANK AND TRUST CO.-SIDNEY, MONT.
CAPITAL $100,000
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Choice First Mortgages

on improved

Kansas and Missouri Farms

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5%, 5½% and 6%

Sums range from $600 to $15,000

In each case the property mortgaged has been inspected by one of our salaried officers and we know the security behind each loan is worth at least twice the amount borrowed.

Write for complete descriptions

***The* FARMERS LOAN & TRUST CO.**
of Kansas City
KANSAS CITY - - MISSOURI

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the Bolsheviki were to issue such a decree on their own account (as is entirely possible) it would of necessity be rescinded by future Russian governments. This conviction was the basis for the entire equanimity with which the London and Paris bankers representing investors in Russian bonds received the threat of Lenine and Trotzky. More than any other of the great belligerent powers, Russia will have to rely on outside capital after the war. It is not difficult to guess what that reliance would be worth if the older foreign debt had been repudiated.

Why Russia's Debt Cannot Be Repudiated

What is actually to happen in the war, as a result of Russia's attitude, and, indeed, what is to happen in Russia herself, are problems of sufficient obscurity. History does not help toward the solution, though history has presented some analogies to Russia's proposed desertion of its Allies. As far back as the Napoleonic wars, the course of events revealed that country, not only as an uncertain ally who was likely, at the critical moment for its Allies, to grow suddenly tired of fighting, but as a government absolutely without conscience in its subsequent attitude. The Czar Alexander had been a prime mover in the coalition of 1804 against Napoleon. His solemnly asserted motive was protection of the weak European states from Napoleon's aggression, and the vindication of what his ambassador to London described as "the sacred rights of humanity."

Russia, even then, conditioned its help in achieving these high purposes on financial loans by England to pay the war expenses. These granted, Russia fought against Napoleon much as she fought between 1914 and 1917 against the Kaiser; that is to say, with varying fortunes but ultimately, in each campaign, with disaster to herself. The time came, three years after the Coalition Treaty with its formal pledge by all the allies that none of them would make a separate peace, when the Czar grew weary of his campaigns. Austerlitz had settled for the time the contest over Central Europe. The enemy employed underground diplomacy in 1807 as in 1917. In the earlier of those years, Napoleon met the Russian Czar on the raft at Tilsit, where the upshot was an agreement whereby Alexander undertook to demand from England a treaty of peace with Napoleon and to insist on its ratification within one month; in default of which, and of England's restoration of all her conquests to Napoleon, Russia would herself declare war on Great Britain. This was precisely what occurred.

It is a far cry from the absolute autocracy of Czar Alexander in 1807 to the group of fanatical socialist agitators who in 1917 had seized what the Russian Revolution had left of the governmental framework. Nevertheless, by no means an uninteresting part of this precedent of a century ago is the sequel, even after Russia had taken arms on the side of the enemy and against her own allies. The war continued; Napoleon found that he had gained little or nothing from the realignment. Within barely a two-year period, Russia had found herself deceived and tricked by her new ally, her purposes frustrated and her ambitions blocked, and the ending of the war witnessed her armies again on the side of the victorious coalition.

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THE INVESTMENT POSITION OF MUNICIPAL BONDS

BY G. M. MILLER

THE average person visiting different cities and towns of the country seldom stops to think how each community arranges for its water supply or who builds the new roads, the schools, the city halls and court-houses. He takes it for granted that such things are always done somehow by that more or less intangible system called government, but seldom is interested in knowing the methods of obtaining the necessary money for such public works, unless he is a property owner and his tax bill happens to be unusually large.

If a community desires to make any extensive civic improvements it is the general practice to provide the necessary funds through the issuance of bonds, which are usually disposed of, at public sale, to some firm of investment bankers, who advance the required money upon delivery of the bonds.

It, therefore, is self-evident that investors who ultimately become owners of such bonds, through purchases made from bankers, are performing an important service to the country. They, together with the investment bankers, constitute an important part of that great financial machine which gathers up, consolidates, transfers, and puts to work the wealth and resources of certain sections of the country for the benefit, profit, and well-being of other communities.

The investor who buys a municipal bond is not only performing an act of self-interest, but one of public duty as well, through assisting in the successful building of educational and governmental structures, good highways, sewerage systems, water plants, parks, wharfs, and other public improvements on which depend, to a large extent, the good health, prosperity, and development of our country.

Municipal bonds are issued by the proper legally constituted authorities in accordance with the laws of the State, upon authority by ordinance or an election held for such purpose by the people of a community. They are in coupon or registered form, usually in denominations of $1,000 or $500, and represent the promise and obligation of the issuing municipality to pay a specified sum at a certain date, or at the end of an earlier period optional with the municipality. Such bonds also stipulate the place, amounts, and dates of payments of principal and interest.

Evidence of the extremely high rating given municipals as a class is not wanting. The United States Treasury Department may accept them, under certain limitation as to debt, population, period of incorporation, etc., as legal security for postal-savings deposits held by banks. The

(Continued on page 56)

Investments with Uncertainty Eliminated

assure a competence in later life. When your funds are invested in Municipal Bonds all uncertainty is eliminated through the protection afforded by the cities which issue them and guarantee the payment of principal and interest.

Municipal Bonds are selected by financial institutions and WISE investors because of their intrinsic soundness.

Municipal Bonds are free from the Federal Income Tax and may be had in $100, $500 and $1,000 denominations, yielding 4½% to 6%.

Before investing funds, write for our booklet B-2, "Bonds As Safe As Our Cities."

William R. Compton Co.
MUNICIPAL BONDS
"Over a Quarter Century in This Business"

NEW YORK, 14 Wall Street — ST. LOUIS, 408 Olive Street
CHICAGO, 105 So. La Salle St. — CINCINNATI, 305 Union Trust Bldg.
PITTSBURGH: 721 Farmers Bank Building

MUNICIPAL BONDS
of Unquestioned Safety

For an assurance of stability and profitable returns, your funds cannot be better placed than in carefully-selected Municipal Bonds, *free from Federal Income Tax*. We will be pleased to submit full particulars regarding attractive issues on our present list. Bonds yielding 5% to 5½%.

STACY & BRAUN
INVESTMENT BONDS
Second National Bank Building, Toledo, O.
New York — Cincinnati — Detroit

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may consult our Financial Department for information regarding their investments.

We do not prophesy the future of the speculative market or make decisions for our readers, but we do furnish relevant information to assist investors.

Inquiries should be addressed to the Investor's Service Bureau

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THE House of Gold-Stabeck is now entering its 25th year of successful investment banking. The past year has shown the largest volume of business in our history, a tribute to our methods and our investment offerings.

Farm Mortgages and Farm Land Bonds

We handle farm mortgages and farm land bonds in amounts of $100.00 and upwards to net investors 5½% to 6%.

Municipal Bonds

We offer bonds of counties and cities in this prosperous Middle West to net investors 4¾% to 6%.

Our clients include some of the largest and most conservative corporations and individuals in the United States. Whether you have $100 or $100,000 to invest, we can be of service to you.

Write for our February offerings.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS — CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $700,000

GOLD-STABECK CO.

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(Continued from page 55)

Federal Reserve Bank has been authorized to accept them to secure bank deposits against Liberty Bond subscriptions. The largest insurance companies, fraternal societies, savings-banks, wealthy estates, and private investors are large buyers of such bonds.

The man of limited means, who has perhaps experienced losses through ill-advised speculation, can well afford to examine carefully the many sound advantages of municipal bonds, especially with a view to conserving his financial resources, at the same time receiving a fair rate of income consistent with the superior excellence of such investments.

Practically every man or woman carrying life, fire, health, or accident insurance policies is at least indirectly a municipal-bond buyer, inasmuch as most of these companies are purchasers of municipal bonds for reserves to meet payments of policies at maturity.

Municipal bonds are secured by the full taxing power of the issuing community, and in the case of delinquent taxes the municipality has the right, under the law, to sell properties on which taxes are in arrears at public or private sale, in accordance with the statutes. It is difficult to conceive of a greater measure of protection to investors than this power of taxation, by means of which the funds are created from time to time to meet payments of principal and interest. Even were a municipality, for any reason, not in possession of the requisite amounts of cash to retire maturing bonds, it could, under ordinary conditions, secure the necessary funds through the sale of an issue of refunding bonds or notes.

Many States restrict the borrowing power of various municipalities; that is, certain cities and other political subdivisions may not legally issue bonds to exceed a certain percentage of the assessed valuation of taxable property. This restriction may vary according to population or class of political subdivision. In some States also the laws regulate the amount of taxes which may be levied in any one year, thereby automatically placing a limit on the debt-borrowing capacity of the municipalities.

Inasmuch as the citizens of a community generally vote the necessary authority for the issuance of bonds covering a civic improvement, and as these same taxpayers are the ones who receive the benefits and advantages, accruing from such expenditures, pledging the good faith and property of the community for the obligations assumed, the unusual safety of such bonds as investments is hardly to be questioned.

One of the most important services rendered investors by municipal bond dealers is that with respect to the legality of issuance of such bonds. Not only must their organizations have complete knowledge of the different statutes in the various States, but all reputable firms, before purchasing an issue of municipal bonds, employ the services of some recognized attorney specializing in such work to examine the legal proceedings and see that the full requirements of the law have been complied with. It is, therefore, most advisable for an investor to secure the advice and co-operation of some responsible bond house before making investments in municipal bonds.

The investor should know the distinction between municipal bonds, which are general

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obligations, and special-assessment bonds and municipal warrants.

A legally issued municipal bond is a valid and binding obligation in the hands of the original purchaser or any subsequent purchaser. A warrant is an order drawn by the proper official directing the treasurer of the municipality to pay a designated person a designated sum of money out of a designated fund. The distinguishing feature of a warrant is the fact that it is payable from a designated fund and makes such instrument a non-negotiable instrument, in that it is always subject to any defenses which the issuing municipality may have against it. In other words, even an innocent holder for value before maturity must take the chance of having his security questioned because of any fraud or irregularity in the original issuance.

Special-assessment bonds are usually issued under the name of some municipality to provide funds for the improvement of a specially designated street or locality and, except in a very few States, are not general obligations of the entire municipality but only tax liens on the property directly benefited by such improvements. In most States the abutting property only is liable for taxes, although in some few States the bonds automatically become obligations of the entire community in the event that the taxes from the property directly benefited by the improvements are insufficient to meet the payments of interest and principal of such bonds.

Municipal bonds are unique in that they are the only class of securities, with the exception of some obligations of the National Government and the Federal Farm Loan Bank bonds, which are exempt from the United States income taxes, and no record is necessary covering municipal bonds in the filing of income-tax returns. This feature is of great importance to investors.

Municipal bonds are less subject to violent price fluctuations than most other classes of securities, being removed from such influences and determining factors as earnings, business depressions, and governmental commission regulations. Municipal bonds have an enviable record. The number of defaults, especially during the past twenty-five years, compared to total output, have been so small as to be of little consideration, and in these instances the trouble could probably be traced to some laxity in failing to comply with legalities of issuance.

The vastness and certainty of our taxation system is such that municipal bonds of the United States constitute one of the safest and most desirable forms of investment in the world to-day, taking all factors, such as safety of investment, excellent yield, tax-exemption features, and recognized security, into consideration.

When one considers the many legal safeguards which are taken in connection with the issuance of municipal bonds and the further fact that the total indebtedness of a municipality is usually limited to a comparatively small percentage of the assessed valuation of taxable property, which in many cases is considerably under the real valuation, it is not surprising that among discriminating investors municipal bonds are held in such high favor.

The investor who places his funds in municipal bonds is not only making the safest kind of investment, but he is assisting actively in some one of the many important public enterprises of the times.

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Write for information and booklet entitled "Safe Investments."

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WRITE US for a report on income and production statistics of farmers in our territory, and for a list of 6% first mortgage investments.

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INVESTMENT LITERATURE

To SCRIBNER readers interested in investment and finance, we recommend the following literature. It is preferable to write for literature direct to the issuing houses. Application may be made through us, however, by the using of the coupon below.

CURRENT INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Conservatism and Exceptional Yield: *Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
Current Conditions in Haytian Sugar Industries: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 66 Broadway, New York.*
February Investment List: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.*
Foreign Bonds: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*
6% Real Estate Bonds Secured by Real Estate Exchange Building, Detroit: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

INVESTMENT AND FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

Acceptances: *National City Co., New York.*
Amortization: *Guaranty Trust Co., New York.*
Bonds and the Investor: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
Bonds Exempt or Exemptible: *Guaranty Trust Co., New York.*
Buying Odd Lots of Stocks and Bonds: *Sheldon, Dawson, Lyon & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.*
Comparison of January and December Bond Prices: *National City Co., New York.*
How to Invest: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
Income Tax Primer: *National City Co., New York.*
Lacey Profit-Sharing Bond: *James D. Lacey Timber Co., 332 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*
Odd Lot Investment: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*
Par Value of Stocks Listed on the New York Stock Exchange (when par varies from usual $100): *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*
Quick Reckoning Income Tax Table: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*
Should Business Men Buy Stocks: *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*
Street Improvement Bonds: *Oakland Street Improvement Bond Co., Oakland, Cal.*
Sugar Stocks: *Hartshorne & Battelle, 25 Broad Street, New York.*
The Management of Your Estate: *Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway, N. Y.*
What Bankers Can Do to Create Better Business: *Rudolph Guenther, Inc., 25 Broad Street, New York.*

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Bonds as Safe as Our Cities: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*
The Investment Position of Municipal Bonds: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
The South and Southern Municipal Bonds: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Acquiring Doherty Securities by Monthly Payments: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*
Investing Your Monthly Savings: *Lloyd & Co., 135 Broadway, New York.*
Partial Payments for Investment Securities: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*
Partial Payment Investments: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
Partial Payment Plan: *John Muir & Co., 61 Broadway, New York.*

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

6% Central Texas Farm Mortgages: *W. C. Belcher Land Mortgage Co., Fort Worth, Texas.*
Convenience for the Investor: *Yellowstone Valley Bank & Trust Co., Sidney, Mont.*
Farm Mortgages: *Fidelity Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*
Farm Mortgages of the Famous "Black Waxy Belt" of Texas: *Texas Mortgage Co., Dallas, Texas.*
Federal Farm Loan Act: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
First Mortgages on Kansas and Missouri Farms: *Farmers Loan & Trust Co., Kansas City, Mo.*
How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
6% Investments in Omaha Residence Property and in Nebraska Farms: *E. H. Lougee, Inc., Keeline Building, Omaha.*
Investors' Service Tested for 47 Years: *Maxwell Investment Co., Kansas City, Mo.*
Millions Invested in Farm Mortgages: *Empire Mortgage Co., Wichita Falls, Texas.*
Northwestern Farm Mortgages: *Capital Trust & Savings Bank, St. Paul, Minn.*
Oregon, Idaho and Montana Farm Mortgages: *Commerce Safe Deposit & Mortgage Co., Portland, Ore.*
Safe Investments: *R. O. Culp & Co., Temple, Texas.*
The Dairy Farm Mortgage: *Markham & May Co., Milwaukee, Wis.*
The Farm Mortgage as an Investment: *Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.*
Things You Ought to Know: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Emporia, Kans.*
"We're Right on the Ground": *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

A Buyer's Guide to Good Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*
6% Real Estate Mortgage Investments: *Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kans.*
The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*
Thomas First Mortgages Based on Detroit Real Estate: *Thomas Mortgage Co., Detroit, Mich.*

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES

Back of the Investment: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
Customer Ownership of Public Utility Securities: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., Chicago, Ill.*
Doherty News: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York.*

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—See "The Field of Art."

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